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LITERARY CHARACTER OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

- 1.—*Essays and Sketches of Life and Character, by a Gentleman who has left his Lodgings.* Nom de guerre,—Joseph Skillet. Pp. 248. May 24th, 1820.
- 2.—*The Life of Lord William Russell, with some Account of the Times in which he lived.* Third edition. 2 vols. 1820.
- 3.—*Essays on the History of the English Government and Constitution, from the reign of Henry VII. to the present time.* 8vo. 1821.
- 4.—*Don Carlos—or Persecution.* A Tragedy in Five Acts. Fourth edition. 1822.
- 5.—*Memoirs of Europe, from the Peace of Utrecht ; with Introduction.* 2 vols., 4to. 1824. Fourth edition. 1826.
- 6.—*The Establishment of the Turks in Europe.* An Historical Essay ; with Preface. London : John Murray. Pp. 128. 12mo. 1828.
- 7.—*The Causes of the French Revolution.* Pp. 274. 8vo. 1832.
- 8.—*Correspondence of John, Fourth Duke of Bedford ; with Introduction.* 3 vols. 1842, 1843, 1846.

RECENT events in Europe would appear to confirm the observation of the Swedish Chancellor, Von Oxenstiern, to his son : " Nescis mi fili quantillâ prudentiâ homines regantur." An observation in which Doctor Johnson seems to have concurred, when he said to Boswell, " It is wonderful, Sir, with how little real superiority of mind men can make an eminent figure in public life."

The signal incompetency of so many statesmen enjoying, in the several countries they but lately governed, the most brilliant repu-

tation for sagacity, experience, and diplomatic skill, to grapple with the difficulties of a revolutionary crisis, cannot but lead us to the conclusion that their high reputation was undeserved. "*Omnium consensu capaces Imperii nisi imperassent.*" In this country, although we have not been altogether unaffected by the revolutionary action in continental states, the prime minister, whom the events of February found in office, is still at his post ; still guides the vessel of state amidst the shoals of Chartism and the breakers of

NOTE.—For explanation of Plate, see page 18.

Repeal. But whether the stability of British rule be owing to the solid common-sense character of the people, to the excellence of the constitution, or to the superior address and wisdom of our statesmen, or to the combined effect of all three elements, admits of considerable question. It will not be however denied, that the statesmen of Great Britain have, with rare exceptions, in all ages, been men of high moral character, politically, as well as in private life; rarely deficient in classical attainments; frequently brilliant and ripe scholars, and often well versed in constitutional and international law, as indeed might be expected from the studies usually pursued by young men of our Universities, aiming at legislative honor and advancement. Yet we are not aware that any instance can be found of a "*Literary Premier*"—of a prime minister of Great Britain who can lay claim to that title—unless the character be conceded to the authors of smart epigrams, political pamphlets, and "*vers de société*"—the "*nugæ canoræ*" of an idle hour. It is not to be expected, that *in office*, while occupying that exalted and responsible station, the pursuits of literature could be largely if at all indulged, nor is it probable that *out of office* they would be seriously resumed, while the taste and capacity for public life remained. It would argue but an imperfect acquaintance with human nature to look for the abandonment of the fascinations of political activity, the agitation of stirring interests of state, the charms of the senate, for the more peaceful and less exciting exercises of the intellect in the paths of literature and science. And though a Grenville and a Wellesley may, in their retirement, have indulged in the amenities of scholastic lore, their tuneful labors may be appropriately likened to the fabled lays of the dying swan—the last emanations of minds severed for ever from the abstractions of the political arena; and as filling up the brief void between time and eternity by the harmless indulgence of an elegant taste, rather than as the serious productions of a literary life. That there have been British *statesmen*, whose grasp of soul partook of universality; that there still is one, of whom it must be admitted, even by his enemies, that his versatility of genius defies all limit; the names of "Bacon" and of "Brougham" attest. But though both *statesmen*, they were not *prime ministers*. Their rise to political eminence was through a channel widely distinct in its nature, and wholly different in its termination. The bar and the church have ever been, doubtless,

the chief avenues to distinction; and the acquirements of the lawyer and the divine tempt both to production in the graver walks of literature; and though to the lawyer the essay be fraught with peril, and endanger his professional reputation, it is sometimes ventured with success, and the hardy venturer not unfrequently achieves the coveted wool-sack. The mitre, too, "in the good old times," was not unfrequently the reward of classic taste and literary merit, while now it seems to fall on studied dullness and obscurity, or crowns the flippant and iconoclastic zeal of professorial rashness. It may be questioned whether the "*belles lettres*" have not, upon the whole, impeded rather than accelerated the progress of the lawyer to the wool-sack, and the divine to lawn sleeves; but it is quite certain that literary attainments in this country, so far from being even *cæteris paribus*, an advantage, are prejudicial to the candidate for political power. Instead of paving the way, they render the path more rugged, if not *ipso facto* inaccessible. They place their possessor under a species of "taboo"—an anomaly difficult to explain.

In other countries, even in these times,—times fraught with stirring incidents, big with events remarkable for change, demanding men of especial aptitude to guide the national councils from knowledge based on the soundest foundation of practical experience, and not upon closet learning and theoretic wisdom,—men like Guizot, Thiers, Lamartine, have been raised to the highest political eminence. But for his literary fame, Guizot might have drudged his life away, a "*chef de bureau*." Nor would Thiers have worked his way to the first place in the councils of his sovereign, and for a time have swayed the destinies of France, but for the literary abilities which distinguished his career as an historian and political essayist, or rather *journalist*, a branch of literature more successfully though not more ably cultivated in France than in this country. It would be leading us out of our way to comment upon the remarkable contrast between the two countries in this respect. We cannot help, however, contrasting the career of a popular "*Rédacteur*" in France, and the favorite editor of an English journal. The one is *fêted* and caressed in all societies, reaches to the pinnacle of political greatness, even to be *Prime Minister*, or *President of a Republic*,—while the other remains to the end of the chapter pulling the strings and moving the wires which direct, control, and fire the passions of the whole nation, which pull down

and set up ministers, make and unmake cabinets,—an unseen and often unknown private individual.

Again, if we direct our eyes to *Germany*, where the prejudices of rank and aristocracy are, or perhaps we should say *till lately were*, pre-eminently strong, we can cite a numerous list of names illustrative of the triumph of literary and scientific learning. In Saxony a Lindenau, in Prussia a Humboldt, both prime ministers of their respective sovereigns, raised by literary and scientific reputation; to say nothing of the Savignys, the Bunsens, the Niebuhrs, who have held portfolios, or been invested with the highest diplomatic functions. While the despotic states of Russia and Austria confine the rewards of literary and scientific excellence to a professorship, a bit of ribbon at the button-hole, or a diamond snuff-box, France, Prussia, and Saxony make ministers of their poets and historians, ambassadors and envoys of their scholars and their "savans."

In *England* we may search in vain for such examples. Successful commanders, naval and military, recruit the peerage, it is true, and a red ribbon and a baronetcy now and then is doled out to a Banks, a Herschel, or a Bulwer; but where is *the solitary instance* of a man who, since ministerial responsibility was more than nominal, since premiers were something more than the mere blind instruments of the sovereign will, and tools of faction, has grasped the helm and piloted the vessel of state, whose intellectual claims alone, irrespective of birth, fortune, or aristocratical connections, have raised him to that position?

Of *thirty premiers* since the Hanoverian dynasty, *three* at most have leaped the bar of aristocratic prejudice; and they not on a literary Pegasus, not from their achievements in literature or in science, but by the force of party zeal, the intrigue and warmth of political hostility. How feelingly does Canning allude to this rigid system of political exclusiveness!

"I know (he says) there is a political creed which assigns to a certain combination of great families a right to dictate to the sovereign, and to influence the people; and this doctrine of hereditary aptitude for administration is, singularly enough, most prevalent among those who find nothing more laughable than the principle of legitimacy in the crown. To this theory I have never subscribed. If to depend directly upon the people as their representative in Parliament; if, as a servant of the crown, to lean on no other support than that of public confidence—if that is to be an *adventurer*, I plead guilty to the charge; and I

would not exchange that situation for all the advantages which might be derived from an ancestry of an hundred generations."

Canning, though not a *literary man*, certainly distinguished himself by his poetic taste. His Oxford prize poem, the "*Iter ad Mecam*," was reckoned one of the most elegant specimens of classic taste. No one can forget his "Needy Knife-Grinder," his "Friend to Humanity,"—the most exquisite morsels of literary trifling; nor his powers of satire, so frequently exercised on behalf of his friend and patron, Pitt, in the "New Morality."

To what taunts again was Addington exposed on account of his low birth! Who forgets the sneers of Sheridan, in his paraphrase of Martial, "*I do not love thee, Dr. Fell*," in allusion to the lucky accident which first brought him, the *Doctor's Son*, into notice! And who can doubt that Peel's double first, at Oxford, would have been as little cared for as a senior wranglership at Cambridge, which leads to the high reward of an obscure college living, but for the forty thousand a year which backed the honorable baronet's claims to ministerial rank!

We are not going to make a disquisition on the peculiar fitness of literary and scientific men for high office, or to urge academic fame as the test of superior aptitude for statesmen. But we could not help noticing the fact, that while in France, Prussia, Saxony, and other Continental States, literary and scientific men have been purposely selected to fill the highest offices in the State, in England high birth has ever been and still is considered the first criterion of ministerial fitness;—*the indispensable and often sole quality of a Premier*.

Whether Lord John Russell be entitled to the character of a "*literary man*" or not, can have but little influenced his chances of official success. Third son of a Duke of Bedford, the *prestige* of high family, which in his case none can gainsay, joined to an assiduous attendance upon parliamentary duties, would alone in time, with moderate capacity and ordinary acquirements, lead to the highest official station. Nevertheless it is not without interest to ascertain Lord John's rank in the Republic of Letters, to measure his excellence as a *literary man*,—a title he may or may not be worthy of, but one which, if we may judge from the quantity he has written, he no doubt speculated on obtaining. For though some of his productions were evidently designed as a vehicle for conveying to the public the noble lord's po-

litical creed, and, at the same time, to give indications of having sounded, if not quite fathomed, some of the depths of political and constitutional economy, yet this cannot be said of all his works; for it is to no one branch of literature that the noble writer has confined himself,—tragedy, history, biography, essays,—from the ephemeral pamphlet to the ponderous quarto, swell the varied catalogue.

It is difficult to say upon which of his works Lord John Russell would feel disposed to stake his literary reputation; and we do not know how far we are justified in taking notice of some, which, though published anonymously, are attributed to his pen, and, indeed, whose authorship is now no longer a secret. Such gross mistakes have occurred to the keenest critics in the filiation of literary performances, that were the works in question less currently recognized, or were they the least favorable to his pretensions, we might hesitate to include them in our survey; for we agree with Dr. Johnson, "That when a man of rank appears in a literary character, he deserves to have his merit *handsomely allowed*." And in this spirit we are disposed to deal with the claims of the noble *littérateur* of the House of Bedford.

The noble writer once upon a time perhaps thought with Junius, "That a printed paper receives very little consideration from the most respectable signature." However that may be, the first book of Lord John's is a collection of *Essays and Sketches of Life and Character, by a gentleman who has left his lodgings*; published under the euphonious pseudonyme of Joseph Skillet, and bearing date May 24, 1820, when his lordship had just attained his 28th year.

These essays, consisting of 248 octavo pages, are ushered into public notice by a *rather* humorous preface, as to how the MS. came into the hands of Joseph Skillet, and the why and the wherefore he determined to put them into print; a style of introduction much in vogue at that time, and which the author of *Waverley* seems to have made fashionable. The subjects treated of are various in their kind; not in themselves destitute of interest, but briefly handled, and though with evidence of some reading, not with the ability to justify the aphoristic and dictatorial style affected by the author. There prevails throughout a dogmatic tone, which disposes the reader to rebel against the rather bold opinions advanced, and extravagant criticism. We have selected those portions which we think may be most interesting to the reader,

and which are at the same time a fair sample of the whole.

Essays of a Gentle- } "Vanity, which every one
man, &c. } blames, is the most universal
of all motives of action '*et qui de contemnendâ gloriâ librum scripsit nomen affixit.*' There are many characters so slightly built as to be capable of no higher or more noble incitement: were they without vanity, they would be indolent in affairs, uncivil and rude in society, selfish in their actions and behavior. It is to a desire to conciliate public opinion that we owe all the virtues of weak characters, and even many great men have been sustained in their career by the same useful passion.

[*Vanity and Love of Fame.*] "There is no motive which ends in self more noble than the love of fame. This is one of the passions which has, in an extraordinary degree, a good and bad side. There is nothing more silly and contemptible than the '*besoin de faire parler de soi*,' which animates so large a proportion of the candidates for fame. The wearing a particular dress, or driving an uncommon carriage; *writing quarto books about nothing*, or making a speech to every mob that can be collected; are generally proofs of a desire to obtain distinction without the qualities which deserve it. But there is a love of fame that is the most powerful instrument of which nature makes use to produce discovery in science and eminence in art. A man of genius feels himself alternately impelled to perform great actions, and deterred by the difficulty and labor of the enterprise. In this struggle the desire of exertion would gradually become less violent, and would generally, in the end, be stifled by pleasure and indolence, did not the love of fame furnish an auxiliary incitement to action. Pushed on by such an impulse, the man of genius overcomes every obstacle; he investigates, weighs, and provides against the most minute blot in his plans; he passes the night without repose, and the day without recreation; he forgets the wear of continual thought, the labor which perfection requires, or the dangers which an untried enterprise may offer; till at length he bursts forth in splendor, like the sun through a mid-day fog, the poet, the philosopher, or the hero of his age. But his glory is not complete. In centuries still to come his verse shall fire the bosom, or awake the tear; his discovery shall exalt the mind of the student or guide the rudder of navigation; his example shall animate the breast of patriots, and keep alive the love of immortality. Having mentioned this subject, I cannot but notice the cold objections of some metaphysicians. It has been argued that posthumous fame is an unreasonable object of desire; as no man can obtain it till he is incapable of enjoying it. To this I shall answer, that himself living in the future, he foresees the homage that will attend upon his name. It would be easy to show that almost every great poet and philosopher has foreseen his own immortality. If it be objected that this foretaste of fame, being unaccompanied by any homage, must be an airy and unsubstantial pleasure, I shall briefly reply that it is of the same nature with many others

which have always been appreciated. If it is a pleasure to contribute to the happiness, though without receiving the thanks, of an unknown beggar—if it is a pleasure to be read and admired by distant nations, though they transmit no testimony of their admiration—if it is a pleasure to be loved by persons in England even when on a voyage across the Atlantic—it may also be a pleasure, and one of the highest degree, to be conscious that we shall obtain the admiration, the blessing, the love, of future generations.”

[*Men of Letters.*] “There is no class of persons, it may be observed, whose failings are more open to remark than men of letters. In the first place, they are raised on an eminence, where everything they do is carefully observed by those who have not been able to get so high. In the next place, their occupation, especially if they are poets, being either the expression of superabundant feeling or the pursuit of praise, they are naturally more sensitive and quick in their emotions than any other class of men: hence a thousand little quarrels and passing irritabilities. In the next place, they have the power of wounding deeply those of whom they are envious. A man who shoots envies another who shoots better. A shoemaker even envies another who makes more popular shoes; but the sportsman and the shoemaker can only say they do not like their rival; the author cuts his brother author to the bone with the sharp edge of an epigram or *bon mot*.”

[*On Plays.*] “The dramatic art, when carried to perfection, may be defined to be that of exhibiting human nature in a point of view, either affecting or amusing. If we adopt this definition it will not appear wonderful that the English should have succeeded best in tragedy and the French in comedy. The English, fond of deep emotion, and reflecting long upon their own sensations, have portrayed, with a truth which seemed scarcely attainable, the character and conduct of individuals whom fortune placed in the highest rank and exposed to the most stormy trials. But in proportion to their success in this branch of art, has been their failure in the department of comedy. As they are little accustomed to display their feelings in society, authors have been obliged to supply, by extravagant plots and eccentric characters, the want of accurate portraits, and to borrow from fancy the interest which observation could not afford.

“The other fault which I mentioned, that of mixing comedy and tragedy, has been often defended. It is, in fact, the merit of relieving the mind oppressed by too long a succession of sad scenes, and makes a tragedy palatable to ordinary minds. *It is like the gas in mineral waters, which makes steel supportable to weak stomachs.* But does it not also interrupt the interest? and does it not prevent the existence of any strong emotion? Shakspeare has best answered these questions by diminishing the number of such scenes in Othello, Lear, and Macbeth.”

[*Political Economy.*] “Political economy is an awful thing; it is appalling to think that the legislature is often called upon to decide ques-

tions which involve the immediate happiness, perhaps the very existence of millions of the people by rules of science which change from day to day. *It is not a matter of very urgent or pressing necessity to know whether oxygen gets the letter of phlogiston, or chlorine is a better founded name than oxy-muriatic acid;* but it is of another kind of importance to know whether a silver currency, of a certain standard, will prove a considerable benefit or a certain ruin; whether an overflowing abundance of foreign corn is a blessing or a curse to the nation which imports it. Yet these questions are to be decided by reference to the authority of men, who, with all their talents, do not, I must confess, inspire me with perfect confidence.”

“It is very true that England would sell more cotton if her manufacturers got cheap corn from Poland. But a statesman is bound to think, whether it would be better to have a million more people in the manufacturing towns at the certainty of losing half a million of farmers and laborers. And he must place before his eyes the picture of such half million starved out of existence; dragging along with them, for a time, the people employed in every branch of industry which depends upon their demand, clamorous for a pittance which the inflexible spirit of science denies; shaking, perhaps, the pillars of the state, and menacing the whole order of society, before they suffer themselves to be extirpated by famine.”

The Life of Lord William Russell: with some account of the Times in which he lived. 2 vols. 1820.

The noble essayist, casting aside the plebeian mantle of Joseph Skillet, makes his *début, in propria persona*, as a biographer, animated by the wish to rescue the memory of a distinguished ancestor from the reproaches of preceding writers. In a preface modest but *naïve*, and passing a high tribute of praise to the abilities of Hume, the giving forth to the world this Life of Lord William Russell is justified on the ground of Hume's partiality to the House of Stuart, which prejudiced his narrative, and further, by the new light thrown upon the transactions of that period by the despatches of the French minister by Sir John Dalrymple, which were not published when Hume wrote. That the political bias of Hume may have betrayed him into a culpable partiality, and that it did so, to a certain extent, is readily conceded. Few are the composers of personal history who come to their task with that independent spirit of impartiality, that inflexible regard for the distribution of equal justice, without which the very end and aim of this species of writing must fail of being accomplished. Pre-eminent as is the rank of Johnson, incontrovertible as are his merits in this department of literature, and high as his moral character

undoubtedly stood, yet the moment his religious or national prejudices found an opponent in the character under examination, then his candor and his judgment utterly forsook him. But we must naturally be prepared to encounter the same defects in the present work, and in a degree, we fear, more than sufficient to counterbalance the advantages of fresh sources of information. The tenderness of reputation of an ancestor, though remote—the feelings of family pride—are motives for *sparing* which is a great impediment to true biography. This, however, concerns the fidelity of the life, and bears little on the question of its merits, *in a literary point of view*, with which alone we are interested.

For though the treatment of the subject may be partial, it cannot fail to disclose the presence or the want of the qualities of the biographer. Copious materials and the strictest impartiality would be of little avail if the method of composition be wanting in perspicuity. A collection of unconnected particulars, the most sedulous accumulation of "*acta, dicta, consilia, scripta*," of all that could be gathered together, does not constitute biography; a task requiring no small pains in the preparation, and no little effort in the performance. To avoid a tedious prolixity on the one hand, and vague generality on the other, to escape being a mere dry narrator of facts, and yet not to err by over lavish deduction, demands a mind of the first order of intellectual power. The Life of Lord William Russell is certainly one well calculated to display the *biographic spirit*. The conduct of a man laboring under misfortune, struggling with persecution, wounded by ingratitude, must ever afford the material for interesting delineation.

How far then has Lord John succeeded in the important and responsible office of delineator and expounder of his ancestor's personal history? Our expectations of any singular excellence were not raised very high by the noble lord's notion of the *nature of biographical interest*—"What most contributes to render biography amusing, is a certain singularity and some degree of forwardness and presumption in the hero." The noble writer's own life will, upon this theory, be amusing in the highest degree; but his ancestor having been a plain, sober, unaffected person, who never originated any measure of importance, the reader is prepared for a tolerably large dose of dullness. We find some difficulty in making an extract, for there is scarcely an entire page of the author's own composition. It is, in fact, no life at all, but a string-

ing together of those opinions on government and freedom, which the noble author loses no opportunity of parading, interlarded with quotations, some not very interesting letters, and a few sayings and anecdotes, without any relief from polished style or the smallest display of feeling. A more cold, uninteresting, and fragmentary performance could hardly be written by a dull schoolmaster, paid by the sheet.

"The political opinions of Lord Russell were those of a Whig. His religious creed was that of a *mild and talented Christian*. If, as it must be admitted, he showed a *violent animosity* to the Roman Catholics to an extent which cannot be justified, it must be recollected that his hostility was almost entirely political. The attack which was made upon our Constitution appeared in the colors and with the ensign of Popery, and it was only by resisting the Romish Church that civil liberty could be secured. He wished our own institutions to be more favorable to dissenters; or, in other words, for a larger comprehension of sects. Had his wish been gratified, the Protestant Church of England would have been strengthened, both against the see of Rome and against future schism, with the loss only of some *slavish doctrines* and a few unimportant ceremonies which our early reformers never adopted. It must be owned that the *violence of Lord Russell against the Roman Catholics betrayed him into credulity*. It was the fault of honest men in that age; and it is singular, that absurd as the story of the popish plot avowedly is, we have more respect for those who fell into the delusion than for those who escaped it. But whatever blame may attach to Lord Russell for an *excess of political and religious zeal*, it cannot be denied that his firmness and perseverance were eminently useful to his country in a most critical period of her fortunes, and that his example contributed to the establishment of those liberties which he died to vindicate."

The simplicity of this contradictory summing up of Lord William Russell's political character requires no comment; to define his creed as that of a *mild and tolerant Christian*, and to paint him a credulous and excessive political and religious zealot, unjustifiably violent when opposed to the Roman Catholics, is a blunder Lord John only could commit.

Pursuing our inquiry in the order of time, we must next pass in review, '*An Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution, from the reign of Henry VII. to the present time*,' [viz. 1821.]

This also bears upon the title-page the noble writer's name, who, in some prefatory remarks, announces his object to have been the illustration of "*two very plain but somewhat neglected truths*," viz. :—

"First, that the continental monarchies of Europe require complete regeneration before their subjects can become virtuous and happy. Second, that the Government of England is not to be included in this class; for that it is calculated to produce liberty, worth, and content amongst the people, while its abuses easily admit of reforms consistent with its spirit, capable of being effected without injury or danger, and mainly contributing to its preservation."

It is, however, with the latter of the neglected truths in question that the present volume deals. *The first not being finished*, we have therefore the *second volume first*, a kind of "ὕστερον πρότερον" process which we should have thought fatal to the argument except in the hands of an Irish chronicler. The reason why this latter portion is thus prematurely published "*without sufficient concoction*" or correction, is to be attributed to the vanity of imagining it may at this period be of some service. It may at least *provoke the wits* and *excite the thoughts* of other men to a more happy attention, in which every member of this free community has an interest of the deepest importance."

It is not our design to combat the doctrine of *monarchical regeneration*, which the noble lord insists upon, in foreign lands, before the population can become a happy and virtuous one, since a quarter of a century has not only changed much abroad, but much at home; and amongst other things which have undergone mutation, Lord John's *opinions* are not the least remarkable. For our own part, with all his freedom, we fear that John Bull is not much more *virtuous* than the Austrian or the Dutchman, and rather incline to the opinion that he *is less happy*. Whether this "pellet" from Lord John's literary pop-gun "*provoked the wit*" or "*excited the thoughts*" of Prince Metternich, and other *quondam* important personages, or whether it failed to do so from want of the "*concoction*" so herbalistically lamented, must remain an unsolved problem until the late Arch-Chancellor of Austria's memoirs are given to the world. If it failed in awakening foreign governments to the importance of completely regenerating their systems, perhaps "*it did not fail in being of some service*," that is, to the noble author himself; for though he was too modest to say so, he alone can supply the information as to who was the object of such service. That the essay, or rather collection of essays, was intended as an advertisement of the noble lord's political creed, no one can doubt, who reads the ninety-one chapters into which the said volume, of 305 pages, is divided.

Besides dissertations upon the lives and governments of the successive sovereigns, from Henry VII. to George III., we have "Poor Laws," "National Debt," "Liberty of the Press," "Parliamentary Reform," "Public Schools," "Criminal Law," "Influence of the Crown," and a sufficiently piquant and diversified "bill of fare." *At the head* of each chapter is placed a quotation from some celebrated writer, as a kind of text upon which the noble lord spins his discourse. And *at the tail* we find some *aphoristic deduction*, enunciating the author's political notions. We shall pass by the introductory chapter on the first principles of the English government and constitution, for it is neither more nor less than Blackstone mystified, and shown up in masquerade. The pith or climax, which, as in a lady's letter, is to be found in the postscript, though not remarkable for elegance of expression, explains the old tinkering propensities of Lord John to mend the constitutional kettle; but would provoke a severe comment upon his more recent doctrine of finality, and the stationary policy of his administration at the present crisis.

"There was a practical wisdom in our ancestors, which induced them to *alter and vary the form of our institutions as they went on*; to suit them to the circumstances of the time, and reform them according to the dictates of experience. They never ceased to work upon our frame of government, as a sculptor fashions the model of a favorite statue. *It is an act now seldom used*, and the disuse has been attended with evils of the most alarming magnitude."

Our present object, however, is not a discussion of the political character of Lord John Russell; we confine ourselves to his position as *un homme de lettres*.

[*Liberty of the Press.*] "Before I proceed to give a short view of the advantages of the Press, let us again recall to our minds that it is nonsense to talk of liberty without its licentiousness. Every attempt to curb its licentiousness otherwise than by the application of the law after an offence committed, must likewise restrain its liberty. To do the one without the other, were as difficult as to provide that *the sun should bring our flowers and fruits to perfection, but never scorch our faces*. Many have a mistaken notion of what the Press is: they suppose it to be a regular independent power, like the Crown, or the House of Commons. The Press does nothing more than afford a means of expressing, in good and able language, the opinions of large classes of society. For if these opinions, however well sustained, are paradoxes confined to the individual who utters them, they fall as harmless, in the middle of

sixteen millions of people, as they would do in a private party of three or four. Nor is it the sentiment of A, the editor of one newspaper, or of B, the editor of another, which controls the course of Government. These men are little, if it all, known; with one or two exceptions, their names are never mentioned. It is their skill in embodying in a daily journal the feelings and reasonings which come home to the business and the bosoms of large portions of their countrymen, that obtains for their writings fame and general acceptance. But it would be vain for these persons to endeavor to make the people discontented with laws which they loved and a minister whom they revered. They would not be dreaded nor even read. Equally vain would it be for a vicious, oppressive, and odious government to suppress the liberty of printing. It was not the Press which overturned Charles I., nor could the Inquisition preserve to Ferdinand VIII. his despotic power—the dark cabal, the secret conspirator, the sudden tumult, the solitary assassin, may all be found where the liberty of printing has never existed. And were a government to suppress it where it does exist, without taking away the matter of sedition, more crime and less security would probably be the result of their foolish panic and powerless precaution.

No one has yet seen the newspaper or pamphlet, which openly defends the venality of judges or the infliction of torture, any more than the tragedy which holds up cowardice to admiration, or endeavors to make envy amiable in our eyes; even the worst men love virtue in their studies. In ordinary times it is evident the exercise of this censorship must be beneficial to the country; no statesman can hope that his corrupt practices, his jobs, his obliquities, his tergiversations, can escape from a vigilance that never slumbers, and an industry that never wearies. Nor is it an important obstacle to truth, that the daily newspapers are the advocates of party, rather than searchers after truth. The nation, after hearing both sides, may decide between them."

[*The National Debt.*] "There can be little doubt that, for a certain time, a national debt is beneficial in its effects. It promotes a rapid circulation of money; it brings new capitalists into the market with more enterprise and more invention than the old proprietors of land. It obliges the laborer to work harder, and, at the same time, produces new demands for labor. But when the national taxes have increased to a certain amount, these effects are nearly reversed. Prices are so prodigiously increased to the consumer, that all prudent men retrench both their consumption and their employment of labor. The greater proportion of the general income of the country, is transferred from the hands of men who have the means of laying it out in agriculture or manufactures, into the hands of great merchants, whose capital overflows the market, and returns in the shape of mortgages. There is, at the same time, a great want of and great abundance of money. Such are the effects of a great national debt upon individuals. But there is another view in which

this debt is an unmixed evil; I mean, as it impairs and exhausts the resources of the State. The expense of former wars renders it at last difficult for a nation to raise taxes for its defence. So much of the rent of the landholder is taken from him, that the minister dares not ask for more, as it would be equivalent to the confiscation of the land itself."

The premier here digresses into a retrospect of various epochs of distress; commends the corn laws, as preventing the abandonment of agriculture in England; reviews the monetary crisis of 1813, and takes occasion to eulogize a nostrum of Lord Lauderdale, that guineas should be coined of the value of the twenty-one shillings paper currency, a proceeding his lordship seems to think very highly of. "Perhaps the fundholder would have had reason to bless the day on which such a measure was adopted, for it would have retarded the period which, some time or other, will in all probability arrive, when the payment of the full dividend, and the safety of the State, shall be found incompatible."

In a second edition, enlarged, we find a rather long dissertation on the sources of patronage in the crown. The bar and the church both get roughly handled.

[*The Bar.*] "It is the tendency of this profession to give men a rooted attachment to the institutions by whose rules all their decisions are made. But their attachment, it must be confessed, is seldom of a very discriminating nature. And if, on the one hand, they kindle with indignation when the ancient rights of the people are trampled upon, on the other, they fire with almost equal zeal if an attempt is made to moderate the cruel spirit of ancient legislation. Generally speaking, however, the first disposition of a lawyer, it must be confessed, is to inquire boldly and argue sharply upon public abuses. They are not apt to indulge any bigoted reverence for the depositaries of power; and, on the other hand, they value liberty as the guardian of free speech. But the close of a lawyer's life is not always conformable to his outset. [Is a premier's?] Many who commence by too warm an admiration for popular privileges, end by too frigid a contempt for all enthusiasm. They are accustomed to let their tongues for the hour, and by a natural transition they sell them for a term of years, or for life. Commencing with the vanity of popular harangues, they end by the meanest calculations of avarice."

The bar must feel flattered by Lord John Russell's exposition of a barrister's career. The noble premier has, however, painted a portrait of the divine in not much more pleasing colors.

[*The Church.*] "The church has not to reproach itself with the same tergiversation in its

members, [ministers?] Connected with power and office by their very profession, all members (ministers) of the church have an *original* tendency, not easily overcome, to take the side of Government, and those who desire to rise to distinction in the hierarchy generally make a display of servility, as the surest means of elevation. Or if raised BY SOME RARE ACCIDENT from real merit, super-add a varnish of adulation to their other acquirements. Yet it must be said that a cringing churchman has not that scoffing contempt of virtue and affected disbelief of all public principle which distinguish the apostate lawyer."

Though these essays will not tend much, if at all, to establish the noble author's reputation as a literary man, it had been better had he confined his efforts to this species of composition exclusively: for though it demands many high qualifications, not the least of which is the faculty of compression, "to give the virtue of a draught in a few drops," the task is far easier than the one which belongs to the elevated flights of the dramatic aspirant.

Don Carlos, a } Success is the mother of
Tragedy. } rashness, and though often a diminutive parent, the infant is commonly remarkable for its size. The success of the noble lord as an essayist, whether as Joseph Skillet, or in his own proper person, if we can form any opinion, must have been of the most limited kind; but the rashness engendered was as colossal as the success was microscopic, and bears out the epigrammatic character of the premier so felicitously hit off by a defunct canon of St. Paul's, for wit renowned. Dr. Johnson declares, "that a man who writes a book thinks himself wiser or wittier than the rest of mankind; he supposes that he can instruct or amuse them;" but a man who writes a play must have a still higher estimate of his powers, if we receive the opinion of his Grace of Buckingham:

"That to write plays, why, 'tis a bold pretence
To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence;
Nay more, for they must look within to find
The secret turn of nature in the mind."

The hardihood of the venture in the present instance is not a little heightened by the circumstance that the story of Don Carlos had already exercised the skill of the most celebrated dramatic writers, not forgetting Schiller and Alfieri. And this in defiance of the highest critical authorities, who condemn the selection of the unhallowed perversions of one particular passion for the source of dra-

matic interest as unworthy of genius, and resorted to only by men of puny and sterile imagination, though by genius alone can such exhibitions be made sufferable.

How far Lord John's treatment of the story redeems the play from the strictures of this canon we shall inquire.

Schiller more modestly styled his work a dramatic poem, and declared that his hopes of its success on any stage were not high. Here it is ushered in with all the pride and pomp of circumstance, "*A Tragedy in Five Acts*," entitled "*Don Carlos, or Persecution*."

The alternative, or explanatory title, must, we are convinced, have been inserted at the recommendation of some waggish friend of the author, alluding to the reader, or intended audience of Covent Garden.

It is dedicated to Lord Holland, in the usual strain of mixed adulation and depreciation, rather at variance with the preface, which savors strongly of the puff preparatory, and in which there is an affectation of research, and a careful apology for slight historical deviations on the score of poetical license.

We shall in a few lines explain the nature of the plot; since, though "*Don Carlos*" may be familiar to those acquainted with the works of Schiller and Alfieri, it has not been made so through Lord John Russell to the English reader: for with all the *prestige* of noble authorship, and all the knavish adjuncts of the stage, ("*Fourberia della Scéna*,") the play was acted *once*, and *once* only. Not that its failure as an acting drama would be conclusive against its merit altogether, for Johnson's "*Irene*" met with the same fate, as indeed have a hundred others. Whether Lord John felt, as Johnson expressed himself to have done after *his* defeat, "*like the monument*," or whether he derived consolation from the reflections of Mr. Wire Wove Hot Press, "that there may be calamitous eclipses of the most effulgent minds," must remain mysteries buried in the womb of time.

The plot turns upon the intrigues of the Inquisition, whose chief, Valdez, the grand Inquisitor, works upon the suspicious mind of Philip king of Spain to destroy his son, Don Carlos, suspected of favoring the Protestant cause; and the *modus operandi* is by insinuating to the King an incestuous intercourse of Don Carlos with the Queen.

In the opening scene of Act I., Valdez, the grand Inquisitor, and one of his adherents, Lucero, discuss the King's character and the chances of their success. Valdez

tries to remove some scruples of his fellow conspirator.

"Valdez. Fear not;
The King *has got a demon*: 'tis suspicion
Whose senses are refined to pain, whose ears
Are *stung to madness by a cricket's chirp*:
Whose jaundiced eyes *in every sheep perceive*
A *covert wolf*; and mark you well, Lucero,
He who reposes not in confidence
That men are somewhat better than they are,
Conceives them worse! Philip, besides, is crazed
With love of fame; he does not love his Queen,
He does not love his country; but he loves
To *swell his name* with their bright attributes;
And when he sees his consort and his throne
Both menaced, will he not resist?"

Here, at the very outset, some of the peculiar defects are visible which pervade the whole of the play, and, we might say, the whole of the noble lord's writings. It is evident that the address of Valdez is *intended* to be dignified, and if tumid metaphor and false aphorism could atone for positive breaches of all rules, both of grammar and composition, *it might be*; but it is in fact *grand nonsense*, which, of all things, is the most insupportable.

Scene II. discloses the King soliloquizing upon his Queen's dishonor; he requires the attendance of one of her women, Leonora, when the following dignified dialogue takes place. [*Enter Donna Leonora.*]

"King. Madam, good day, I have desired your presence
On urgent matters; answer me, and quick.
What is the general temper of the Queen
When with her women? gay, or sad, or staid?
What her diversions? Does the prince's presence
Make any change in her deportment?"

Leonora. Sire!

The King. I ask you how the Queen receives our son?

Leonora. I know not well to answer.

The King. Yet my words are plain and simple.

Leonora. Sire! Indeed—

The King. Reply; I must have truth.

Leonora. Then, sire, behold the truth:
Her usual air appears as if she mocked
The state she wears; all the royal pomp
Makes her not proud, but sad: the dignity
That doth befit Castile she casts aside,
As if it soiled her purity of heart.
But if Don Carlos in her presence stands,
Then, like a statue starting into life,
Her cheeks blush deep with *rosy streams*, her eyes
Glow with unusual fires; her arm, her hand
No longer move with languor: all her frame
In animated gesture speaks the soul;
Though still her timid modesty of mind
Temper with grace the beauty of her mien.

The King. She welcomes him?

Leonora. Yes, sire: such welcome gives
As when upon the dark blank world the sun
Pours forth his beams; when undistinguished
space

Grows rich with meaning; hill, and lake, and plain

Glitter in new-born light, and hail the day:—
Such is the Queen, when to our quiet hours
Don Carlos gives his leisure.

The King. It is well;
She should rejoice to see our royal son.
Say, does he ever speak to her alone?

Leonora. Nay, gracious sire, that were to my reproach.

My office here is to attend the Queen,
Never to leave her presence; and to break
That rule, so long as I can hold my station,
Were to betray my duty, *soil my race*.

None ever yet, of countrymen or friends,
Or childish playmates of her infancy,
Or near relations of your royal blood,
Have ever spoken to the Queen alone:
Nor have I missed a gesture or a word,
Or failed, when reason was, *to bear the tale*
Unto your majesty.

The King. 'Tis well, 'tis well:
Say now, I would know more; I fain would know—

Not that these things which you have told to me
Excite a thought unworthy of the Queen,
Or can the least unhinge my steadfast love,
And anchored trust in her fidelity;
Far from us all suspicion—but 'tis well
That I, the king, should know the slightest sign,
The breath of air, or *creaking of a door*,
That passes in my court; inform me, then,
Has it been known to you the prince, our son,
Used more familiar gesture to the Queen
Than does befit his duty? touched her hand,
Or——

Leonora. Never, gracious sire, have I beheld
Aught but of reverence from our royal prince,
With due and subject duty——

The King. Tell me, then,
Have you observed the Queen at any time
Bestow a trinket on the prince? or seen
The prince make homage of a gift to her?
A chain—a riband—any bauble?

Leonora. Sire,
Last month, upon her birthday, I remarked
Don Carlos gave a necklace to the Queen
In worship of the day.

The King. Madam, it is well:
Such gifts are but the bonds of courtesy,
That *add civility to kindred ties*:
[*Aside.*] Yet like I not such tokens always worn;
Love, oftentimes, that *dares not lead his march*
Direct from heart to heart, by such bye-paths
Conducts his enterprise; and *warm desires*
That would shrink back from *looking on the life*,
Are yet excited by the fond caress
Bestowed on senseless matter."

We cannot pursue this contemptible trashy dialogue further. The "stilted talk" of the duenna Leonora is only surpassed in non-

sense by the royal catechist. It is positively beneath all criticism as to versification. It is a mere collocation of words and syllables, marshalled into array by the printer to make a kind of *poetry to the eye*. It is a species of bad prose in ambush, a jumble of forced metaphor and low phraseology, destructive of both sense and propriety—passing by the *mode* of the whole, which is flagrant.

Can anything be so utterly silly as the exclamation of the King—

"That I, the king, should know the slightest sign,
The breath of air, or creaking of a door!"

Or more unintelligible and nonsensical than "*Love leading his march*:" and "*Warm desires looking on the life*:" "*Gifts, bonds of courtesy that add civility to kindred ties*."

The constant recurrence of the same words and the same phrases is enough to nauseate the most indefatigable and indulgent reader. The word "*Tale*" occurs no less than *ten times*;* though it will hardly be said "*decies repetita placebit*."

But when we turn to the other characters of the play, we find no better entertainment.

ACT II. SCENE I. [*Apartment of Don Carlos.*]

Don Carlos, like his royal father, is given to soliloquizing, and makes his *début* to the audience in a metaphorical Jeremiad, bewailing his hard lot in having been born a prince instead of a bird-catcher or rustic. His friend Cordoba enters, to inquire by *what plan* he intends to *defeat* his unforeseen arrest—a rather curious use of the word *defeat*, applied to a "*fait accompli*," the said Don Carlos being safely lodged in durance vile. The prince, very *surveyor-like*, replies, "*I have no plan*." Cordoba seems to think such an answer more suited to an architect, and rejoins—"Such a *reply but ill becomes a Prince*." Don Carlos is piqued at this, and determines to make up for his brevity of response by a grandiloquent confession of his un-princely faculties.

* "Or failed, when reason was, to bear the tale unto your majesty."

"Sire—The tale is of that kind the bearer fears to let escape too rudely."

"The tale was dreadful, but your royal countenance," &c.

"My king, I will proceed, though harsh and crude the tale."

"I come not with the tale of some base wretch."

"To wed the queen! a false informer's tale."

"The tale is long to tell," &c.

"And came herself unconsciously to tell the maddening tale to me."

"'Tis death to tell or to convey a tale," &c.

"These letters may unfold a tale."

"Don Carlos. My faculties but ill become a prince.

Our mother Nature, with a strange caprice,
Fits us for other parts than those we play;
&c. &c. &c.

I, even I, was framed

To wander idly all the day in woods—

To gather flowers—to feed on the wild grape—

To drink the natural spring—to list to birds—

And find my joy in breathing balmy air.

I was not made for courts or camps."

We fear Mother Nature has played off some of her tricks on Lord John. We have sad misgivings, however, that he, like the prince, was more calculated to "wander idly in the woods," "to feed on the wild grape," and "drink the natural spring," than for court or camp. Poor Cordoba's dull matter-of-fact brain finds some difficulty in comprehending these pastoral longings, not exactly, perhaps, appreciating the distinguished propensities of his royal master for drinking *natural* springs and feeding on wild grapes.

"Cordoba. Yet still

You think of public weal; and even now

You were embarking in a public cause:

&c. &c. &c.

Don Carlos. See you, Don Luis, no distinction, then,

Between a choice of lot, and bearing ill

What is already chosen? I stand here

Prince of Asturias, the heir of Spain:

To leave the mighty interests of mankind

To follow nightingales, would be in me

Consummate baseness, treason to my state,

Cruel injustice to collected millions—

The people of two hemispheres, who own

The Spanish rule, and on some future day,

Which Heaven long avert, will take their hue

Of joy or sorrow from my smile or frown.

Overwhelming thought! would it were otherwise."

Poor Cordoba is no doubt puzzled how a man can choose his lot, and appears to be equally overwhelmed as his master. Whether he fancies his master might better secure the happiness of the collected millions if he did follow his bird-catching propensities, especially if the hue of joy or sorrow of the people of two hemispheres is to vary with his smile or frown, we can hardly ascertain; but in the deprecatory tone of a repentant Mr. Caudle, he ventures to remonstrate.

"Cordoba. Nay, say not so!

Don Carlos. [Like Mrs. Caudle, with a vigorous rejoinder,]

I mean it."

&c. &c. &c. &c.

Can there be anything more trashy than this.

Even in the interview between the king and his son, which might have given scope to something like passionate feeling, we have the same miserable monotony of yes and no dialogue, interspersed with the same frothy declamation and vexed metaphor.

ACT II.—SCENE I. *continued.* [Enter King Philip.] *Cordoba retires.*

"Philip. Don Carlos, 'tis with heavy grief
The safety of the State has forced me thus
To place a guard upon your sacred person:
Your highness has been charged with crimes—

Carlos. Who dares
Impeach my honor? Who—

Philip. Softly, my son.
I came not to accuse, &c.

Carlos. By Heaven, not so.

Philip. Nay, interrupt me not. If it be thus,
Ill do you know the spectral forms that wait
Upon a king," &c. &c.

This threat of spectral forms, and the *Ill do you know*, must of course freeze up the boiling indignation of the Prince, and he simply puts in his disclaimer to all unfilial hankerings after his father's crown.

"Carlos. Oh! far from me is lust of that sad
power:
I hate it all.

Philip. If truly, 'tis with reason.
&c. &c.

Carlos. I know not what means your Majesty.

Philip. Listen, Don Carlos!
Your honored grandsire, when a manly beard
Scarce plumed his cheeks, &c.

While to his empty treasury a new world
Across the ocean wafted tides of gold,
&c. &c. &c.
Aspired to private life and humble rest."

*Beards pluming,—new worlds wafting,—
aspiring to privacy—*Mrs. Malaprop, "thy
occupation's gone!"

Carlos reiterates his disinclination to wield
a sceptre.

"Philip. You do not wish to take it from me,
then?"

Now we think this is more like a littleurchin asking Betty if she did not wish to take his hoop or peg-top away. And we have ten pages of this puerility, with the continued ebullitions in the nursery style, "Hold your peace;" "Peace, Prince;" "I'll hear no more;" "Prince, beware."

It is really impossible to single out a page, or even a passage that rises to mediocrity, though we have not paraded the most ridiculous portions. Mark the Noodle and Doodle style of Act. IV.—Scene II. :—

"Osorio. 'Tis strange!—Don Luis—

Carlos. Don Luis was invited to assist
In this unnatural treachery, where the father
Plotted his son's destruction, but he shrunk
From horrors so Satanic.

Osorio. Did he, indeed?

Carlos. He did indeed: what means that
doubting tone?

Osorio. Nay, prince, I know not.

Carlos. He does more; he risks
His liberty and life to wipe away
The stain he has contracted; and to-night
He comes with friends in arms to save my life.

Osorio. Indeed.

Carlos. Indeed! Indeed! Had you been there,
Osorio, all your hatred would have melted."

&c. &c. &c.

This may be certainly selected as an apt illustration of the art of sinking, in poetry. The malicious reader would perhaps be gratified by more extracts, especially from the concluding act, but we abstain from the cruelty of further selections. Lord John, like Fielding, and many others, evidently curses the fellow "who invented fifth acts." Poison and the dagger, the old-fashioned aids, come to the rescue and do the business; but, contrary to Aristotelian law, they do it before the audience, and Don Carlos and Don Luis die in most appropriate confusion.

Unfit as the tragedy clearly is for the stage, we can find no merits that fit it for the closet. There is not a vestige of poetical feeling, not a single passage that rises above common-place, not a *character* or *creation* in the whole *dramatis personæ*. They are mere *automata*; a more undignified, pitiful puppet than Philip, could not be walked through five acts of any play; nor a more puling, characterless personage than Don Carlos, whose mawkish sentimentality would overpower even a boarding-school Miss of the last generation. The Queen is a mere piece of pagantry, a walking gentlewoman, whose "yes" and "no" are often in the wrong place; while Valdez, the arch intriguer and supposed mover of the pieces, who is to conduct the check-mate, is a mere cut-and-dried specimen of the old hacknied rogue of a hundred penny stories. There is throughout a palpable attempt at dignity and elevation of style, by a lavish use of metaphor, of which the noble lord seems to have a kind of *hortus siccus*; but which he so mixes and involves

that they make a perfect jumble of images, and the radical idea is completely lost sight of, in the tangled heap of metaphorical excrescences. The noble *littérateur* has decidedly made a "fiasco;" he has, with all his incubation, produced a wind-egg. We are sensible of the greatness of the effort, we see the straining of the wires, and hear the creaking of the pulleys, and have a strong sense of smelling tallow and rosin—but no illusion. Plenty of rant and fustian, but "no storming of the breast, or holding enthralled the sense;" "there is all the contortion of the Sybil without the inspiration, all the nodosity of the oak without the firmness;" and we only come to the conclusion, that the *owlets* who fancied themselves *eagles*, are a breed by no means extinct.

The last three lines of this "doleful mystery" must, we think, have been added by the same satirical wag who had a hand in fixing on the title; and who probably knowing the sensibility of the noble author's feelings on literary matters, slyly depicts the anguish the noble lord would feel (no doubt has felt) at rushing into print, and neglecting the wise Horatian maxim, "*nonum prematur in annum*."

"May this sad story [play?] rest forever secret;
Vain hope! in one short day I have destroyed
My peace of conscience, and my hope of fame."

Memoirs of Europe
from the Peace
of Utrecht.

The work upon which Lord John Russell has clearly bestowed the most pains, and which appears in the imposing form of a quarto, notwithstanding the misgiving of the noble author's *alter ego*, Joseph Skillet, as to the expediency of such a form, and hints of the vulgarity of the vice of writing quarto works about nothing, is "*The Memoirs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht*," 2 vols. 4to. 1824. Fourth edition. 1826.

There is some craft, however, in being *voluminous*, for voluminous authors have a warrant for occasional dullness, and the most severe readers make allowance for many rests and nodding places in quarto volumes, which would be fatal to the author in *octavo*. This principle, however, must be sparingly used, for, though history, it is true, "*quoque modo scripta delectat*," the interest springing out of the subject itself will only secure that author from oblivion whose mediocrity is shielded by a monopoly of being the only chronicler of his time. This monopoly the noble lord does not enjoy, and he must have been prepared to encounter the difficulty of "lend-

ing fresh interest to an oft-told tale." Unless he succeeded in doing this, his work, as he knew, would be regarded as a pure literary superfetation. Not that we can point to any eminently successful productions of this class among our countrymen. *Memoir writing* does not appear to be so well suited to the genius of the English as of the French character; and when lacking the *esprit fringant*, "the shaping spirit of imagination," which our neighbors contrive to throw into their most trivial works, it drops down into a mere dry compilation of fragmentary documents, seasoned, perhaps, with obsolete stories and resuscitated anecdotes, a species of annotated chapter of the historical accidents of a period—a kind of *dropsy* of history.

The fourth edition would seem to imply success, and the *fame* of the noble premier secured; but as nearly all of the noble lord's works have been invested with the same honor, we must decline this as any very searching test of excellence. If the end of fame, however, "is but to fill a certain portion of uncertain paper," then the noble author's exertions have been crowned with success.

In the Introduction, (for the noble writer loves Introductions,) there is no inconsiderable parade of erudite research and *quasi* philosophical deduction; but it is the parade of a very school-boy in both cases, and in the most slovenly method. A very few extracts will suffice to illustrate our meaning.

[Page 1, *Introduction*.] "The communities of modern Europe are distinguished from those of ancient times by many broad and conspicuous marks; among these there is none more remarkable, or which more forcibly arrests the attention of the historian, than the *difference of the mode* in which the characters of ancient and modern nations have been formed. Ancient cities falling at once into political society, and requiring forms of government to hold them together, were obliged to appoint some one person or body of persons, to frame regulations for the conduct of general affairs, and the maintenance of order. These early legislators, finding themselves thus called upon to prescribe the institutions of an infant state, extended their directions to everything which might influence the well-being of the commonwealth; manners, dress, food, amusements, became an object of public care for punishment or reward. The members of these communities thus became attached to the peculiar customs of their city; and, when attacked by a foreign enemy, they defended themselves with the more vigor and perseverance, as conquest implied the loss, not only of liberty, but of all the habits of their lives, endeared to them by long prescription and by legislative sanction."

[Page 42 *Introduction.*] In a disquisition on the kingly character, under a limited monarchy, the noble writer tells us:—

“In the society of men who are utterly insignificant on the score of rank and fortune, the sovereign imagines he may unbend securely; no familiarity on his part can raise them to substantive importance, and no liberties which they assume in moments of ease, can prevent his reducing them by a nod to their original nothingness. Hence an *Emperor of the world loves the society of the kitchen*, and willingly endures vulgarity with which a proud noble would disdain to mingle. Hence, likewise, his mind is continually perverted by the interested representations of low courtiers, who naturally instil into him a jealousy of those whose industry and prudence have raised them to the situation of his ministers, and whose knowledge gives them an advantage over him in every discussion of state affairs. If he is allowed to have his own way, he removes from his councils every one whose eminence mortifies his pride. He confides his kingdom to the guidance of minions, whose rule is disguised in the shape of flattery; and while he is indulging their avarice and ambition, he thinks his own maudlin majesty the object of the veneration of the whole world.”

[Page 27. *The Reformation.*] “There is a period in the *history* of Europe when every *commotion on its surface* was occasioned by one cause, deeply seated like the internal fire *that is supposed to have produced the earthquake at Lisbon*; and, like it, breaking out with violence in one place, and making itself felt in every part of the globe. This cause was the Reformation. From 1520 to 1649 the Reformation *was the great lever of Europe*. From that time the violence of the convulsion abated, but its influence continued to be perceptible till the accession of the House of Hanover in England, and the alliance of George I. and the regent Duke of Orleans. The Reformation and the French Revolution may be regarded as the *great stations* from which future historians will date the events of modern history. At first sight, perhaps, it may appear that either of these two general changes might have happened before the other. It may seem that a philosopher who was speculating with views beyond those of his time in the middle of the fifteenth century, on the consequences of the discovery of printing, might as well predict that a great struggle would take place between kings and their people for the cause of arbitrary or limited monarchy, as that great innovations would be made in religion. Indeed, in some respects, the former might seem much the more likely of the two. The authority of the temporal sovereign had been more frequently disputed than that of the Pope, and in the laws and customs of all nations were to be found the principles of a representative government. The reasons why the spiritual despotism was the first shaken off are, however, many and mighty.”

The reader will require a long pause over the involved phraseology of the preceding

paragraph to collect the ideas intended to be conveyed, and appreciate their metaphorical and logical consistency. He is to understand of a certain period in the past, that it both *is* and *was*. That the Reformation was a subterranean fire, converted into a “great lever.” That this lever produced violent convulsions in Europe, and prepared the way for the French Revolution. That the lever of the Reformation and the French Revolution then became two *stations*, or points of observation in the landscape of history; and that these “stations” (space and time being confounded) are chronological epochs, of which the one could not well, for certain weighty reasons, have come before the other.

These memoirs present a kind of Mosaic of the noble author’s defects, metaphor and moralizing predominating; and if we speak out we are bound to pronounce them hasty yet heavy, presumptuous though shallow. At one time, with seven-league boots, striding over centuries, and despatching the whole rise and progress of European society, from the savage state to the polished times of romance, “*ab ovo usque ad malum*” in one page; at other times creeping along through half a volume in the discussion of pure trivialities. If ever Sterne’s comparison of book-making were borne out, viz., “a pouring out of one vessel into another,” here is the instance: but the noble author contrives at the same time to shake up the sediment of each in his operation, and instead of filtering or purifying, muddies the whole mixture.

The internal evidence of unconscious contradictions is so strong as to remind one of Lord Shaftesbury’s satire upon “spouters,” “that it would be a belying of the age to put so much good sense together in any *one* speech as to make it hold out steadily and with plain coherence for a quarter of an hour.”

There seems a positive incapacity to follow out a single paragraph with logical consistency, and in proportion as the idea itself is indefinite and ill conceived the language is vague and unmeaning.

“For if the mind with clear conceptions glow,
The willing words in just expression flow.”

Unfortunately the conceptions of Lord John Russell are anything but clear; and we must allow the truth, while we are ashamed of the ingratitude, of Professor Von Reaumer’s criticism of his patron, who must feel, with tenfold force, the unkind return of his *protégé*, as we believe he is the only foreigner who ever noticed Lord John’s literary produc-

tions, that he wrote as if previous to the discovery of all logic, "*vor die erfindung aller rhetorik.*"

The Establishment of the Turks in Europe; an Historical Essay, with Preface. Murray. Pp. 128. 12mo. 1828.

In 1828 Lord John appears again upon the stage as an essayist; we say Lord John, for though this literary bantling came into the world without paternal acknowledgment, it has been since duly acknowledged. Indeed the impress of the paternal lineaments was so strong that little difficulty arose in the process of affiliation. Professedly, it treats of "The Establishment of the Turks in Europe;" but the connection of the title with the work actually before us is even less discoverable than in other of the noble author's productions. It exhibits but a very shallow acquaintance with the institutions of Turkey and the East, either religious or political. There are many gross blunders, mixed up with gossiping stories. The premier views with a rather favorable eye the doctrines of Mahomet; indeed, appears to look with some degree of relish upon the Mussulman's Paradise. It has one merit, viz., brevity: it is in 12mo.; and the same plea urged by the unfortunate mother of a very diminutive and fatherless baby in extenuation of her fault, *that it was a very little one*, may here be offered in abatement of critical severity. A short extract or two must suffice.

"The meanest Turk might treat the highest Christian with contempt and insult. A Mussulman seeing a Greek seated in his shop might call him forth and make him load his baggage horse or perform any other menial service: the oldest and most venerable Greeks might openly be struck and buffeted by the youngest and lowest Mahometans, all with impunity. The practice of carrying arms leads to the prompt indulgence of every passion. And it may well be imagined *what was the condition* of men in the constant presence of masters *who have* pistols at their belts and swords by their sides. The limbs and even the lives of the Greeks were at the mercy of every gust of passion, and *they were maimed or murdered with less forethought* [compunction?] than the mildest rebuke is given by an English magistrate. *These are the things*, which, borne quietly by dastard souls, sink deep in the minds of a people who begin to have a sense of shame or honor. *These are the injuries*, which, long suffered and long unresented, are yet entered in the great book of a nation, and are at length repaid with a vengeance not less full or less cruel than the wrongs *they have endured.*"

"The chief of the police at Constantinople and other great towns goes round in the day time and

at night, and executes immediately the sentence he gives. If a baker is found selling his bread by a light weight, he is hanged before his door. If any one is apprehended on the spot where a disturbance takes place, he is instantly despatched, no matter if the apprentice who knew nothing of the fraud is hanged instead of the actual rioter. The purpose is to create terror to the guilty even by shedding the blood of the innocent, and the crime is punished when the criminal escapes."

These are samples of the slip-slop flippant style, the *crambe recolta* from old travellers' tales, which Lord John dignifies with the title of an historical discourse, and offers as an account of the government of Turkey for more than 300 years.

The Causes of the } The year 1832 afforded
French Revolution. } another proof of the noble Proteus's literary industry, in a book on "*The Causes of the French Revolution*;" a more flagrant instance of the "*lucus a non lucendo*," no title ever furnished. It might as well be styled causes of the Chinese war. The introductory chapter, from which we have made our extract, promises much; a wide field of inquiry: but it is in fact a mere gossiping book about Voltaire, Rousseau, and the court of Louis, with some anecdotes of the principal skeptics of the age, their writings and coteries. It abounds in the same prurient style of metaphor, in which it is as natural for Lord John to write as for fish to swim.

C. i. "The word 'Revolution,' which was associated in the days of our ancestors with events so fortunate, and has inspired so much terror in our own, is applied to changes totally dissimilar in character. When Brutus expelled the Tarquins from Rome, a family was banished, and the office of king was abolished; but the senate retained its authority, and the breach in the constitution was filled by the election of two consuls, who held for a year the greater part of the authority which had before been exercised for life by a royal head. In modern times, when the Dutch rose against their Spanish masters, kingly supremacy was done away: but the chief persons of the country were called, without confusion, to the government of the state. So when the English revolted in 1688, and the Americans nearly a century afterwards, the powers which had been abused were taken away from one person, but were transferred, with new engagements and restrictions, to others, who naturally and easily succeeded to the confidence their predecessors had forfeited. But the French Revolution is a revolution of another kind. It led rapidly to that which we often speak of, but scarcely ever see, namely, anarchy. All that had previously formed a title to respect became an object of proscription; neither wealth, nor station, nor character, nor

law, nor even the revolutionary governments themselves, had any permanent influence with the people. The state was left to the guidance of men who would for ever have remained obscure, had they not become eminent in crime. The ruling assembly was converted into an arena, where each gladiator trod in the blood of his comrades; and when his turn came his fall was applauded with as much savage delight as that of his antagonist had been but a few moments before.

"It is our purpose, however, not to describe the French Revolution, but to inquire into its causes. The singular spectacle of deeds so cruel, in the midst of a nation so polished, must excite the mind to observe and reflect. The duty of the historian requires more than a lamentation over the horrors of this terrible period; nor will it be enough to show that reforms quietly accomplished would have been better than a violent convulsion.

"In making these inquiries, it is no part of our business to justify those who overthrew the monarchy. No one accustomed to calm reasoning can allow that the popular voice is an infallible rule for the guidance of measures of state; but although the people are conducted by leaders to the choice of wise or pernicious remedies, it is not to be denied that they are seldom mistaken as to the existence of grievances. *Let us observe, then, the conduct of the king, the nobility, and clergy, let us inquire in what manner the government acted upon the condition of the nation. When we have thus ascertained the nature of the evil, it will be instructive to visit the sources of public opinion; to weigh the merits of the political and moral philosophers who foretold a change, and who pointed out the road to arrive at it.* Never was a nation more prepared for revolution by previous discussion; never did a nation in revolution wander so much without chart or compass, through stormy seas, in darkness and in danger."

"*Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.*" From 1832 to 1842, the noble *littérateur* relaxed his literary bow, and gave himself to rumination, probably refreshing himself for a more vigorous assault on the temple of fame. "*On ne recule que pour mieux sauter.*" The production of 1842, is, however, a very humble flight. "Correspondence of John, fourth Duke of Bedford," selected from Originals at Woburn Abbey, 3 vols.; each volume ushered in by a prosy Introduction. The dull duty of an editor admits of little scope for talent; but we cannot avoid recognizing a certain fitness in the noble lord to fill the place of gentleman-usher to an author's club.

The nature of the Introduction may be judged by one specimen, an anecdote of the duke.

"Besides building, the Duke of Bedford took a warm interest in planting. The evergreen drive, at Woburn, was planted by him with various

kinds of pine and fir, selected with the assistance of Philip Miller, and thinned by his own care. Indeed, on this last point an anecdote has been related by my father characteristic of his disposition. In the year 1743, the duke planted the large plantation in Woburn Park, known by the name of the 'Evergreens,' to commemorate the birth of his daughter, afterwards Caroline, Duchess of Marlborough. The space was something more than 100 acres, and was before that time a rabbit-warren producing nothing but a few blades of grass, with the heath or ling indigenous to the soil, and without a single tree upon it.

"In the course of a few years, the duke, perceiving that the plantation required thinning, in order to admit a freer circulation of air, and give health and vigor to the young trees, he accordingly gave instructions to his gardener, and directed him as to the mode and extent of the thinning required. The gardener paused and hesitated, and at length said, 'Your Grace must pardon me if I humbly remonstrate against your orders, but I cannot possibly do what you desire: it would at once destroy the young plantation, and, moreover, it would be seriously injurious to my reputation as a planter.' The duke replied, 'Do as I desire you, and I will take care of your reputation.' The plantation was consequently thinned according to his instructions, and the duke caused a board to be fixed in the plantation facing the road, on which was inscribed, 'This plantation has been thinned by John, Duke of Bedford, contrary to the advice and opinion of his gardener.'"

Lord John takes care to add, that the said plantation, which the noble duke so gallantly thinned, has been pronounced by Mr. Forbes, in his "*Pinetum Woburnense*," as "unequalled by any other plantation in the kingdom, which may be chiefly attributed to the judicious thinning applied to that plantation when young." "*De minimis non curat lex.*" Not so Lord John: no matter is too petty to occupy his notice; even trimming up a plantation, to record the triumph of a Duke of Bedford over his gardener. Swift says, "No man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them." How fares it with LORD JOHN RUSSELL? Has he achieved the "*γνωθι σεαυτον*," or has he mistaken his vocation in attempting to add a literary reputation to his hereditary honors? The list of his works denotes sufficient activity. We have—

"Essays and Sketches of Life and Character," &c. 1 vol. 1820.

"The Life of Lord William Russell, with some Account of the Times in which he lived." 2 vols. 1820.

"Essays on the History of the English Government and Constitution," &c. 1 vol. 1821.

"Don Carlos, or Persecution." A Tragedy in Five Acts. 1 vol. 1822.

"Memoirs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht;" with Introduction. 2 vols., 4to. 1824.

"The Establishment of the Turks in Europe." vol. 1828.

"The Causes of the French Revolution." 1 vol. 1832.

"Correspondence of John, Fourth Duke of Bedford;" with Introduction. 2 vols. 1842.

"Multa," perhaps, rather than "multum." There is certainly no want of variety in the subjects treated of. In future editions of the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, the noble *littérateur* of the House of Bedford will figure under the several heads of History, the Drama, Biography, Essays, &c. But how? Can any *one* of all his numerous productions be said to range with the standard literature of the age? The noble writer has been a quarter of a century before the public as an author: does he take rank with the eminent authors of the day? Is he known as a writer? Is he read? For a man can scarcely be called an author whose works are neither known nor read, however voluminous and prolific. "*Non scribit cujus carmina nemo legit*," says Martial. We believe few persons read the noble lord's works; that few, indeed, are aware of their existence. We do not say this ill-naturedly; for we are indisposed to attack a man who has tried so perseveringly.

"Attaquer Chapelain! Ah, c'est un si bon homme.

Il est vrai s'il m'eût crû qu'il n'eût point fait des vers;

Il se tue à rimer, que n'écrit-il en prose?

Voilà ce que je l'ai dit, et que dis-je autre chose?"

And though, as a general rule, while an author is yet living, it is customary to estimate his powers by his worst performance, and when he is dead, to rate them by his best, we would indulgently grant Lord John the privilege of a defunct author, and not offer him up a martyr to his indiscreet ramble into the "poet's pleasaunce." That the noble author of Don Carlos looked boldly forward to a niche in the literary Pantheon we readily believe. We can imagine that in an idle hour he may have emerged from the lobby of the House into Poet's Corner, and thought within himself, "*forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis*."

But men's aspirations are often strangely at variance with their powers; and if we may quote Steele as an authority, it would appear that the least imaginative portion of the com-

munity are the most prone to dedicate their leisure to poetical composition.

"Dull fellows (says Steele) prove very good men of business. Business relieves them from their own natural heaviness, by furnishing them with what to do; whereas business, to mercurial men, is an interruption from their real existence and happiness. Though the dull part of mankind are harmless in their amusements, it were to be wished they had no vacant time, because they usually undertake something that makes their wants conspicuous by their manner of supplying them. You shall seldom find a dull fellow of good education, but if he happen to have any leisure upon his hands, will turn his head to one of these two amusements for all fools of eminence—politics or poetry. The former of these arts is the study of all dull people in general; *but when dullness is lodged in a person of quick animal life, it generally exerts itself in poetry.*"

Now, without applying this rule to Lord John Russell, of whose "animal life," whether quick or slow, we know nothing, and who, in spite of his devotion to politics and poetry, may be anything but a dull fellow in the circle of his friends, we should not think, at the same time, that he can be looked upon as one of "Imagination's chartered libertines."

The noble lord's style (and style will, so long as the world endures, ever be regarded as much as matter) is vicious in the extreme. As an author he seems to labor under a continued indigestion of metaphor, which, throughout his works, are "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallambrosa," in utter violation of grammar, and frequently of the sense.

Had his lordship followed the advice of a worthy old college tutor to his pupils, "Read over your compositions, and wherever you meet with a passage which you think is *particularly* fine, strike it out," the quality of the works would have been certainly benefited, though the quantity would have been reduced in a much higher proportion.

But the premier had, no doubt, Aristotle's recipe in his eye: "The greatest thing of all is to be *powerful in metaphor*, for this alone cannot be acquired from another, but is a mark of original genius; for to *metaphorize well*, is to discern in different objects that which is similar."

The noble premier is *powerful* enough in metaphor,—strong as Samson, to his own undoing. He has fallen into the error of adopting a canon for his own guidance which is addressed to "original genius." Nor are there any counterbalancing qualities to weigh

down this besetting sin. There is no originality of thought, no vigorous reasoning, no evidence even of industrious research. We have neither new facts and materials, nor happy illustrations of old ones. The noble writer's works are "objectless;" we rise from their perusal with no fresh information of any kind, and are at a loss to understand why the premier should have rushed into print.

We have expressed our opinions on the several works in the order in which they were published. It is unnecessary, therefore, to add to our criticism on their several

merits. We regret that we cannot, upon the whole, sum up in Lord John Russell's favor; that we cannot favor his pretensions to literary rank, even in the smallest degree. The noble lord *may* call, it is true, eleven witnesses, 4to., 8vo., and 12mo., to support his pretensions; but, if well advised, he will rather trust to the merciful consideration of the court than rely upon their testimony: for the said witnesses, though decent enough in their exterior clothing, when made to disclose their evidence, will infallibly damage the noble defendant's cause, and for ever strip him of all LITERARY CHARACTER.

A LITERARY PARTY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE accompanying Plate presents a group of the most remarkable men of the last century, whose names are inseparably identified with the history of English literature, and the influence of whose genius and writings has not yet ceased to be felt. Though their names are familiar as household words to the intelligent lover of literature, it may not be inappropriate to characterize in a few words, the several eminent personages portrayed so strikingly by the engraver's skill. At the extreme left of the picture is JAMES BOSWELL, the well known friend and biographer of Dr. Johnson. He was a native of Scotland, and became acquainted with Johnson after having travelled in Europe, and acquired an eager love of literature and of the literary character. His attachment to Johnson was sincere and enthusiastic; and as his intimacy with Johnson was founded upon the basis of reciprocal esteem, it is a happy circumstance that he began early to collect and digest the materials for the life of this extraordinary man, and therefore the publication of the work in 1790, was received with that avidity from the public which is the best tribute to the memory of an illustrious character, as well as to the judicious execution of the biographer. Besides Dr. Johnson's life, he published an account of his tour to the Hebrides with the great moralist—two well-known letters to the people of Scotland, and essence of the Douglas cause, when it so much engaged the public attention. Boswell had a strong predilection for the literary enjoyments of London, and he not only visited the capital frequently, but at last settled there in

1785, and was called regularly to the English bar. He died 19th June, 1795, aged 55.

Next to Boswell is seated the great Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, the Colossus of English literature. He was born in Litchfield, Sept. 7, 1709, and was the son of a bookseller. His great talents were early displayed, and soon after his marriage in 1735, he went to London, as a literary man. His first adventures were exceedingly unpropitious. His fortunes began to mend with his acquaintance with Mr. Cave, the printer of the Gentleman's Magazine; and his first performance in that work was a Latin Alcaic Ode, inserted in March, 1738. From 1740 to 1743 he was laboriously employed in the service of this periodical work, and during that period, wrote the parliamentary debates, valuable not as the effusions of orators, but as the bold composition of a man of genius on such subjects as were supposed to engage the legislators of the age. In 1738 he published his London, a poem, in imitation of Juvenal's third satire, which was well received, and honored with the commendation of Pope, and passed to a second edition in one week. Besides his valuable contributions to the Gentleman's Magazine, he in 1744 published the life of Savage, a work of great merit, which, in the elegant language of pathetic narration, exhibited the sufferings and the poverty of a friend, whose calamities he himself had shared and bewailed. He began in 1747 his edition of Shakspeare, and published the plan of his English dictionary. This gigantic work was undertaken under the patronage of the

booksellers; and the lexicographer engaged a house in Gough-square, where, with the assistance of six amanuenses, he proceeded rapidly in the execution of his plan. This great work, so honorable to the talents of the author, appeared, May, 1755, in 2 vols. without a patron. Lord Chesterfield, who had at first favored the undertaking, but had afterwards neglected the author, endeavored, by a flattering recommendation of the work in "the World," to reconcile himself to his good opinion; but Johnson, with noble indignation, spurned at the mean artifice of his courtly patron; and his celebrated letter reflected, with independent spirit and in severe language, against his selfish and ambitious views. In 1749 the *Irene* had been brought forward on the stage, by the friendship of Garrick, but with no success. The *Rambler* was undertaken 20th of March, 1750, and till the 17th March, 1752, when it ceased, a paper had regularly appeared every Tuesday and Saturday; and it is remarkable that during the whole of that time, only five numbers were contributed by other authors. But these publications, popular as they were, still left Johnson in distressed circumstances; and in 1756, the year after the publishing of his dictionary, he was arrested for a debt of five guineas, from which the kindness of Richardson relieved him. In 1758 he began the *Idler*, and continued it for two years with little assistance; and on the death of his mother in 1759, that he might pay some decent respect to her funeral, and discharge her debts, he wrote his *Rasselas*, and obtained for it, from the booksellers, the sum of £100. Happily, however, these high services to literature were not to pass unrewarded: in 1762 he was honorably presented by the king, on the representation of Mr. Wedderburne, with a pension of £300 per annum without a stipulation of future exertions, but merely, as the grant expressed it, for the moral tendency of his writings, a character to which his *Rambler* was most fully entitled. In 1777, he began his *Lives of the Poets*, which he finished in 1781, a work of great merit, and which exhibits, in the most pleasing manner, the soundness of the critic, the information of the biographer, and the benevolent views of the man. In a few years of gigantic labors, he found his health gradually declining, from the united attacks of the dropsy and of an asthma. It is remarkable, that Johnson, whose pen was ever employed in recommending piety, and all the offices of the purest morality; and whose conduct and example in life exhibit-

ed the most perfect pattern of the Christian virtues; should, in the close of life, betray dreadful apprehensions of death. By degrees, indeed, the terrors which his imagination had painted to itself, disappeared. Johnson expired on the 13th Dec., 1784, full of resignation, strong in faith, and joyful in hope of a happy resurrection. His works are very numerous, and all respectable.

Opposite Johnson, sits Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, eminent as an artist, and man of cultivated taste and literary zeal. He was born in 1723, at Plympton, where his father, a clergyman, was master of the grammar school. He had very early a strong partiality for painting; but being intended for the church, he was sent to Oxford, where he took the degree of bachelor of arts. Nothing, however, seemed so congenial to his taste as painting, and his father indulged him, and placed him in London under the care of Hudson, after which, about 1749, he travelled into Italy. His first production which attracted notice, was a portrait of his friend Keppel, and other pieces equally correct, and equally finished, continued to command the public attention, and to rank him among the greatest artists of the age. But not only as a painter the name of Reynolds must stand respectable, but also as a literary character, and as the active promoter of the literary club, which was established in 1764, and which had among its illustrious members the names of Johnson, Burke, Garrick, Douglas, Goldsmith, the Whartons, Windham, &c. In the academic lectures which he delivered, Sir Joshua displayed not only great taste and a perfect acquaintance with his profession, but strong powers of language, sound judgment, an elegant style and luminous order.

Next is EDMUND BURKE, the splendid orator, and comprehensive statesman. He was born in Ireland, in 1730. His first acknowledged work, which was of course published anonymously, was his *Vindication of Natural Society*; an admirable imitation of Lord Bolingbroke's style and manner of reasoning, which deceived even some of the best judges. This was followed in 1757, by his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*. His career as an orator, one of the most brilliant in modern history, commenced with his introduction into Parliament. His speeches were numerous and always great. He died on the 8th of July, 1797. His compositions have been collected in sixteen volumes octavo. In private life Burke was

amiable and benevolent; in public, indefatigable, ardent, and abhorrent of meanness and injustice. It was this latter quality which made him a persevering advocate of the Irish Catholics. As an orator he ranks among the first of modern times; and as a writer, whether we consider the splendor of his diction, the richness and variety of his imagery, or the boundless stores of knowledge which he displays, it must be acknowledged that there are few who equal, and none who transcend him.

DAVID GARRICK, the illustrious actor, was born in 1716. He was educated at Litchfield school, but was more attached to theatrical pursuits than to learning, so that he acted with his fellow pupils the play of "the Recruiting Officer," and supported himself the character of Sergeant Kite. He went afterwards to reside with his uncle, a wine merchant at Lisbon, but soon returned to Litchfield school, and after being six months the pupil and companion of Dr. Johnson, he accompanied him to London, in 1735. The powers with which nature had endowed him were fostered and improved by the conversation and company of the most popular actors, but Garrick, still diffident, flew from a London audience to Ipswich, where in 1741, he performed the part of Aboan in Oroonoko, under the assumed name of Lyddal. His efforts were received with repeated and increasing applause, and thus flushed with provincial approbation, he came to Goodman's Fields, and acted Richard III., October 19th, 1741. So superior were his abilities, and so powerful their display, that the other theatres were now left empty, and the house in Goodman's Fields was daily crowded with all the beauty, the fashion, and the taste of the town. Besides the display of his astonishing powers on the stage, Garrick merited the public approbation as a writer. The *Biographia Dramatica* mentions not less than 38 of his plays, some of which were original, and some translations, besides a great number of prologues, epilogues, songs, and elegies.

GEN. PAOLI was born in the Island of Corsica, in 1726. In his twenty-ninth year he was chosen generalissimo of Corsica, where he exerted himself in promoting such objects as were best calculated to secure the independence of the republic. The Genoese, however, having made a transfer of the island to France, that power sent such an overwhelming force into it as compelled Paoli to seek an asylum in England, where he ob-

tained a pension. On the breaking out of the French revolution, he returned to Corsica, and prevailed upon his countrymen to submit to the English government, after which he returned to London, and died in 1807.

CHARLES BURNEY, a doctor of music, and literary character, was born at Shrewsbury, in 1726, and studied music under Dr. Arne. He died in 1814, at Chelsea Hospital, of which he was organist. Besides many musical compositions, he produced several works, one of the chief of which is, a *Life of Metastasio*, in three volumes.

The Marquis of WHARTON was one of the members of the circle of which Burke, Garrick and Johnson were the chief lights. He was an enthusiastic lover of literature, though not distinguished for talents or labors. He was a zealous politician, and a steadfast friend.

GOLDSMITH, the celebrated poet and miscellaneous writer, was the son of a clergyman; was born, in 1731, in Ireland; and was educated at the universities of Dublin, Edinburgh, and Leyden, with a view to his adopting the medical profession. Leyden, however, he quitted abruptly, with no money and a single shirt in his pocket, and wandered over a considerable part of Europe. During his peregrinations he was sometimes indebted to his German flute for procuring him a meal or a lodging from the peasants. In 1759 appeared his first work, an *Essay on the Present State of Polite Literature*. His subsequent labors were multifarious; for he soon gained an honorable popularity, and seems never to have been unemployed, but his want of economy kept him always embarrassed. Among his friends he numbered Johnson, Burke, Garrick, and many other eminent characters. As an author he stands high. His poetry, natural, melodious, affecting, and beautifully descriptive, finds an echo in every bosom; and his prose, often enlivened with humor, and always adorned with the graces of a pure style, is among the best in our language. The Traveller abounds with elegant and animated description, and as Dr. Johnson observed, no poem of greater excellence has appeared since the days of Pope. The *Deserted Village* exhibits beauties peculiarly its own, and while the simple tale of indigent nature and suffering humanity can interest and captivate the heart, so long will the lines of this correct poem continue to be read and admired.

From the English Review.

THE HISTORY OF THE HUGONOTS.

The Protestant Reformation in France ; or, The History of the Hugonots, by the Author of "Father Darcy," "Emilia Wyndham," "Old Men's Tales," &c. 2 vols. Bentley. 1847.

The History of the Popes in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, by LEOPOLD RANKE. Translated from the German, by WALTER KEATING KELLY, Esq., B. A., of Trinity College, Dublin. 1 vol. Whittaker & Co.

THE sixteenth century may be considered as the opening of modern improvement in religion, government and civilization ; three hundred years ago, the great states of the world presented a very different picture from what we see at present ; but the seed sown by the invention of printing, and the diffusion of knowledge, was even then beginning to show itself as a vigorous plant, from which future centuries were to reap the maturer fruits. Our object in considering the works before us, is to examine the state of religion in France at the period, and, from a short view of the prominent characters, to inquire into the reasons why France rejected those truths, which England and other nations eagerly received.

During the middle and end of the sixteenth century, the two greatest countries of the world were governed by women,—England by Queen Elizabeth, and France by Catherine de Medois ; their reigns commenced about the same period, if we date Catherine's accession from the death of her husband Henry II. in 1559, and consider her as the real ruler of the kingdom during the lives of her unfortunate sons, Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III. The history before us includes only the reigns of the two former of these princes, from 1559 to 1574, a period when events were crowded into a space almost incredibly small ; a violent persecution, three civil wars, several sieges, murders of the chiefs on both sides, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew, succeeded each other with frightful rapidity. France became the arena on which the world's great contending parties tried their strength ; liberty of conscience struggled for existence against papal tyranny and the superstition of ages, and the Hugo-

nots, after severe trials and several victories, were at last driven from the field.

In examining the characters presented to our view, the first which deserves our attention is Catherine herself : with as much ambition as Elizabeth, and with the same desire of personal authority, she fell far short of her great contemporary in the art of acquiring and retaining power. Elizabeth had a certain object ; she was determined to advance the Reformation, and to improve England, and by both these means to increase her own power ; she chose her instruments judiciously, and as long as her ministers served her purpose, she never betrayed them or consulted their opponents. Catherine, however, was exactly the reverse ; she had no fixed principle, and no definite object ; "divide and govern" was her motto ; she was like the man in the Gospel, out of whom the evil spirit was departed, "empty, swept, and garnished," and so ever ready for the occupancy of any power of evil, who should seize upon the first possession. Her love of pleasure was unbounded ; she invented side-saddles, to enable her to accompany her husband in hunting ; she delighted in tournaments, processions, masquerades, and all the gaieties of a dissipated court. Her young ladies, about two hundred in number, called "the queen's daughters," added much to the splendor of her train, and were a special object of her care : she attended to their education, chastised them if they displeased her, and was extremely strict in repressing scandalous conversation or writings. She considered herself a warrior as well as a queen ; she attended several sieges, and loved to see a battle : when the English reinforcements were allowed to enter Rouen, she got into a violent passion, and swore at

the French officers, saying, that had she been in command it should not have happened; and that she had the courage, if not the strength of a man. Though a good French woman (says Brantôme) she discouraged duelling. (Brantôme has written largely on duels, and is one of the best authorities on the subject). "For," he adds, "when one of my cousins challenged an officer, she sent him to the Bastile; and suspecting that I was engaged as his second, she sent for me and reprimanded me severely, saying, that whatever excuse might be made for the folly of a young man, there was none for me, as being older I ought to have been wiser." But with all her physical courage, she was evidently deficient in moral courage; and for her cruelty she had not even the pretext of religious enthusiasm: after the battle of Dreux, when the Hugonots were supposed to have gained a victory, her only remark was, "Then for the future we must say our prayers in French."

The predominant party was of course Roman Catholic; these, represented by the Constable de Montmorenci, the Duke of Guise, and the Maréchal de St. André, who are known as the triumvirate, held possession of Paris and the king's person. As Catherine disliked all authority except her own, she feared and hated these nobles; to check their power she encouraged the Hugonots, at the head of whom were Anthony, king of Navarre, the father of Henry IV., his brother the Prince of Condé, and the Admiral Coligny. These generally seemed Catherine's favorites, except when they were in arms against the king, yet this was the party afterwards massacred by her orders. In order therefore to gain a true view of the times, we must consider Catherine as vacillating in her intentions, the creature of those around her, always wishing to advance her own power, but never hesitating to take the advice of the most depraved religionist who should promise her her object, even by the most unworthy means. Let us recollect that the Roman Catholic Church had not been idle in its opposition to Luther; a vast and irresponsible power had now been created, ready to espouse the cause of Rome, and bound to advance the spiritual empire of the Church by every art, whether lawful or unlawful. Ignatius Loyola had received the sanction of the Pope for the incorporation of the Jesuits in 1543. Now the secret influence of their crafty policy, in which the end sanctifies the means, and all things expedient are considered lawful, had already begun to exert its influence upon the

councils of nations. The Cardinal of Lorraine, brother to the Duke of Guise, had returned from the Council of Trent with a full determination to uphold Catholicism; the duke was the first warrior of his day, and though so ignorant that he swore a New Testament could be worth nothing because it was only a year printed, and our Lord died 1500 years ago, yet, as he said himself, he understood the trade of chopping off heads, and that was enough to give him the greatest influence in a barbarous age.

With these men, the near relations of Francis II. and his beautiful bride, (the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots,) nothing was more easy than to obtain the ascendant over a weak-minded and delicate boy of thirteen. Francis had attained his legal majority at that age when some children are almost too young for a public school. The duke's habits of business were such, that he seldom commanded his officers to do what could be done by himself; he was in the habit of examining the enemy's fortifications with his own eyes, attending to the most minute details, and then sitting up during the whole night to write his own despatches: one of his officers inquiring for him at the siege of Thionville, was told that he was writing; he replied by cursing his writings, and added, "What a pity he was not brought up to be a clerk!" "Well, Montluc," said the duke, overhearing him, "do you think I am the right stuff to make a clerk?" and then, coming out of his tent, he gave his orders with his customary decision and authority. He was killed by Poltrot, an assassin, at the siege of Orleans, in 1563. While the Duke of Guise was the pope's temporal agent, his brother the cardinal was no less useful in spiritual matters; like his brother, he had great talent for business, and was besides an excellent courtier and fluent speaker. He spared no expense to have the earliest intelligence from all parts of Christendom; and thus, by his paid agents, he enacted the part which Eugene Sue attributes to the superior of the Jesuits; he organized a sort of spiritual police, who could inform him of the secret intentions, as well as the actions of men; and of course, as a cardinal, he was bound to wield this power in the service of the pope. Though learned, eloquent and polite, the cardinal was essentially vicious; he was a persecuting bigot without the excuse of religious zeal. A Roman Catholic writer tells us, that he used his religion chiefly as a means to build up his greatness; he often spoke highly of the confession of Augsburg, and at times al-

most preached it to please the Germans: his own party accused him of extreme haughtiness in prosperity; and when he once spoke more graciously than usual to some of the young ladies of the court, one of them replied, flippantly enough, but with some truth, "Pray, Monsieur le Cardinal, what reverse of fortune has befallen you that you condescend to speak to us?"

The cardinal, though outwardly a strict member of the Church of Rome, was equally anxious for the independence of the French Church. At the Council of Trent (says Ranke*) he demanded the cup for the laity, the administration of the Sacraments in the vulgar tongue, the accompaniment of the mass with instruction and preaching, and permission to sing psalms in French in full congregation; besides, in conjunction with the other French bishops, he maintained the authority of a council as above the pope. In these matters, however, he was overruled; the Spaniards did not concur in his demands, and the Italian bishops gave the pope an overwhelming preponderance. Lorraine seems to have considered himself bound by the decision of the council, and was all his life a most unrelenting persecutor. Two years before, he had revived a confession of faith which had been used in the reign of Francis I.; he induced the king to issue an order that any person who should refuse to sign it should be deprived of all offices, and burnt alive without further trial. He also added a declaration, that all persons who should sign the confession should solemnly engage to pursue all recusants as public criminals, without regard to their nearest relations. The chancellor was bound to require the signature of the officers of state; the bishops were to present it to the inferior clergy; the curés were obliged to carry it from house to house; and the Queens were enjoined to require the signatures of their respective households. This scheme the cardinal called his rat-trap. Supported by his rank, his connections, his brother's authority, and his own secret intelligence, we can easily imagine how dangerous an opponent the cardinal must have been to the Hugonots, and how powerful a rivalry he must have presented to the views and ambition of Catherine de Medicis.

The colleagues of the Duke of Guise in the triumvirate were Montmorenci, generally known as the Constable, and the Maréchal St. André. The former, like the duke, was

a warrior, with little idea of religion. He was scrupulously exact in saying his prayers; but, like those of William of Deloraine, they seem to have partaken of the nature of a border foray. His soldiers used to say, "The Lord deliver us from the pater-nosters of Monsieur le Connétable!" He would turn about between his beads, and say, "Hang such a one for disobedience!" "Burn three villages on yonder hill!" "Let another be run through with pikes!" He was inferior to the Duke of Guise in talent; but by a gravity of manner, and a certain degree of reserve, he could often, like Solomon's fool, pass for a wise man by holding his tongue. He was killed at the age of seventy-nine, at the battle of St. Denys, where he commanded the king's army; after several successful charges, his squadron of cavalry was routed by the Prince de Condé, and having received several wounds, he was retiring from the field, when a Scottish adventurer, Robert Stewart, levelled his piece, and Montmorenci exclaimed, "I am the constable!" "Therefore," said Stewart, "I present you with this." Though severely wounded, the courageous old man dashed the broken hilt of his sword into the face of his adversary with so much force that he broke several of his teeth, and felled him to the ground. The constable's wound proved mortal; a priest was sent for, but the old man told him not to molest him, as it would be a vile and unworthy thing if he had lived for nearly eighty years without learning to die for half an hour. This anecdote proves that zeal for a cause, loyalty to a king, and the desire of military glory, were his ruling principles, rather than any preference of his own religion above Protestantism, or any mistaken zeal in thinking that he was doing God service by the extirpation of heresy.

The constable and the Duke of Guise had long been jealous of each other; each thought himself entitled to be prime minister, and each looked upon the other as a dangerous rival. After the death of Francis II., the Maréchal de St. André undertook to reconcile these differences, and seems to have been admitted to the triumvirate as a sort of mediator between the two contending parties. At Easter, 1561, the constable and the duke, by St. André's advice, partook together of the sacrament, and dined at the same table. St. André did not long survive his union with these great men, as he was killed the next year at the battle of Dreux: he seems to have had a presentiment of his approaching end; on the morning of the battle, he came to the tent of the Duke of Guise much de-

jected, and seeing the duke's confessor going out, he said, "that the duke was much happier than himself in having heard mass that day, as a preparation for what might occur." He hated Catherine de Medicis, and said on one occasion, that the best thing he could do for France would be to throw her into the sea in a sack; and he might probably have fulfilled his purpose, had it not been for the opposition of the Duke of Guise.

The Chancellor de L'Hôpital was the man of the highest principle and most liberal views among the Roman Catholic party. Brantôme calls him the Cato of his age, and compares him with Sir Thomas More. He upheld the divine right of kings in its strongest sense, yet made more advances towards toleration and liberty of conscience than any of his fellow ministers; but the sentiments of a single individual, however noble and enlightened, were easily overborne by a host of persecuting courtiers; and the pope offered Charles 100,000 crowns of church property, if he would "confine the chancellor within four walls." De L'Hôpital was suspected of being a Hugonot at heart, though he never showed any tendency to their doctrines; and some of the Romanists were heard to say, "The Lord deliver us from the chancellor's mass!"

At the head of all these various powers, Charles IX. found himself the nominal King of France, at the age of eleven years, with the expectation of obtaining his legal majority at thirteen. Few princes received a worse education in childhood; and few kings have ever been called upon to rule a more corrupt court even in the prime of manhood. His early education was intrusted to Du Peron, from whom, among other accomplishments, he learnt to swear outrageously; "not like a gentleman," says Brantôme, who occasionally lets fall an oath, "but like a catchpole, when he seizes his victim." To this habit of profane swearing we may attribute the disregard of solemn engagements, and the tendency to break his faith which characterized the life of Charles. He was less dissipated and more inclined to manly amusements than might have been expected from his circumstances; but his temper was violent, and he was easily led by his mother and her associates: he ought to be considered rather as the instrument of a party, than their leader; and as he only lived to the age of twenty-five, we cannot suppose that his authority was much felt, or that he is the person really responsible for the atrocities committed in his name.

While the destinies of France seemed to fluctuate between the two contending parties, a foreigner appeared upon the scene, who was the real mover of the greatest enormities, and the evil genius of Catherine; we mean the Duke of Alva. Till long after the death of Francis II., the queen seemed undecided between two opinions; she appeared to balance Condé against Guise, and Beza against Lorraine; but circumstances, in an evil hour for France, brought her under the influence of the dark, designing, treacherous, and bloodthirsty Spaniard, who seemed, like some brilliant but poisonous serpent, to fascinate his victim to the destruction of her principles and the perversion of her conscience. Elizabeth, the daughter of Catherine, had been engaged to Don Carlos of Spain, but had afterwards married his father Philip II. The court of France, with Catherine at its head, visited the court of Spain at Bayonne, in the month of June, 1565. Here was a grand opportunity for the display of all the pomp and splendor in which Catherine so much delighted. The queen travelled from town to town, accompanied by forty or fifty of her young ladies, mounted on beautiful haquenées with splendid trappings. "To imagine these scenes," says Brantôme, "one must have seen this lovely troop, one more richly and bravely attired than another, shining in those magnificent assemblies, like stars in the clear azure of heaven; for the queen expected them to appear in full dress, though she herself was attired as a widow, and in silk of the gravest colors; still she was elegant and enchanting, ever appearing the queen of all; she rode with extreme grace, the ladies following with plumes floating in the air, so that Virgil when he describes Queen Dido going to the chase has never imagined anything comparable to Queen Catherine and her attendants." This graphic writer minutely describes the beauties of the court, but gives the highest praise to Margaret of Valois, the future queen of Henry IV. The brilliant cavalcade arrived at Bayonne, and was entertained by Elizabeth and the Duke of Alva. The King of Spain was absent, but Alva attended, ostensibly for the purpose of presenting the order of the Golden Fleece to Charles IX., but really with the intention of establishing a secret influence over the mind of Catherine, and with the determination to induce her to renew in France the persecutions of the late reign, and to imitate the cruelty which Philip had countenanced in England, and which he himself afterwards devised and executed in

his sanguinary persecution of the Protestants of Holland. The connection of Philip with England has already too well fixed his history in our minds; his object was to exterminate heresy by fire and sword, and to extinguish political and religious liberty in his own dominions, and in the rest of the world. Alva was an agent singularly well qualified to carry out the designs of his master; he was barbarously cruel, but cold and dispassionate, not the less dangerous because alike incapable of tenderness or rage; he seized his victim like some vast machine, and crushed him to pieces with the certainty and coldness of a complicated series of wheels and pulleys, breaking his limbs with remorseless power, and insensible to his cries and indifferent to his resistance. Living in an age of dissimulation, the Duke of Alva was certainly not a hypocrite; he openly avowed his belief that no toleration ought to be extended to those who should dissent from the religion of the king; he stated his determination to spare neither age nor sex, and, like some political economists, coolly argued on his right to exterminate as if he were demonstrating an abstract proposition, quite distinct from human rights, or the sufferings of mankind. In the midst of feasts, tournaments, processions, dancing parties, and illuminations, the wily Spaniard managed to spend a certain portion of every night in the apartments of the Queen of Spain. Thither Catherine used to repair to meet him, through a private gallery; and while the rest of the gay party of courtiers were sleeping after the fatigues of a day of pleasure, the queen and the duke were consulting upon the best method of governing France. The wily Spaniard laid it down as a principle that two religions cannot co-exist in the same state; that no prince could do a more pernicious thing as regarded himself than to permit his people to live according to their consciences; that there are as many religions in the world as there are caprices in the human mind, and that to give them free license is only to open a door to confusion and treason; that religious controversy is only another name for popular insurrection; and that all indulgence only increases the disorder. The queen, it appears, was averse to sanguinary measures; she was desirous of restoring her subjects to the bosom of the Church, but wished to do it by fair means. She spoke of the strength of the principles of the Hugonots, admitted the inconvenience of conflicting opinions, but declared her intention of reaching her object by a circuitous route; she said the port was

distant and the sea difficult of navigation, she must therefore be satisfied not to steer a straight course; that it is safer to weaken the opposing power by degrees, than to attempt to stifle a flame too suddenly, as it may then burst out into a violent conflagration. These sentiments it was Alva's business to combat. He had received absolution for making war upon the pope, and was of course anxious to give a compensation for his late sins. The pope had recommended a repetition of the Sicilian Vespers, and while the queen was cautious, Alva pressed her to proceed boldly and make away with the chiefs; he said in the hearing of Henry IV., (then a child of eleven years old,) that "one salmon was well worth a hundred frogs." It seems, then, from the best contemporary authority, which is quoted at large by our author, that the plan of a general massacre was now considered advisable if opportunity should offer; that Alva persuaded the queen, contrary to her better judgment, that destruction of heretics was both lawful and politic; and that while she herself might have been contented with indirect persecution, double taxation, legal restraint, and the occasional execution of a troublesome leader on feigned pretexts, nothing less than final extirpation was sufficient to satisfy the agent of the pope.

The young king was not exempt from the temptations of the Duke of Alva; he seems at this meeting to have been familiarized with notions from which in his better moments he must have shrunk with horror. The Queen of Navarre, the most zealous Hugonot of her day, perceived the change in Charles during the return of the expedition. It is hard to ascertain that any definite plan was arranged for the destruction of the Hugonots: the massacre of St. Bartholomew must have arisen out of circumstances; but this much seems clear, that the Duke of Alva prepared the minds of Catherine and Charles to betray and murder the most innocent portion of their subjects, as soon as a convenient opportunity should offer; and having thus broken down the barrier of conscience in the rulers of France, he himself repaired to Holland, where his fierce persecution of the Protestants has handed down his name to us as one of the most cruel and unrelenting agents of the Church of Rome.

Let us now consider the party opposed to the court, the Hugonots and their leaders. Here we may easily trace one of the great causes of the failure of the cause of Protestantism in France. The whole history presents

us with a narrative of a political scheme rather than a religious movement. We believe true religion was never yet propagated by the sword. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal," though they are mighty. God has appointed a way in which his cause is to be advanced, and that way he will bless and no other. The Hugonots certainly fought for liberty; they only drew the sword when they were attacked; but there seems a sad want of religious zeal even among those in whom we ought most to expect it. The Reformation in England was strictly religious; Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Hall, Davenant, and a host of writers and preachers, laid hold first on the intellects and then on the feelings of the nation. John Knox, like Luther, was a zealot of the most ardent class, sometimes intemperate, but always sincere. We look in vain for such men among the French Hugonots. Religion—by the word we mean a conscientious desire of serving God according to his will—has always been the prime moving cause of every great change in England. Oliver Cromwell was a zealot; if he was not, his party thought him so, and followed his orders because they felt anxiety in the same cause. James II. lost his crown because he interfered with the religion of England, represented by the seven bishops. Radicals, Chartists, and various disturbers, have in all periods endeavored to overturn our institutions; but the strength of the people has always been attached to Protestantism and the established Church, because they consider them the proper means of serving God. Nothing therefore has ever shaken the throne of England but a religious movement, and to be religious a movement must depend upon its leaders: we may fairly form a conjecture as to the character of any class of men from the persons whom they obey, and whom they put forward as their spokesmen when liberty and life are at stake. Here, as in the present day, France presents a strong contrast with England; there seems a strange want of all religion among the people, the power of God seems to be forgotten, his name is never mentioned, and last Easter Sunday was fixed for a general election. We regret that even among the martyrs of the sixteenth century there is a great deficiency in evangelical principles and virtue. Let us consider the character of some of the leading Hugonots.

The first, in point of rank, as first prince of the blood, is Anthony of Navarre. His wife, Jeanne D'Albret, was well fitted, as far as a woman can be, to take the lead in a religious war. Her letters all express zeal for God,

and devotion to the cause of Protestantism; and to her early care may be traced the formation of the character of her celebrated son Henry IV. As long, however, as her husband lived, her powers seem to have been shackled, and her influence lost.

"Anthony (says our author) is a striking instance of the evils which arise, when second-rate ability, combined with weakness of moral principle and instability of temper, is elevated to influential situations. The vacillations of his selfish fears and calculations, aided by jealousy, that demon of weak minds, did more to ruin France than all the loftier errors of the rest united; so true is it, that states and families may perish as surely, through the timidity, meanness, and want of spirit in their leaders, as through the greatest excesses of ill-directed energy."—Vol i. p. 81.

After lending his name to the Hugonot party, and supporting them by his right to approach and advise the king as first prince of the blood, he allowed himself to be drawn into a league with their enemies; and, in 1562, he is found united with the cardinal and the Duke of Guise, the most powerful and the most insidious of the enemies of his party. His wife remonstrated, but he only answered her by sending her home to Navarre, and placing his son under the care of a Roman Catholic. Shortly after new troubles broke out, and we find the King of Navarre on the side of the Duke of Guise. At the siege of Rouen, in the same year, he was mortally wounded, but though he suffered great pain, he was not at first considered in a dangerous state. His amusements at this time were dances, which he gave in his bed-chamber to the young people of the camp; and his mistress, La Belle Rouet, was seated by his side. He continued to boast of all he was to do, and talked much of the riches and beauty of Sardinia. When the town was taken, he insisted on being carried through it in a litter, which inflamed his wound, and caused serious apprehensions of danger. The terrors of conscience now succeeded to the levity of his former occupations, but he does not seem to have known whether he were a Protestant or a Roman Catholic. He began to examine his past life, and, like Cardinal Wolsey, regretted, when too late, that he had sacrificed his religion to the aggrandizement of his kingdom. When his brother, the Prince de Condé, sent to inquire for him, he returned an answer, that, if his life were spared, he should make the establishment of reform his great object. His last hours were spent in the miserable remorse of a troubled conscience: he was attended by two physi-

cians of opposite persuasions; and a contemporary writer describes him as receiving extreme unction from a priest, and listening to portions of the Book of Job, to which his attention was drawn by a Protestant minister. He seems altogether to have been one of the most contemptible of men; in private his propensity for thieving was so great, that his attendants were obliged to empty his pockets after he was asleep, and restore the plunder of the day to its lawful owners.

We turn with pleasure from the contemplation of a character like the King of Navarre, to that of his younger brother, Louis Bourbon, Prince of Condé. In him were united several of the noble traits which constitute the hero of the world's admiration:—a skilful warrior, a generous adversary, the admiration of the ladies of the court, the most scientific knight in the tournament, and the champion of the cause of civil and religious liberty. Who is there that does not admire the character of the valiant, the liberal, and the accomplished prince? But here, unfortunately, we must stop; we look in vain for the high principle of sound religion, which shines in private as well as in public, and is ready to sacrifice all personal gratification in the service of God. Condé fought in the cause of the Gospel, but he did so rather as a crusader than as a Christian: he valued his life little, for he was a truly brave soldier; but his own pleasures were the rock on which he split; the temptations of a dissipated court were more dangerous weapons than the swords of his opponents; and he who could conquer in the field, or take a hostile city, was yet unable to rule his own spirit, and was foiled in the conflict with his own ill-regulated passions. Catherine, ever watchful of her advantage, was too wise to overlook the weak point of the prince, and soon set snares for him, which he was unable to escape. Among the daughters of the queen, were two young ladies of the name of Limeuil: to the elder of these, who was distinguished for her fine figure, her taste in dress, her beauty, and her wit, the queen confided the task of gaining the affections of the prince. The business was but too easy, for the victim was willing, and, like Samson, only too ready to betray his dearest secrets to his treacherous charmer. Catherine obtained her object, and learned the intentions of the Hugonots; but La Belle Limeuil discovered too late that she had ventured on dangerous ground; that she had been tampering not only with the affections of Condé, but with her own; what she had considered

as a gay frolic, ended in a melancholy reality; she had fallen deeply in love with the knight she had intended to betray, and she now found herself deserted in her turn, like some unfaithful damsel of romance. The widow of the Maréchal de St. André had also set her affections upon the Prince de Condé; she bestowed upon him the most valuable gifts; among others, the splendid palace of St. Valery, which her husband had built; but Condé, equally unfaithful to his religion and his knighthood, received the gifts, but deserted the giver. The tragedy, however, does not end here; the beginning of sin is like the letting out of water: his excellent wife, who had long shut her eyes to his irregularities, died shortly after, the victim of abused affections; and the Demoiselle de Limeuil found herself pointed at by a censorious court, not because she had been guilty of any irregularity, but because she had been fool enough to be caught in her own snare. Her health began to sink, and she retired from the eyes of the world; she was passionately fond of music, and, on one occasion, she desired her page to play her a melancholy air, where "tout est perdu" is the burden of the song. When this had been once or twice repeated, she called on him to play it over again, with increased emphasis, until she should desire him to leave off; he did so for some minutes, and she seemed to join in the chorus, but suddenly her voice ceased, and, on looking round, the page perceived that his mistress had breathed her last.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?"

"The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To bring repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die."

A man influenced by true religion may fall once and again, but had the character of Condé been such as the leader of a religious movement ought to possess, no woman of Catherine's discernment would have conceived such a scheme, and the first advances in executing it would have been repelled with scorn.

Again we meet with Condé under circumstances where religious principle is tried to the uttermost—the near prospect of death. By the treachery of Francis II., he and his brother Anthony were seized, and, after a mock trial, were left under sentence of death

on a vague charge of treason. The Cardinal of Lorraine was most anxious to have Condé executed at once, but his connection with the royal family was pleaded in his behalf, and the vacillating spirit of Catherine was anxious to be free from his influence, but afraid of the power of his rivals: under such uncertainty we might expect some traits of religious feeling: but the contemporary accounts give us little on the subject. The death of Francis changed the whole face of affairs, and one of Condé's attendants, who went to communicate the intelligence to him, found him *quietly playing at cards* with the officer who guarded him; and being afraid to tell him directly, made signs that he had something to communicate. The prince let fall a card, and stooping to pick it up, his attendant whispered in his ear, "Our friend is done up." The prince finished his game without altering a feature. Much, however, as we must regret the want of religious feeling in the prince, we must remember the difference between those times and the present, and make every allowance for the differences of education and the darkness of the age. Condé was sincere in his attachment to Protestantism, and never wavered in its cause. Sometimes at the head of a victorious army; sometimes a prisoner in the tent of his rival, and meeting him with the courtesy of an old and valued friend; sometimes flying from a superior force, unable to pay his mercenaries, and with equal reason to fear his own troops and the royal army, he displays a degree of heroism which we seldom meet with, except in romance. The Alcibiades of modern history, fond of pleasure, but faithful to his cause, anxious on the subject of religion, but sometimes inclined to superstition, erring in many instances, but beloved by all around him, his character and adventures give an opening for the historian which modern events seldom afford, and we can assure our readers that our author has not neglected the opportunity. We extract a passage from his history:—

"Condé, who regarded a battle as inevitable, wished to halt and prepare to meet the enemy: but the admiral, judging from the excessive reserve that had already been shown, that this movement was intended as a demonstration only, was for proceeding without delay. His advice prevailed, and the dawn of the 19th found the Hugonot army still upon their march. 'I will relate,' says Beza, 'two things that occurred, which seemed as if sent from God as presages of what was approaching; and that I can attest for true, having seen the one with my own eyes, and heard the other with my own ears. The first is that the prince, crossing a little river at Mainte-

non, (he passed Maintenon on the 17th,) where some of the lower orders had assembled to see him go by—an aged woman flung herself into the river, which was deep, (the rivulet having been trampled in by the passing of the cavalry,) and stopping him short, laid hold of his boot, and said, 'Go on, prince, you will suffer much, but God will be with you.' To which he added, 'Mother, pray for me,' and went on. The other was, that in the evening, the prince being in bed, and talking with some who had remained in his chamber, held the following discourse to a minister who had been there, and was reading prayers, (probably Beza himself,) 'We shall have a battle to-morrow,' said he, 'or I am much deceived, in spite of what the admiral says. I know one ought not to attend to dreams, and yet I will tell you what I dreamed last night. It was that it seemed to me that I had given battle three times, one after the other; finally obtaining the victory—and that I saw our three enemies dead; but that I also had received my death-wound. So, having ordered their bodies to be laid one upon the other, and I upon the top of all, I there rendered up my soul to God.' The minister answered, as usually a sensible man would answer in such cases, that such visions were not to be regarded. Yet strange to say, (adds Beza,) the dream seemed confirmed by the result. The next day the Maréchal de St. André was killed, then the Duke of Guise, then the constable, and finally, after the third engagement, the prince himself.'"—*Reformation*, vol. i. p. 400.

Again, in 1568, when Lorraine and Alva had first persuaded the Hugonots to lay down their arms, and then proclaimed the decrees of the Council of Trent, Condé had retired to his country seat. In the mean time, strange reports had been spread that no Protestant would be alive against the vintage; that Charles must either exterminate them, or retire to a monastery; that to keep faith with heretics is a weakness, and to murder them a service acceptable to God. Several of the adherents of Condé had been slain, some as if by the king's order, some by popular violence. The clubs of Paris had begun to show their power, and had declared for the pope; and the first movement was made for the formation of the celebrated *ligue*. Condé naturally began to fear for his personal safety, and while consulting with Coligny on the proper course to be adopted, Coligny's son-in-law arrived, bearing friendly letters from the king, but advising his relations not to trust the royal promises. The same evening a mysterious note was intercepted, containing these ominous words, "The stag is in the toils! the hunt is ready!" and at the dead of night an unknown cavalier galloped by the castle, sounding his hunting-horn, and crying, "The great stag has bro-

ken cover at Noyers." Condé acted on these warnings, and escaped with his brother's family and his own, closely pursued by the king's troops. He crossed the Loire at a ford not commonly known, the prince holding his infant in his arms. Though the river was generally too deep for crossing, yet on this occasion there was no difficulty in passing the ford, until Condé and his troop of about 150 persons had landed in safety. Immediately, however, as if by a special interposition of Providence, the stream rose above its usual height, foaming and rushing with a sudden torrent, so that the pursuers, who crowded rapidly upon the further bank, saw that they were too late, and that their expected prey had escaped from their hands. Condé was killed at the battle of Jarnac, after he had surrendered as a prisoner of war; he is supposed to have owed his death to the treachery of the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III.

The man of the highest sense of religion, in our acceptation of the word, was the Admiral of France, Gaspard de Coligny. To his influence may be attributed the strictness and sobriety which usually characterized the Protestant army. Games of chance were strictly forbidden; swearing and plundering were severely punished; and the forms of religion steadily observed. "I fear," said Coligny to one who complimented him on these subjects, "that it will not last long—a young hermit is an old devil." "the French infantry will soon become tired of their virtue, and put the cross into the fire." His predictions were only too true, as the event proved. Coligny himself combined the characters of a soldier and a reformer more than any of his contemporaries. Brantôme compares him with the Duke of Guise. He says they were diamonds of the first water, on the superior excellence of which it would be impossible to decide. They had been intimate friends in youth, wearing the same dresses, taking the same side in the tournaments, joining in the same mischievous pranks, and encouraging each other in extravagant follies. Coligny, however, soon grew tired of youthful excesses; he seems to have understood the principle,—

"Nec luisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum,"—

for as a man we never find him drawn into the excesses of the court, or imitating his friend Condé in the pursuit of pleasure. His rules for the conduct of his soldiers were adopted even by his enemies; and he was

the first who raised the character of a French army, and placed it above the level of a horde of barbarous invaders, whose chief object was plunder, without respect even to their own allies. He attempted to procure for France a just system of representative government; and he is said, by his influence during the civil wars, to have preserved the lives and properties of more than a million of persons. His wife, Charlotte de Laval, was devoted to the Protestant cause. She established in his family a system of propriety seldom witnessed in the households of the great. We have a minute description of Coligny's household, the regularity of his hours, his family prayers, and his instruction of his dependants; but he seems to have stood almost alone: few in that age could appreciate his virtues; and though his influence over the Prince de Condé was exerted for good, yet he was but one among a multitude, and his salutary influence was often overborne by the evils incident to a civil war. This great man survived the other leaders of his party, and was the first victim of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Another reason why intelligence and Protestantism made little progress was the ignorance of the times. We do not speak so much of the great body of the people, as of those who may be supposed to have received the best education. When the Duke of Guise was wounded by an assassin, during the siege of Orleans, the surgeons at first augured favorably of his recovery, but they evidently killed him by their unskilful treatment: first, they widened and cauterized with a hot silver instrument, to destroy the effects of the poison which they imagined to be in the powder and bullets. They were astonished to find that the bullet had made a larger hole at its exit than at its entrance, and therefore agreed to open the wound again in order to look for it, though the age of the moon pointed out the day as unfavorable. They then with their fingers examined both sides of the wound, and found all safe and sound: not satisfied with the progress which nature was making, they made another opening across the wound, and passed a piece of linen through it, by way of a seton, to keep it open; and though this was on the fourth day of the moon, the duke was better, though his fever increased. Some of his friends wanted him to try the effect of enchantments—we confess we should have preferred them to the treatment of his surgeons—but the duke refused them as unlawful means, and declared that he should prefer death to the prospect of life

by remedies forbidden by God. When we consider the ignorance of one learned profession, and recollect that it had become a proverb to say, "as ignorant as a priest," we cannot much wonder at the darkness of the people; and we cannot feel much surprised that they should be led into excesses by the advice of a cruel nobility and an ambitious priesthood.

Great allowance must be made for the differences of the age from ours; and we must remember that until the works of John Locke, toleration, in our sense of the word, was never understood. Uniformity of opinion was the grand object; the Council of Trent met for the purpose of settling what men ought to believe, with the full expectation of being able to persuade them that it was their duty to do so, and a full determination to exterminate all recusants. Some of the more moderate party did not expect to be able to bind the opinions of others; these only said that outward conformity to established usage should be sufficient; and that no inquiry should be made as to religious sentiments, provided only the people should attend mass and confession. The Hugonots themselves never expected equal privileges with the dominant party: all they asked was, leave to have their own churches, and administer the sacraments; and they even proposed that they should pay double taxes as a test of their sincerity. These reasonable demands were frequently promised, but the promises were broken as soon as the Hugonots had laid down their arms.

Persecution, burning heretics by legal warrant, were as common as in England during the reign of Bloody Mary; but France went a step further than England, and often murdered the recusants without the shadow or pretence of law. We can scarcely imagine, even from the worst portions of the history of England, that a nobleman of high rank, like the Duke of Guise, should set out on a progress to his country seat, and suddenly massacre a whole congregation of men, women, and children while on his journey. Yet this took place at Vassy, on Sunday morning, the first of March, 1562. The duke declared that it was done against his will, and in consequence of an insult offered by the Hugonots to some of his followers; but whatever be the cause, the melancholy effects were undeniable. The massacre of Vassy was the signal for similar excesses throughout the kingdom; priests were seen pointing out their victims to the soldiers, lest any should escape; and though the duke

asked pardon on his death-bed for being the cause of so much bloodshed, yet Brantôme tells us, that while he solemnly denied having done it intentionally, he at the same time made light of the matter. It was asserted by the Hugonots, in their petition to the king, that 3000 lives had been lost at Vassy, and by the excesses which followed.

The Duke of Guise was not the only royalist who made light of human life: Montluc, one of the king's generals, coolly tells us, that "there is no such thing as a prisoner in a civil war: I therefore hung up the carrions as soon as I took them: everybody knew where I passed, as the trees were everywhere hung with my colors. At Monsegur, I took eighty or a hundred soldiers, and went round the walls and made them leap down; they were dead before they came to the bottom. At Pamiers, forty women were killed at once, which made me very angry, as soldiers ought not to kill women; but several bad boys came in my way, who served to fill up the wells in the castle." A letter is still extant from Pope Pius IV. to this noble and well-beloved son of the Church, congratulating him on the gifts of Heaven, commending him for his virtuous and honorable deeds, and assuring him of the eternal favor of God, whose cause he had so triumphantly defended.

Reprisals are the natural consequence of oppression; and the Hugonots, though slow to take up arms, were well skilled in their use; and in one single instance were equally cruel with their opponents. The Baron D'Adrets was the only Protestant who imitated the barbarity of his enemies: after plundering several convents, and laying waste the country around, he took the tower of Maugiron; and, by way of amusement after dinner, he compelled the garrison to leap from the battlements. One of his victims ran forward three times to the fatal leap, but paused upon the brink. The baron reproached him with cowardice; but the man replied, "My lord, brave as you are, I will give you ten trials." For this answer the baron spared his life.

With these characters and facts before us, we are led to the painful conclusion, that there was little religion on either side; but we cannot forget that we have no "acts and monuments" of the martyrs of France. The historians seem to have thought little of the feelings which prompted men to sacrifice their lives for conscience' sake; and we certainly miss honest John Fox and his writings: perhaps, had such a man been found to record the sentiments and virtues of the Hugonot

martyrs, they might have been considered equal to some of his English heroes:—

*"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."*

Kings were supposed to be absolute, but "woe to the land where the king is a child and the princes eat in the morning;" he who could secure the person of the king and get his signature to his warrants, had the power of life and death in his hands; the court was bent on pleasure; excitement was the grand object, and Catherine's motto was, "keep the ball rolling." The Parliament was a mere court for the registry of royal edicts; and the only influence they ever exerted was to reject some of the proclamations in favor of toleration, which Charles IX. had been induced to grant.

The interest of the reigns of Francis and Charles is fully sustained up to the final catastrophe of 1572. It is only fair to the author to allow the history to speak for itself, and we wish we had room to extract the whole chapter; our limits, however, will only admit of a short portion.

"Queen Margaret (the bride of Henry IV.) will supply a picture of what was passing in the queen's private circle, during this terrible evening. 'I knew nothing of all this,' says she; 'I saw every one in agitation. The Hugonots in despair at the wound, (Coligny had been wounded some days before;) the Guises, having been threatened that justice would be had for it, whispering in each other's ears. I was suspected by the Hugonots of being a Catholic, by the Catholics as being married to the King of Navarre; so that no one told me anything until the evening, when, being at the toilet of the queen my mother, and sitting near my sister of Lorraine, who I saw was very sorrowful, the queen my mother saw me, and told me to go to bed. As I made my courtesy, my sister took me by the arm, and stopping me began to weep, saying, Sister, do not go. This frightened me excessively, which the queen perceived, and calling very angrily to my sister, forbade her to tell me anything. My sister said it was too shocking to send me to be sacrificed in that manner; for doubtless if anything were discovered, immediate revenge would be had upon me. The queen answered, unless it were the will of God, no harm could happen to me; but be that as it might, I must go, lest they should suspect something. They continued to dispute, but I could not hear their words. At length she told me very roughly to go to bed, and my sister bursting into tears bade me good night, not daring to say more. As for me, I went away shivering and trembling, unable to imagine what was to be feared. As soon as I was in my closet,

I began to pray God that he would be pleased to protect and guard me, not knowing from whom or against what. The king, my husband, who was already in bed, called to me; I came and found the bed surrounded by about thirty or forty Hugonot gentlemen, whom I scarcely knew, being so lately married. All night they did nothing but talk of the admiral's accident; and resolve that in the morning they would demand justice of the king on M. de Guise and failing him, do it for themselves. I, who had my sister's tears still upon my heart, could not sleep, and so the night passed. At the point of day the king rose, saying he would go and play tennis till Charles awoke; resolving then to demand justice. He quitted the room, his gentlemen with him; I begged the nurse to shut the door, and fell asleep."

"It was at midnight that Catherine, fearing the resolution of her son might still fail, came down to the king's apartment, to watch over him till the moment for execution should arrive. She found there the Duke d'Anjou, the Duke de Nevers, De Ritz, and Biraque, who were all uniting their efforts to encourage Charles and maintain him in his resolution, but their words were vain. As the moment approached, horror took possession of the king; cold damps stood upon his brow, and a troubled fever agitated his frame. The queen endeavored to arouse him by every means in her power, endeavoring, by arts she too well understood, to irritate once more his fiercer passions, and silence the remorseful and relenting feelings of nature—striving with her usual wicked sophistry to color crime by a pretence of justice and necessity. She asked him (says D'Aubigné) whether it were not best at once to tear corrupted members from the bosom of the Church, the blessed spouse of our Lord; and repeated, after a celebrated Italian divine, that abominable sentiment, so often and so easily perverted, 'That in their case mercy was cruelty, and cruelty was mercy.'

"She again represented the critical nature of his affairs, and how bitterly he would repent if he suffered the present opportunity to escape him: thus striving to stifle that cry of outraged conscience which, in spite of all her efforts, would make itself heard in the bosom of her wretched son. At last she succeeded in dragging the fatal order from his lips. The moment it was obtained she was impatient to begin. It wanted an hour and a half of day-break, when the appointed signal was to be given upon the tocsin of the Hall of Justice. But the interval appeared too long for her fears; and as the distance to the Palais de Justice was considerable, she commanded the tocsin of St. Germain de l'Auxerrois, which is close upon the Louvre, to be sounded in its place, and the dreadful alarm to be given without loss of time.

"This order being issued, a pause of perfect silence ensued—and then those three guilty creatures, the queen and her two miserable sons, crept to a small closet over the gate of the Louvre, and, opening a window, looked uneasily out into the night.

"But all was silent as the grave. Suddenly a

pistol shot was heard. 'I know not from whence,' says the Duke of Anjou, (for it is his account which I am following,) 'nor if it wounded any one; but this I know, that the shot struck us all three in such a manner that it paralyzed our sense and judgment. Seized at once with terror and apprehension at the idea of those great disorders about to be committed, we sent down a gentleman in much haste to tell the Duke of Guise to proceed no further against the admiral, which would have prevented all that followed. But the order came too late. Guise was already gone. It was still dark, for the morning had not yet dawned, when through the awful stillness of that fearful night the tocsin of St. Germain's was heard sounding. Through streets lighted by flambeaux, which now appeared in every window, and through crowds of people gathering on every side, the Dukes of Guise and Nevers, with the Chevalier d'Angoulême, and their suite, made their way to the hotel of the admiral, with whose murder the general slaughter was to begin.'

"Coligny, reposing in peace upon the good faith of his master, was quietly resting in his bed; and having dismissed Guerchi and Teligny, who lingered long after the rest of the Hugonot gentlemen had retired, was attended only by Cornaton and Labonne, two of his gentlemen, Yolet his squire, Mulin his religious minister, his German interpreter, and Ambrose Paré, who was still in the house. His ordinary domestic servants were, however, in waiting in the ante-chamber. Outside the street-door of his hotel, Cosseins (his enemy, and a creature of Catherine, sent ostensibly for his protection) with fifty arquebusiers, was posted, and within were five Swiss guards belonging to the King of Navarre. As soon as the Duke of Guise, followed by his company, appeared, Cosseins knocked at the outer door which opened into the hall where the Swiss were placed, and saying one was come from the king who wanted to speak to the admiral, demanded admittance. Some persons who were in waiting upon this went up to Labonne, who kept the keys, and who came down into the court, and hearing the voice of Cosseins, undid the lock immediately. But at the moment that the door opened, the unfortunate gentleman fell covered with blood, poignarded by Cosseins as he rushed in followed by his arquebusiers. The Swiss guards prepared to defend themselves; but when they saw the tumult headed by the very man who had stood guard before the door, they lost courage, and retreating behind another which led to the stairs, shut and bolted it, but the arquebusiers fired through it, and one of the Swiss guards fell. The noise below awakened Cornaton, who springing up ran down to inquire the cause of this disturbance. He found the hall filled with soldiers, with Cosseins crying out to open the inner door in the king's name. Seeing no means to escape, he resolved at least to defend the house as long as he could, and began barricading the door with boxes, benches, and anything that came to hand. This done he ran up to the admiral. He found him already risen, and in his dressing gown, standing leaning against the wall, and engaged in prayer.

Still unsuspecting of the real truth, and imagining the populace, headed by the Guises, were endeavoring to force the house, he relied upon Cosseins for protection. Merlin, who lay in the same chamber, had risen with him on the first alarm.

"Cornaton entering in the greatest terror, Coligny asked what all this noise was about? 'My lord,' said Cornaton, 'it is God who calls you—the hall is carried, we have no means of resistance.' The eyes of Coligny were suddenly opened, and he began to understand the treachery of the king; but the terrible conviction could not shake his composure; he preserved his usual calmness and said, 'I have long been prepared to die; but for you, all of you, save yourselves if it be possible: you can be of no assistance to me. I recommend my soul to the mercy of God.' Upon this, those who were in the room, all except one faithful servant, Nicholas Muss, his German interpreter, ran up to the garrets, and finding a window in the roof, endeavored to escape over the tops of the neighboring houses; but they were fired at from below, and the most part killed, Merlin and Cornaton, with two others, only surviving. In the mean time, Cosseins having broken the inner door, sent in some Swiss of the Duke of Anjou's guard, (known by their uniform, black, white and green;) these passed the Swiss upon the stairs without molesting them, but Cosseins rushing in after armed in his cuirass, and with his naked sword in his hand, followed by his arquebusiers, massacred them all, and then hurrying up stairs forced open the door of the admiral's room. Besme, a page of the Duke of Guise, a man of Picardy, named Sarlaboux, and a few others rushed in. They found Coligny seated in an arm chair, regarding them with the composed and resolute air of one who had nothing to fear. Besme rushed forward with his sword raised in his hand, crying out, 'Are you the admiral?' 'I am,' replied Coligny calmly looking at the sword. 'Young man, you ought to respect my gray hairs and infirmities—yet you cannot shorten my life.' For answer Besme drove his sword to the hilt in the admiral's bosom; then he struck him over the head and across the face—the other assassins fell upon him, and, covered with wounds, he soon lay mangled and dead at their feet. D'Aubigné adds that at the first blow Coligny cried out, 'If it had been but at the hands of a man of honor, and not from this varlet!'

"The above circumstances were related afterwards by Attin Sarlaboux, who has been mentioned as one of the murderers, but who was so struck with the intrepidity displayed by this great captain, that he could never afterwards speak of the scene but in terms of admiration, saying 'he had never seen a man meet death with such constancy and firmness.' The Duke of Guise, and the rest who had penetrated into the court, stood under the window of the admiral's chamber, Guise crying out, 'Besme, have you done?' 'It is over,' answered he from above; the Chevalier d'Angoulême called out, 'Here is Guise will not believe it, unless he sees it with his own eyes. Throw him out of the window.' Then Besme and Sarlaboux with some difficulty lifted up the gashed and bleed-

ing body, and flung it down; the face being so covered with blood that it could not be recognized. The Duke de Guise stooped down, and wiping it with his handkerchief, this man (whom Hume has not hesitated to call as magnanimous as his father) cried out, 'I know him;' and giving a kick to the poor dead body of him whom living every man in France had feared. 'Lie there,' said he, 'poisonous serpent, thou shalt shed thy venom no more.' The head was afterwards severed from the body and carried to the queen, with a large sack full of papers found in pillaging the house. The poor miserable trunk was exposed to all the insults which the terrific violence of an infuriated and fanatical mob can lavish upon the objects of its detestation. Mutilated, half-burned, dragged through the dirt and mire, kicked, beaten, and trampled on by the very children in the street, it was lastly hung by the heels upon a common gibbet at Montfaucon. Such was the fate of that honest patriot and true Christian, Gaspard de Coligny.

"The murder completed, the Duke of Guise sallied from the gate, followed by all the rest, crying out, 'Courage, soldiers! we have begun well; now for the others. For the king! It is the will of the king; the king's express command!' At that moment, the tocsin of the Palace of Justice began to sound, and then a loud and terrible cry arose, 'Down with the Hugonots! Down with the Hugonots!' and the massacre in all its horrors began.

"Dreadful was the scene that ensued. The air resounded with the most hideous noises: the loud huzzas of the assailants as they rushed to the slaughter; the cries and screams of the murdered; the crashing of breaking doors and windows; the streets streaming with blood; men, women, and children flying in all directions, pursued by the soldiers and the populace, who were encouraged to every species of cruelty by their dreadful chiefs—Guise, Nevers, Montpensier, and Tavannes, who, hurrying up and down the streets cried out, 'Kill! Kill! Blood-letting is good in August! By command of the king! Kill! Kill! Oh, Hugonot! oh, Hugonot!'

"The massacre within the Louvre had already commenced. Some scuffling had early taken place between the guards posted in the courts and neighboring streets and the Protestant gentlemen returning to their quarters, and the general slaughter of all within the palace speedily followed.

"'I had slept but an hour,' continues Margaret, 'when I was startled by the cries of one striking with hands and knees against the door, and calling loudly, Navarre, Navarre. My nurse ran to it and opened it, when a gentleman called M. Tejan rushed in, having a sword wound in his elbow, and one from a halbert in his arm, and pursued by four archers; he threw himself upon the bed from which I sprang, and he after me, catching me in his bloody arms, both of us screaming with terror. At last, by God's help, M. de Nancay came in, who, finding me in that situation, *could not help laughing*. He scolded the archers for their indiscretion, and having ordered them out of

the room, he granted me the life of the poor man, whom I hid in my cabinet till he was cured. While I was changing my night-dress, which was covered with blood, M. de Nancay told me what was going on, assuring me that the king my husband was in the king's own apartments, and that he was safe; and throwing a cloak over me, he led me to the chamber of my sister De Lorraine, where I arrived more dead than alive. As I entered the ante-chamber, the doors of which were all open, a gentleman named Bourse, flying from the archers who were pursuing him, received a blow from a halbert and fell dead at my feet. I swooned in the arms of M. de Nancay, who thought the same blow had struck both at once, and was carried into my sister's room; soon afterwards two gentlemen, M. de Moissons, and D'Armagnac, valet to my husband the king, came to entreat me to save their lives; I went and threw myself at the feet of the king and queen, and at last my petition was granted.'

"The above gentlemen were almost the only ones who escaped of the numbers that night within the palace. Flying from room to room, the murderers butchered the Calvinist nobility, gentry, and servants, without mercy or distinction; dragging them from their beds, and flinging their bodies out of the windows. Others, attempting to escape, were pushed into the courts between files of the guards, who struck them down with their halberts as they passed. The staircases and galleries were slippery with blood and defiled with the mangled bodies; and vast heaps of the dead were accumulated under the king's windows, who from time to time came to look out upon this horrid spectacle. As a proof of the barbarous insensibility of those dissolute, yet beautiful and accomplished women, who formed the chief attraction of Catherine's court, it must be related that numbers of them might be seen examining the dead bodies of their acquaintances, and amusing themselves with ridiculous remarks upon the miserable remains."—*Reformation*, vol. ii. p. 363.

"All efforts to stop the slaughter were useless. The demon of popular insurrection is easily summoned in aid of political measures; but the power which has conjured is ineffectual to lay it; that hideous population, which exists in the narrow streets and obscure quarters of Paris, and with the characteristic and still existing features of which some late French writers have made us but too well acquainted; that population groveling in obscure vice and misery till some fearful revolution summons it into action; and which has taken such a tremendous part in every one of those convulsions with which that city has been visited, was now thoroughly aroused, and had taken the matter into their own hands. In spite of every effort, which was at last in sincerity made by the citizens, soldiers, and superior classes, to restrain them, they raged through the streets and continued their barbarous slaughters.

"Seven long days was Paris one scene of pillage, outrage, and cruelty, which would have disgraced a horde of the wildest savages. Brutality was bred of brutality, cruelty grew from cruelty. Four monsters,—Tanchou, Pezon, Croiset, and

Perier,—stood for three days in turns at a gate near the river, and taking all that could be found, poignarded them and flung them into the water with every sort of outrage. Men might be seen stabbing little infants, while the innocents smiled in their faces and played with their beards. Even children might be seen slaughtering children younger than themselves. Pierre Ramus, a man of learning, is torn out of his study, thrown out of the window, and his body, all broken and mangled, is dragged along in the mire by the younger scholars, incited to it by his rival, named Charpentier. Lambin, a royal lecturer, and a bigoted Catholic, dies of horror at the sight.”—Vol ii. p. 373.

According to different historians, from 70,000 to 100,000 perished at this time; and Pope Gregory XIII. ordered thanksgivings for the victory of the faithful; and a medal was struck to commemorate the event, with the head of the pope on one side, and a representation of the massacre on the reverse.

We have thus endeavored to give a short sketch of the characters which influenced an important crisis in history; we recommend our readers, however, to judge for themselves. The book suggests many subjects for reflection, and gives many hints for the present time. There is still fierce confusion and civil war, and the foundations of the earth are out of course, and there is still the secret power of Romanism endeavoring to shape all changes to its own purpose, and employing every agent to fulfil the will of the Church, and bring all men into subjection to the spiritual power. The pope is shaken as a temporal prince, but as a spiritual power he is the same as ever. The individual pope, like an individual monarch, is often but a name, while the power resides in the body of his satellites, and is dispersed throughout the world, with every Roman Catholic priest as its sworn agent. Alva and Lorraine were only doing the work of the Church, and assisting her spiritual authority, when they led Catherine and Charles to believe that the extirpation of heresy was lawful and expedient; and we believe there are thousands at this moment in the British Islands who would use the secular arm to carry out their own ends, if the power of the state were once in their possession.

“*Ranke's Lives of the Popes in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*,” is a work of great research, and gives most valuable historical information. The notes are full, and contain long quotations from contemporary authorities; but the Reformation in France will be read as a book of amusement; and while the author, by long refer-

ences to contemporary writers, increases our information, and gives us an opportunity to acquire more by consulting the authorities, the style of the narrative is animated and the characters well sustained. History is improving where it is true, but private life and individual character have an interest beyond historical detail, and our author has happily combined both. We only hope that the promise in the advertisement may be realized, and that we may soon have a continuation of the history through the reign of Henry IV. to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

COMPRESSION IN ORATORY.—The following remarks from the Westminster Review have reference to an evil, which is the bane of our legislative assemblies and political meetings—longwindedness of our public speakers.

Eloquence, we are persuaded, will never flourish in America or at home, so long as the public taste is infantile enough to measure the value of a speech by the hours it occupies, and to exalt copiousness and fertility to the absolute disregard of conciseness. The efficacy and value of compression can scarcely be overrated. The common air we beat aside with our breath, compressed, has the force of gunpowder, and will rend the solid rock; and so it is with language. A gentle stream of persuasives may flow through the mind and leave no sediment; let it come at a blow, as a cataract, and it sweeps all before it. It is by this magnificent compression that Cicero confounds Catiline, and Demosthenes overwhelms Æschines; by this that Mark Anthony, as Shakspeare makes him speak, carries the heart away with a bad cause; by this that Lady Macbeth makes us for a moment sympathize with murder. The language of strong passion is always terse and compressed; genuine conviction uses few words; there is something of artifice and dishonesty in a long speech. No argument is worth using, because none can make a deep impression, that does not bear to be stated in a single sentence. Our marshalling of speeches, essays and books, according to their length, deeming that a great work which covers a great space—this “inordinate appetite for printed paper,” which devours so much and so indiscriminately that it has no leisure for fairly tasting anything,—is pernicious to all kinds of literature, but fatal to oratory.

From the Quarterly Review.

MUSIC.

- 1.—*Geschichte der Europäisch-Abendländischen oder unserer heutigen Musik, von dem ersten Jahrhundert des Christenthums bis auf unsre Zeit.* Von R. Kiese-wetter. Leipzig, 1846.
- 2.—*The Quantity and Music of the Greek Chorus.* Discovered by the Rev. W. W. Mosely, A.M., LL.D. Oxford, 1847.
- 3.—*Mozart's Leben.* Von A. Oulibichief, Ehrenmitglied der Philharmonischen Gesellschaft in St. Petersburg. Stuttgart, 1847.
- 4.—*The Life of Mozart, including his Correspondence.* By Edward Holmes. 1845.

IN attempting to define the sister arts of Music and Painting, we would say, broadly, that the one is supplied from inward sentiments, the other from outward observation: therefore, that in presenting them to the comprehension and enjoyment of a race of beings compounded of body and spirit, the art consists in giving to music a form, and to painting a soul; that it is an argument both of our earthly and heavenly natures, that music must be materialized and painting spiritualized to fit them for our service, since only a higher order of beings can be supposed to partake of their ineffable beauties in their abstract essence, and converse with art as they do with truth, face to face. We mean no comparison of the relative value and beauty of these two arts, feeling sure that, however distinct their lines of light may appear to us here, they unite in one radiant point beyond our sight, though visible to true artist faith. Nor are we less assured that each art is equally favorable to that purity of life and high spiritual attainment to which all great poetic gifts are intended to contribute as a subordinate but still divine revelation; but inasmuch as the process of music is necessarily from within to without, as the very depth of its source requires it to pass through so much of this earth before it reaches the surface of our perceptions, music is of all others that art which is more especially placed at the mercy of mankind. The painter, when he has completed his picture, rests from his labor—it requires nothing further at his hands. It stands there in silent independence, needing nothing but the light

of heaven to convey it to the organ by which it is admitted to the mind. But the offspring of the musician is born dumb—it reaches no ear but his own, and that a mental one—it has to appeal to others to give it voice and being. Men and women, subject to all the caprices and corruptions of their kind—and those of the mere material musician are among the meanest in the world—wood and wire, and brass and catgut, liable to every variation of the atmosphere, are indispensable to its very existence; and thus the composer and his composition are separated by a medium which too often reflects dishonor, though falsely so, on the art itself. As Guido, in the prologue to his Antiphonarium, bitterly says of those who for centuries were the only instruments of music, namely singers,—

Musicorum et Cantorum
Magna est distantia :
Isti dicunt—illi sciunt,
Quæ componit Musica :—
Nam qui facit quod non sapit,
Definitur Bestia.

It is a strange thing, the subtle form and condition of music. When the composer has conceived it in his mind, the music itself is not there;—when he has committed it to paper, it is still not there;—when he has called together his orchestra and choristers from the north and the south, it is there—but gone again when they disperse. It has always, as it were, to put on mortality afresh. It is ever being born anew, but to die away and leave only dead notes and dumb instruments behind. No wonder that there should

have been men of shallow reasoning powers or defective musical feelings, who in the fugitiveness of the form have seen only the frivolity of the thing, and tried to throw contempt upon it accordingly. But in truth such critics have hit upon the highest argument in favor of the art; for how deep, on the contrary, must be the foundations of that pleasure which has so precarious a form of outward expression;—how intensely must that enjoyment be interwoven with the God-like elements of our being, in which mere outward sense has so fleeting a share! The very limitation of its material resources is the greatest proof of its spiritual powers. We feel its influence to be so heavenly, that, were it not for the grossness of our natures, we should take it in not by the small channel of the ear alone, but by every pore of our frames. What is the medium of communication when compared with the effect on our minds? It is as if we were mysteriously linked with some spirit from the other world, which can only put itself *en rapport* with us, as long as we are here, through a slight and evanescent vibration of the air, yet even that all-sufficient to show the intensity of the sympathy.

“Whence art thou—from what causes dost thou
spring,
Oh Music! thou divine, mysterious thing?”

We ask the question in vain, as we must ever do when we would follow paths which lose themselves in the depths of our being. We only know and only can know of music that its science is an instinct of our nature—its subjects the emotions of our hearts—that at every step we advance in its fundamental laws we are but deciphering what is written within us, not transcribing anything from without. We know that the law which requires that after three whole notes a half note must succeed, is part of ourselves—a necessity in our being—one of the signs that distinguish man from the brute, but which we shall never account for till we are able to account for all things.

As to the hackneyed doctrine that derives the origin of music from the outward sounds of nature, none but poets could have conceived it, or lovers be justified in repeating it. Granting even that the singing of birds, the rippling of brooks, the murmuring of winds, might have suggested some ideas in the gradual development of the art, all history, as well as the evidence of common sense, proves that they gave no help what-

soever at the commencement. The savage has never been inspired by them: his music, when he has any, is a mere noise, not deducible by any stretch of the imagination from such sounds of nature. The national melodies of various countries give no evidence of any influence from without. A collection of native airs from different parts of the world will help us to no theory as to whether they have been composed in valleys or on plains, by resounding sea-shores or by roaring waterfalls. There is nothing in the music itself which tells of the natural sounds most common in the desolate steppes of Russia, the woody sierras of Spain, or the rocky glens of Scotland. What analogy there exists is solely with the inward character of the people themselves, and that too profound to be theorized upon. If we search the works of the earliest composers, we find not the slightest evidence of their having been inspired by any outward agencies. Not till the art stood upon its own independent foundations does it appear that any musician ever thought of turning such natural sounds to account; and—though with Beethoven's exquisite Pastoral Symphony ringing in our ears, with its plaintive clarionet cuckoo to contradict our words—we should say that no compositions could be of a high class in which such sounds were conspicuous.

The connection between sound and numbers is a fact which at once invests music with the highest dignity. It is like adding to the superstructure of a delicate flower the roots of an oak of the forest. Far from being a frivolous art, meant only for the pastime of the senses in hours of idleness, it would seem to be of that importance to mankind that we are expressly furnished with a double means of testing its truth. The simple instinct of a correct ear and the closest calculations of a mathematical head give the same verdict. Science proves what the ear detects—the ear ratifies what science asserts—instinct and demonstration coalesce as they do with no other art:—for though the same species of identity exists between the rules of perspective and the intuition of a correct eye, yet the science in this instance is neither so profound nor the instinct so acute. The mere fact that music and mathematics should be allied is a kind of phenomenon. One can hardly believe how Euclid and Jenny Lind should have any common bond of union; but deep in the secret caverns of the mind the materials from which both are supplied mingle in one common source, and the paths which

have conducted a Galileo, a Kepler, and a Herschel to the profoundest abstractions the human mind is capable of, have started from the sweet portals of musical sound.

But the natural history of music is full of wonders. Wherever we look into its inherent elements we are met by signs of precautionary care. It is as if the Giver of all good gifts had presided over the construction of this one with especial love, fencing it round with every possible natural security for its safe development, and planting them among those instincts we have least power to pervert. The sense of *time* is alone a marvellous guarantee—a conscience which no other art possesses in the same measure—the order which is music's first law—the pulse which regulates the health of the whole impalpable body—the first condition of musical being—an invisible framework in which the slippery particles of sound are knit together for action—a natural regularity which we can only bear to hear transgressed from the pleasurable suspense in which the mind is kept for its return; for the suspensions in the musical world, unlike those in the moral, have the blessed property of never bringing disappointment in their train. How deep the sense of time implanted in the human breast, when the mere motion of a little bit of stick, and that not governed by any piece of nicely-constructed mechanism, but by the sole will of one capricious dandy, can supply it in ample abundance to an orchestra of five hundred performers! But the true timist is time all over—his outward man is one general conductor—eye, ear, or touch are alike susceptible to the electric fluid of true musical measure—you may communicate it to him by the palms of his hands or the soles of his feet. One can hardly imagine a state of corporeal infirmity or mutilation which could render him insensible to this law. He may be blind or lame, he may be paralyzed from head to foot, or may have left half his limbs on the field of battle, it matters not—while he has sufficient body left to house his mind, the sense of time will not desert him.

The readiness with which the memory lends itself to the service of music is another standing phenomenon peculiar to her. By what mysterious paradox does it come to pass that what the mind receives with the most passivity it is enabled to retain with the most fidelity—laying up the choicest morsels of musical entertainment in its storehouses, to be ready for spontaneous performance without our having so much as the

trouble of summoning them? For not even the exertion of our will is required: a thought—aye, less than a thought—the slightest breath of a hint is sufficient to set the exquisitely sensitive strings of musical memory vibrating; and often we know not what manner of an idea it is that has just fluttered across our minds, but for the melody, or fragment of a melody, it has awakened in its passage. By what especial favor is it that the ear is permitted a readier access to the cells of memory, and a steadier lodging when there, than any of the other organs? Pictures, poetry, thoughts, hatreds, loves, promises of course, are all more fleeting than *tunes*! These we may let lie buried for years—they never moulder in the grave—they come back as fresh as ever, yet showing the depth at which they have lain by the secret associations of joy or sorrow they bring with them. There is no such a pitiless invoker of the ghosts of the past as one bar of a melody that has been connected with them. There is no such a sigh escapes from the heart as that which follows in the train of some musical reminiscence.

With all this array of natural advantages—science to endow her—instinct to regulate—memory to help her—what is it after all that Music can do? Is the result proportionate to her means? Does she enlighten our views, or enlarge our understandings? Can she make us more intelligent or more prudent, or more practical or more moral? No, but she can make us more *romantic*; and that is what we want nowadays more than anything else. She can give us pleasures we cannot account for, and raise feelings we cannot reason upon: she can transport us into a sphere where selfishness and worldliness have no part to play; her whole domain, in short, lies in that much abused land of romance—the only objection to which in real life is that mankind are too weak and too wicked to be trusted in it. This she offers unreservedly to our range—with her attendant spirits, the feelings and the fancy, in every form of spiritual and earthly emotion, of fair or fantastic vision, stationed at the portals to beckon and welcome us in. But if she cannot captivate us by these means, she tries no other. She appeals neither to our reason, our principles, nor our honor. She can as little point a moral, as she can paint a picture. She can neither be witty, satirical, nor personal. There is no Hogarth in music. Punch can give her no place on his staff. She cannot reason, and she cannot preach; but, also, she cannot wound, and

she cannot defile. She is the most innocent companion of the Loves and Graces; for real romance is always innocent. Music is not pure to the pure only, she is pure to all. We can only make her a means of harm when we add speech to sound. It is only by a marriage with words that she can become a minister of evil. An instrument which is music, and music alone, enjoys the glorious disability of expressing a single vicious idea, or of inspiring a single corrupt thought. It is an anomaly in human history how any form of religion can condemn an organ; for it could not say an impious thing if it would. "Every police director," as Hoffman says in his *Phantasie Stücke*, "may safely give his testimony to the utter innocuousness of a newly invented musical instrument, in all matters touching religion, the state, and public morals; and every music-master may unhesitatingly pledge his word to the parents of his pupils that his new sonata does not contain one reprehensible idea"—unless he have smuggled it into the dedication. Music never makes men *think*, and that way lies the mischief: she is the purest Sanscrit of the feelings. The very Fall seems to have spared her department. It is as if she had taken possession of the heart before it became desperately wicked, and had ever since kept her portion of it free from the curse, making it her glorious avocation upon earth to teach us nothing but the ever higher and higher enjoyment of an innocent pleasure. No means are disproportionate to this end.

How fortunate that an art thus essentially incorrupt should reign over a greater number of hearts than any other. If poetry and painting have their thousands, music has her tens of thousands. Indeed we should hardly deem that man a responsible being whose heart had not some weak point by which the voice of the charmer could enter; for it enters his better part. Not that it is possible to form any theory of the class of minds most susceptible of her influence—facts stop and contradict us at every step. The question lies too close at the sanctuary of our being not to be overshadowed by its mystery. There are no given signs by which we can predicate that one man has music in his soul and another has not. Voltaire is commonly stated to have been a hater and despiser of the art of sweet sounds; but there is perhaps as much evidence against the assertion, as for it, in his works. Grétry says of him that he would sit with a discontented face whilst music was going on—which, con-

sidering what French music was in his time, might argue not a worse ear than his neighbors', but a better. But granting Voltaire had no musical sympathies in him, and it goes against our consciences to think he had, his friend and fellow-thinker, Frederic of Prussia, had them in a great degree; and a man as unlike both as this world could offer, the late Dr. Chalmers, had none at all—except of course that he liked a Scotch air, as all Scotchmen, by some merciful provision of nature, appear to do. Then it may seem natural to our preconceived ideas that such a mind as Horace Walpole's should have no capacity for musical pleasure; but by what possible analogy was it that Charles Lamb's should have just as little? How came it to pass that Rousseau, the worthless ancestor of all Radicals, was an enthusiastic and profound musician—while Dr. Johnson, the type of old Toryism, did not know one tune from another; or that Luther pronounced music to be one of the best gifts of Heaven, and encouraged the study of it by precept and example, while Calvin and Knox persecuted it as a snare of the Evil One, and conscientiously condemned it to perpetual degradation in their churches? All we can say is, that the majority pay her homage—that it is one of her heavenly attributes to link those natures together whom nothing else can unite. Men of the most opposite characters and lives that history can produce *fraternize* in music. If Alfred loved her, so did Nero; if Cœur de Lion was a sweet musician, so was Charles IX.; if George III. delighted in all music, especially in that of a sacred character, so did Henry VIII.; if the hero of our own times, the motto of whose life has been *duty*, is musical both by nature and inheritance, his antagonist Napoleon at least hummed opera tunes. Oliver Cromwell bade a musician ask of him what favor he pleased. John Wesley remonstrated against leaving all the good tunes to the Devil. Every private family could quote some domestic torment and some domestic treasure, alike in nothing else but in the love for music. There is no forming any system of judgment. There is no looking round in a concert-room and saying in one's heart, these people are all of one way of thinking—they are all intelligent, or all humane, or all poetical. There is no broad mark: young and old, high and low—passionate and meek—wise and foolish—babies, idiots, insane people—all, more or less, like music. At most there are some who are indifferent, or fancy themselves so, as much from want of

opportunity as of taste—some who don't care for bad music, and never hear good—if so hard a lot can be imagined—but there is only one class of men who *condemn* it, and those are fanatics; and there is only one order of beings, according to Luther, who *hate* it, and those are devils.

But

"If Music and sweet Poetry agree,
As needs they must, the sister and the brother,"

it is among the poets that we shall find the most invariable appreciation of the art of numbers. And what a row of undying names rise at the mere suggestion—all bound up with melodious associations, who have done due homage to the power of sound, and been in just return linked for ever with her most exquisite productions—thus sending their immortal ideas in double channels to the heart! Shakspeare, whose world-hackneyed mottoes come over our minds with freshened power and truth, as we seek to analyze what he at once defined—nowhere with such instinctive truth as in the words he has put into Caliban's mouth—

"The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and
hurt not;"—

Milton—music-descended—who, when the chord of sweet sound is struck, dwells upon it with such melting luxuriance of enjoyment, exalts it with such solemn grandeur of feeling, and clothes it with such sounding harmony of verse as makes us feel as if an earlier Handel might have been given to the world, if a previous Milton had not been needful to inspire him;—old Cowley too, who asks the same question all have asked—

"Tell me, oh Muse! for thou, or none, canst tell,
The mystic powers that in bless'd numbers
dwell"—

though he goes on, in the fantastic metaphor of the day, to relate how Chaos first

"To numbers and fixed rules was brought
By the Eternal mind's poetic thought;
Water and air He for the tenor chose,
Earth made the bass, the treble flame arose;"—

and Dryden, who overflows with love for the art, and has left in Alexander's Feast a manual of musical Mesmerism never to be surpassed. Who will not think of Collins—and his death listening to the distant choir of Chichester?

Yet from many poets music receives only that conventional homage which one art pays to another. We need hardly recall Pope's poetry—nor Swift's—nor Goethe's—to know that she had no zealous worshippers in them—all men of better heads than hearts, who understood the feelings more by a process of anatomy than by sympathy. Others again feel the contingent poetry attending particular music too much to be real enthusiasts for the music itself. Byron loved the music that came to him "o'er the waters." Burns was too much possessed with the "tuning of the heart" to have any cold judgment about that of the voice. Scott loved the hum of the bagpipe, and would have liked the beating of the tom-tom had it been Scotch—though the verse of each has been as much a fund of inspiration to the musician as if, like Moore, they themselves could have sung as well as they have written. We should question Mr. Wordsworth's musical sympathies—direct or indirect. The materials of his poetry are not akin to music. We do not long to set his deep thoughts to melody—they leave nothing unexpressed for the musician to say. No poet who has been so much read has been so little sung. Nor does music in her turn seem to inspire him with poetry:—he tells us, for example, of the *Ranz de Vaches*—

"I listen, but no faculty of mine
Avails those modulations to detect,
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect
With tenderest passion."

A musician might have said this—a mere musician—but, we confess, we are rather puzzled with it from so true a poet.

It is curious to observe in this, as in every other art, how the two extremes combine the greatest number of admirers. Handel and Jullien hold the two ends of the great net which draws all mankind; the one catching the ear with the mere beat of time—the other subduing the heart with the sense of eternity. But it is in the wide territory between them that the surest instincts must be tried. Here, there are amateurs of every shade and grade, some learned in one instrument, others infatuated for one performer—some who listen ignorantly, others intelligently, but both gratefully, to whatever is really music—others again, conspicuous as musical wickedness in high places, who care for none but their own. Doubtless some acquaintance with the principles of the art, and practical skill of hand, greatly enhance the pleasure of

the listener; but still it is a sorrowful fact that the class of individuals who contentedly perform that species of self-serenade which goes by the ominous title of "playing a little," are the last in whom any real love for it is to be found. There is something in the small retailing of the arts, be it music, painting or poetry, which utterly annihilates all sense of their real beauty. There is a certain pitch of strumming and scraping which must be got over, or they had better never have touched a note.

Apparently the highly-gifted and cultivated amateur, on the other hand, is one of the most enviable creatures in the world. Beauty must always dazzle, and wealth buy; but no disparity in the respective powers of attraction ever strikes us so great as that which exists between the woman who has only to lift her hand, or open her mouth, to give pleasure, and her who sits by and can do neither. But we know that superiority of all kinds must have its penalties, and none more keenly felt than in the ranks of private musical excellence: and though the first-rate amateur may command all the higher enjoyments of the art, without those concomitants of labor, anxiety, and risk which devolve on the professed artist—though she may be spared all the hardships and many of the temptations which lie so thick in the path of her professional sisters, yet the draught of excitement is pernicious to all alike, and one which we instinctively shrink from seeing at the lips of those we love. Not that we would disparage such a position. It is, and always will be, an enviable one to be able to confer pleasure at will, and generally a lovely and becoming one in the person of a woman. We know, too, that there are cool heads and pure hearts who can innocuously breathe the incense of admiring crowds, and who walk humble, though unwilling, Jugger-nauts over every form of adulation—little as it is usually believed of them; but even such, in the universal equalization of human happiness, have their trials, and keen ones too—and, among them, that of perpetually feeling their better selves overlooked in the homage paid to an adventitious gift, is an unflinching humiliation to a delicate mind.

Upon the whole we are inclined to think that the most really enviable partaker of musical felicity, the one in whom the pleasure is most pure for himself and least selfish for others, is he who has no stake of vanity or anxiety in the matter—but who sits at overture, symphony, or chorus, with closed eyes and swimming senses—brightens at major

keys, saddens at minors—smiles at modulations, he knows not why,—and then goes forth to his work next morning with steady hand and placid brow, while ever and anon the irrepressible echoes of past sounds break forth over desk or counter into jocund or plaintive hummings, as if the memory were rejoicing too much in her sweet thefts to be able to conceal them. Happy hummings these for wife or sister, to whose voice or piano he is for ever a petitioner for pleasure it is a pleasure to give, and who lead him with "that exquisite bit of Beethoven" as with a silken string.

We should hardly say that an ear for melody is the highest criterion of a taste for music. It sets heads wagging, and feet tapping—sends the ploughman whistling forth, and takes many a stall at the Opera; but we suspect it is rather the love of harmony which is the real divining-rod of the latent treasures of deep musical feeling. Grétry danced when a child to the sound of dropping water, foreshowing perhaps in this the light character of his taste and compositions; but Mozart, it is well known, when an infant of only three years old, would strike thirds on the clavichord and incline his little head, smiling to the harmony of the vibrations. Nothing proves more strongly the angelic purity of music than the very tender age at which the mind declares for it. No art has had such early proficient, and such eager volunteers, and no art has so surely performed in manhood what it promised in infancy. All the greatest musicians—Handel, Haydn, Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn, (it seems not Beethoven, however,)—were infant prodigies. There seems to be nothing to dread in prematureness of musical development—it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength in natural concord; when we see a child picking out airs on a piano, or silent at a concert, we may rejoice in our hearts.

It is difficult to imagine how a Greek child could ever evince its natural predilection for music—those two chief elements of the art which test the highest and the lowest grade of musical inclination, time and harmony, being alike unknown to them. The whole Greek world, it would seem, and many centuries of the Christian, never advanced so far even as the knowledge of those harmonious thirds which the little Mozart instinctively enjoyed. We seek in vain for any indications of that which we feel to be the real nature of music and its purpose as regards the human heart. They either used it outwardly as

a mere sing-song enhancement of that luxurious pleasure which all Orientals take in story-telling or verse-reciting, or they sought for it inwardly as an abstract thing on which to try their powers of thought, and not their springs of emotion. They ascertained the existence of a deep science in music before they suspected a deeper instinct. They studied her grammar before they knew her speech. Instead of combining her tones in fullness of harmony, they split them into divisions incognisable to our modern ears. They loaded her with a complex theory in which no indication of a right system can be traced; and then made her over to the study of philosophers and the performance of poets, without suspecting that there was a realm yet undiscovered independent of both. To define what ancient music was, seems, by the confession of all who know anything of modern, to be as hopeless as it is a thankless task. To living ears there is more real music to be found in the first organ tune that strikes up under our windows than in all the fragments of soft Lydian measures that have been deciphered.

It would be absurd, however, to measure the void occasioned among the people of ancient Greece by the absence—even if total—of real music, by that which would ensue under the same circumstances to us. What void could there be with such a language as theirs, which held music, as it were, in too close an embrace for her to have any independent action? Had there been less melody in their speech and verse, there would have been more room for music as a separate art. Music and poetry seem in some combination or proportion to have supplied a certain measure of enjoyment to every cultivated people; but where poetry itself had such power as with the Greeks, it may justly be supposed that what *we* call music would not be missed. In the most glowing days of Italian poetic imagination there was, comparatively speaking, no music; and even the best music of modern Italy has never been able to disengage itself from the sweet melody of its language—they have flowed together in natural affinity—the word *Addio* is a song in itself. Only in that nation where the language is hardly musical enough to be spoken, has music raised her voice independently; and how exquisitely! Whether this theory be true or not, however, it is certain that “in the Isles of Greece where Sappho loved and sung,” that which we now call music was so unknown, that were old Timotheus to rise from the dead we imagine no change or

development in modern civilization could astonish him so much as that in the art of music. He would be delighted with our post-office—interested in our railroads—ashamed of our oratory—horrified at our public buildings, but dumbfounded at our musical festivals.

The most ingenious theory we have met with on the subject of Greek music is that propounded in Dr. Moseley's few pages. Taking into consideration the total disparity between the effect of the ancient specimens of melody, when transposed into our modes of notation and performance, and that so enthusiastically commented on by contemporary writers, this gentleman has sought for an explanation of the riddle in a manner of execution dependent entirely on the rules of rhythm and quantity. The choruses of Æschylus and Sophocles he found, upon examination, to be divisible into lines of seven syllables each. Coupling this with the fact of there being seven notes in the Greek Diatonic Scale, and seven alternate singers of Strophe and Antistrophe, he has come to the conclusion that the music of the Greek chorus, like that of the Russian horn-band of the present day, might probably be performed on the principle of a note to each person: thus producing an effect of which, under any other circumstances, the meagre skeletons of melody that have been handed down would give no idea. The theory is curious, and might be met by an inquiry into the origin of that peculiar horn-music—belonging as it does to a country where nothing truly national goes back less than a thousand years, and where the earliest form of ritual music is preserved as strictly in the commonest church as it is in the Pope's chapel itself. Many will superficially attribute it to that simple relation of master and slave which may degrade a man to a mere note, or any other form of the cipher it pleases; but we are not disposed to look upon it in that light. Setting aside the circumstance that the idea was too ingenious to have proceeded from any Russian czar or boyar before the time of Catherine the Great, in whose reign the Russian horn-music was well known, we must own that we see no degradation in it at all. The man of one note has as much to do, to say the least, as many a brother horn in our orchestra, who patiently bides his time through intervals of fifty bars, and far more scope for his sense of time and expression—in which the proficiency of the Russian hornist is marvellous. His instrument may have but one note, but

so have others, and his note has the merit of being indispensable to the piece. If D or G be ill, all are stopped. The case, however, of the Greek chorister is not strictly parallel. According to this hypothesis he represents not only one note, but one syllable; and, in a people whose instincts for poetical accent were so acute that they compelled even that of music to bow before them, it is difficult to imagine how such a division of labor could produce the requisite effect.

At all events it may safely be accepted that to the development of that art which charms modern ears and hearts, all the labors of Greek musicians never contributed one iota; but on the contrary, greatly clogged its progress—everywhere raising up before the timid gropers after musical truth a wall of false theory which they had not the courage to pull down. We are apt, and no wonder, to look upon the Greeks as more than men in matters of art. It is as well that painted statues and enharmonic intervals remain to prove their fallibility. Mr. Kiesewetter opens his *History* with a decided repudiation of their musical services:—

“It is a preconceived and deeply-rooted opinion that our present music has been perfected upon that of the Greeks, and that it is only a further continuation of the same. Authors, even of our own times, talk of the *revival of ancient music in the middle ages*. True, there was a period when the music of the Christian West sought counsel with that of the heathen East, and the decisions of Greek writers were looked upon as the source of all true musical inspiration; but the fact is that the later music only prospered in proportion as she disengaged herself from the earlier, and then first attained a certain degree of perfection when she had succeeded in throwing off the last fetters, real or conventional, of old Hellenic doctrine. There had been long nothing further in common between them but the mere fundamental elements of tone and sound. Even had ancient Greece continued to exist for two thousand years more, no music, in any way analogous to ours, could possibly have proceeded from her. The systems in which the art was bound, the purposes for which she was used, the very laws of the State regarding her, offered unconquerable impediments to her development. The old Greek music perished in its infancy, an interesting child, but one predestined never to arrive at maturity. For the human race her fall was no loss.”

The first few centuries of the Christian era have transmitted no sounds to posterity. We know nothing of the low chanting which echoed in the catacombs of Rome; which Constantine listened to, and which St Ambrose reformed. We have no idea on what

the beautiful musical tradition of St. Cecelia was founded. There is no proving whether the music of the day was borrowed from the chorusses of the idolatrous Greek, or the hymns of the unbelieving Jew, or whether, in the exclusiveness of early Christian feeling, it was independent of both. Not till the end of the sixth century is the silence broken with the Gregorian chants, which rise up from the vast profound of the past like solemn heralds of a dawning world of sound—pure, solemn, and expressionless—like those awful heads of angels and archangels we discover sometimes in rude fresco beneath the richer coloring and suppler forms of a later day. It was these chants, it may be supposed, given in the thrilling tones of young singing boys, whom the Popes had already trained in their service, that melted the great heart of Charlemagne when on a visit to Hadrian I., and caused the importation of the antiphonal books into the monasteries of middle Europe.

But the course of true music was not to run smooth. It lay too deep at the human heart not to be subjected to every human caprice. Strange theories of concord were propounded and laid down by old monks, themselves probably hard of hearing, which, if ever performed in presence of their brethren, must have made them bless the thickness of their cowls. No convent penance, Mr. Kiesewetter remarks, could have exceeded that “sweet commixture of sounds” compounded of consecutive fourths and fifths, which good Thibaldus, who died 930, so complacently announces in his “*Organum*.” We listen to the specimens he gives with that contraction of the brow and wincing of the nerves with which we see a child place a pencil upright on a slate, and know what must ensue before we can prevent it. This ingenious discord was partly the result of a revived respect for the doctrines of Boethius—a disciple of the Greek theory of music, in the fourth century, who, unfortunately, suffered martyrdom after he had written those commentaries which have been the curse of all musicians, instead of before; and also partly from the state of the times. We might be tempted to ask how such a perversion of the common use of what is called *ear* could have occurred; but we must remember that the science we were boasting of a few pages back, has here to be taken into consideration. If music united the double importance of an art and a science too, she had to struggle with the difficulties and vicissitudes of each. As an art she had

very little chance till her science was defined, and as a science she had to run the gauntlet of the same tedious scholastic absurdities which accompanied the course of all knowledge in those days. Theories were her bane, as they have been the bane of every system of ethics and physics. Even the celebrated Guido of the eleventh century, whose name has come down to us as one of the early musical fathers, seems to our ears to have done but little towards developing the pleasing properties of the art; for though he invented the sol fa, or the art of solmisation, and is said, like another Mainzer, to have taught Pope John XX. to read music in one lesson, yet the harmonies thus admitted to the pontifical ears were such as any of Mr. Mainzer's fifteen hundred little choristers, if all accounts of them be true, would have repudiated in one grand unison of horror.

The history of music was destined in some measure to be analogous with that of poetry. While learned men, in the silence and abstraction of their closets, were perverting her from a pleasure to a problem, occasionally sending forth some discordant torso of sound, laboriously fabricated all wrong upon the profoundest theories of right, a wild growth of sweet sounds had sprung up spontaneously in the world without, which, casting off all doctrines and trusting only to a native sense of what was pleasing, spoke the native tongue intelligible to all ears. It was the Troubadours who first directed music in the way she should go, as the expression of all those feelings which belong to romance—it was they who released her from the tyranny of schools, from the uncongenial fellowship of chemistry, logic, and the black art, and the tedious homage of pedantic old monks, with cold hearts and cracked voices. It is true they knew nothing of the monochord or tetrachord, save what all musical ears know without being aware of it. They had never studied the law of vibrations—nor looked into Boethius or Thibaldus; but they followed the art with instinct of heart and ear, wooed her with skill of finger and voice, and devoted her to the service of the gentle and fair, who were satisfied with "*des mots bien trouvés et des sons bien chantés*," and never troubled their heads about any theory of sound. Meagre as is the music of the Troubadours' songs, we feel that they contain the germ of that which the Greeks never sought after, and the convent never suspected. In the specimens Burney gives of

the Chanson de Roland and the Complaint of the Chatelain de Coureyc, indications both of military fire and lover-like pathos are to be traced; and in a song by Thibaut, king of minstrels and of Navarre, there is a passage upon the words "*et pleurs, et plains, et soupirs*," which, even at this day, a young lady with long curls would be requested to repeat.

The world was now fairly possessed with the sweet infection. The stream of melody flowed steadily on, to be joined in due time by those mighty tributaries of measure, harmony, invention, modulation, pathos, and grace, which have swelled it to that fullness of tide all civilized Europe now rejoices in.

The Church, meanwhile, true to her conservative system, took no note of the changes in musical feeling that were going on without her walls—till about a hundred years later, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, she discovered that a nightingale, not a cuckoo, had been surreptitiously fostered in her holy nest—to the great scandal of the venerable fathers, who are shocked at the introduction into the service of such rapid notes as the semibreve and the minim, and rather ungraciously compare the effect of an *appoggiatura* to that of a hiccup! There was nothing, however, to excite their alarm; far from indulging in any wanderings, Music had sown her wild oats, and was now ready to go to school. She had felt what she could do, and like all children of true promise was anxious to strengthen her powers on the basis of correct knowledge. The sense of harmony, or the mingling together of two or more voices, had given rise to the science of counterpoint, or the art of arranging sounds correctly, and this again developed fresh secrets in harmony, till in the stiff, timid and ingenious fugues of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, we feel that the art is going through those careful exercises which alone could give her a solid foundation. Kyries, Sanctuses, and Te Deums now rise up before us like the early pictures of the Virgin and Saints, all breathing a certain purity and austere grace, and all marked with that imperfection which naturally belongs to the ecclesiastical modes or keys of the day—and yet an imperfection which gave them a kind of solemn beauty, as if they were too holy to stoop to please. The secular music partook of the same rigidity—invention was held in suspense, whilst principles were being established; any meagre traditional melody serving to arrange in harmony, as any sentence does

to decline in grammar, till the music that kings and nobles "called for," as the old dramatic phrase goes, was such as one wonders how they could possibly take any pleasure in.

Music having thus become again rather an exercise of study and patience, and this time on the right road, than a test of melodious gifts, was more cultivated as a necessary portion of a gentleman's education than it has ever been since; for though its difficulties were never drier, they were of a kind any head could overcome. There is that too in the nature of correct harmony which suffices to give pleasure to the mind independent of any exertion of invention, as any skillful combination of colors gives delight to the eye independent of all subject. Charles V. studied music, as well as Henry VIII., whose well-known motett "*Quam pulchra est*" is still occasionally performed at Westminster Abbey, and is not, as Burney says, "too masterly or clear for the production of a royal dilettante." The composers of Queen Elizabeth's time may be considered as the best examples of the use and beauty of the art of counterpoint. Their ideas move easily and naturally within its limits, and as we listen to the sober harmonies, though involved mechanism, of the anthems of that day—presented to us, however, we must remember, with full organ accompaniments and other improvements—our ears are pleased and satisfied, not so much from any real sympathy with this species of composition as from the sense of its being something perfect of its kind. We feel "*l'ingrat chef-d'œuvre d'un bon harmoniste*," as Rousseau unjustly calls the fugue, to be the *architecture* of music. We follow the streams of sound as they meet and cross in stiff regular forms, as we do the ribs of a groined roof, feeling how each gives equal strength and support while separated, and all return again into the firm tonic chord, as into a massive perpendicular shaft.

The instrumental compositions of that day are not so interesting, in some measure, because we hear them performed more strictly in their original forms; we want "the pealing organ" and "full-voiced quire below" to enhance their slender attractions. The pieces for keyed instruments to be found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book show only that habit of complication and contrivance acquired in writing for several voices, which was out of place in a different sphere of expression—overloading the old airs, which they still chose as themes rather than be at the trouble of inventing new

ones, with dry unmeaning intricacies—and cramping the fingers with such a crowd of clumsy difficulties as her maiden Majesty could have had no chance of overcoming unless she had abdicated on purpose. And not even then—according to the account of Signora Margarita, wife of Dr. Pepusch, to whom the Virginal Book belonged—for she, after her own abdication of the English stage, spent great part of her life in trying to master the first piece in the volume, and failed. Whether the disciples of Liszt and Thalberg, who climb the mountains and plunge the deeps with a hardihood and celerity which old Drs. Bull and Bird never dreamt of, even in a nightmare, would find these compositions the same *pièces de résistance*, we know not; but it is more than probable they would; for variety and scope, instead of increasing difficulties, have eased them, and there is no performer who does not know that the navigation of a few close crusty notes is a far greater test of skill than all the voyages to the North and South Poles that can be executed in the open sea of an eight-octaved modern piano.

The Reformation cannot be said in any way to have materially influenced the progress of music, which took the same course in England, for about a hundred and fifty years after it, as in Italy. The preservation of the Church in England saved us from that total degradation of the art, and questionable benefit to religion, which some Reformers placed among the chief conditions of their worship. The fashion of singing the Psalms prevailed nowhere more than in France; and at the very time that pious people were objecting to the fantastic and inappropriate style of sacred music which had obtained in our church, the Council of Trent were protesting against the same in that of Rome, and, but for the interposition of Palestrina's genius, might have cut off one of her chief sources of edifying enthrallment.

In truth, the art of contrapuntal harmony had fulfilled its mission—and in those complicated efforts at effect which at this time pressed it beyond its legitimate powers, a struggling sense of invention may be traced. The only way to keep up the purity of the sacred style was to give the growing feeling for music freedom elsewhere; accordingly, counterpoint stepped out of the church into the world in the form of the madrigal, which was first transplanted from Italy, and immediately fastened itself upon the English taste. From this foreign root sprang up again a number of native varieties in the

cheerful race of round, catch, and glee, all exercising real science in their composition, and satisfying at the same time the conceit-loving humor of the times. But we must not overlook the better reason which made this species of music popular among our forefathers, and we trust will keep it so among our descendants. It agreed with the domestic habits which have ever characterized old England. It suited that best of old clubs—a large family party; it was welcome to that best of all earthly abodes—a good old country house. Father and mother, brothers and sisters, could all take a part in this domestic chorus; and on joyous occasions, when sons returned to the paternal mansion, and married daughters met again beneath the roof from which they had gone forth, the old glee-book was pulled out and spread on their knees, and long-separated voices mingled again in “hey-down a-down,” or perhaps in a solemn Latin canon. Who has not experienced the beautiful moral of this class of music, when, by the request of some revered elder in the family, the modern Italian trio or quartet—beautiful as it is—has been forsaken for some old English glee, and a voice feeble and low, but sweet and true, has chimed plaintively in; while, in the silence that followed, both age and youth have felt that there was something in such music which “linked each to each in natural piety?”

It is pleasant to turn over the leaves of such an old collection, and muse on their words of deep national significance. There is a regular declaration of English rights and principles in them, with their sound piety, broad fun, perfect liberty of speech and capital eating and drinking. One may look upon them as a stronghold of moral as well as musical principles during that gloomy interregnum when the enemy of all sweet sounds—puritanism—triumphed in the land, and when the Psalms of David were raised by a perverse generation rather as songs of revolutionary ferocity and rebellious self-conceit than as expressions of prayer and praise. The most valuable collections of “catches, rounds, and canons, for three and four voices,” were cautiously circulated during the Protectorate: and deep in the retirement of many such a house as Woodstock the prayers for the Restoration and the practice of “profane music” were kept up together.

In this stage there would seem to have been no scope or use for the powers and beauties of a single voice. As the human

voice was the first of all instruments, so the early composers appear to have availed themselves of it only as such, performing their pieces literally upon it, without any reference to its intrinsic qualities of expression. But we need not search history to be sure that the gift of an exquisite voice could never have left its errand unfulfilled; that hearts could never have remained deaf to the beauties of a rich bass or liquid soprano, or to the still more moving speech of those two other voices, the alto and tenor, which, in their deep pathos and full sweetness, seem each to have stolen their highest charm from the other. We may be sure that Rizzio and Chatelard were both beautiful singers, and that when their voices were silenced in early and bloody graves, there were others who followed to sing their songs, if not their fates. We need only remember Milton to be sure that there were voices then, as now—

“Such as the melting soul do pierce
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out;”

voices which, like that of the lady in *Comus*,

“Rose like a stream of rich distill’d perfumes,
And stole upon the air;”

voices, according to Dryden,

“So great, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seem’d the music melted in the throat.”

What they sung we know not: beautiful things, we are convinced; but which, as the irregular offspring of the art, have found no place in its great genealogical tree.

The human voice only advanced nearer and nearer to its right sphere as the gradual growth of instruments below it drove it out of the subordinate place it had occupied for them. Hitherto the range of musical instruments had been confined to such as only accompanied the voice, and that in the strictest unison, as the lute and the viol; or such as drowned it in noise, as the drum and trumpet. But now that wonderful musical factotum, which was, above all others, to emulate the gift of the human voice,—to give as much delight and almost as much pain—we mean the violin—was beginning to show promise of its exquisite power of wordless expression. In imitation of Louis XIV., Charles II. had brought over a band of four-and-twenty fiddlers, at the head of which was one Balzar, a Lubecker, the Paganini of

the day, who played so wonderfully that sharp Anthony a Wood stooped down and looked at his feet "to see whether he had a huff on:"—though the supernatural consisted in only running a scale up the finger-board and down again, "with great alacritie and in very good time, the like of which had never been heard in England before." Altogether the Restoration was a great epoch for the advance of English music. New organs were built, old composers held up their heads, anthems and Te Deums emerged from their hiding-places, and the cathedral service was restored in all its contrapuntal severity. But in Dr. Tudway's words, "His Majesty, who was a brisk and airy prince, coming to the throne in the flower and vigor of his age, was, if one may so say, tired with the grave and solemn way which had been established by Tallis, Bird, and others;—ordered the composers of his chapel to add symphonies, &c., with instruments, to their anthems; and thereupon established a select number of his private musicians to play the symphony and ritornello which he had appointed. "The old masters," he adds, "hardly knew how to comport themselves to such new-fangled ways," and continued to work on in the old fetters; but the number of young and excellent composers who sprang up—the most distinguished of them boys in the Chapel Royal—showed how much the King's taste was in unison with that of the rising generation. The alteration in chamber music was no less important. His Majesty's banishment had made him acquainted with the first lispsings of those sounds which were subsequently to mellow into the modern Opera. He loved the music of Lulli; he had acquired a conception of a certain grace and expression in tones befitting the words they were to depict; he wanted something to which he could beat time; in short, the merry monarch loved a *tune*, and small blame to him, but this was the last thing the old school ever thought of. The Music of Matthew Locke's "Macbeth" is an excellent apology for his great patron, the "airy prince;" and though it scarcely exceeds the range of two octaves, nor the measure of a minim and crotchet, will still set every gray head or elderly bonnet in a hall wagging with pleasure.

But the real and substantial reasons for this step in music are, as we have hinted, not so much to be found in the schools of composers and ears of princes as in the improvement of instruments. The experiment of doubling the parts by accompanying the voices in a madrigal or glee with an equal

number of instruments, each in unison, of course, with its vocal partner, led to the discovery that the instruments expressed the music quite as well without the singers as with them. The song for four voices accordingly became the quartet for four instruments. This opened the way to all concerted music, and concerted music gradually filled the orchestra. But though the close partnership of instrument and voice in unison was thus dissolved, it was formed again immediately on more advantageous principles. Instruments began to be made use of not merely to swell the volume of sound, but to increase the beauty of the harmony. A trio, duet, or even solo, thus sustained, or, as the natural and technical word is, *accompanied*, was found to produce an effect grateful to all musical ears. The voice was thus set free to avail itself of its great human prerogative—the expression of words—and in this lay the germ of all dramatic music. Nor were the severer provinces of the art, which it had been the labor of generations to establish, at all endangered, but, on the contrary, immeasurably benefited by these changes. The improvements on the organ had, indeed, mainly contributed to them, but while, in its own unrivalled majesty of combined and sustained notes, it at once did the work of a whole choir of human voices, it provided a far statelier home, and the only natural one, for the utmost efforts of the fugue.

The first idea of the monody or single accompanied song is said to have originated in the last lingering reverence for the name of Greek music. It was at the house of Giovanni Bardi, Conte di Vernio, in Florence, where the chief literati of the day, about 1590, were accustomed to assemble, that the nature of Greek art, and the possibility of reviving its dramatic effect, were frequently discussed. These conversations made a profound impression on the mind of Vincenzo Galileo, father of the astronomer, and himself a distinguished musician; so much so, that he was induced to arrange a scene from Dante for the compass of his own voice, with an accompaniment for the lute. The experiment was received with great applause; other musicians hailed the idea; some applied it to sacred music—some to secular; and in the same year, 1600, the first oratorio, *L'Anima e el Corpo*, composed by Emilio di Caviliere, was performed at Rome, and the first opera, *Euridice*, by Peri and Caccini, was performed at Florence. Thus after the world had been for centuries

misled by the false theory of Greek music, its true *idea*, we are assured, made due atonement by at last pointing the way to the highest intentions of the art. We confess, however, that we have our doubts about giving it all this honor. Music was just then seeking for fresh food, and could hardly have overlooked that which the emotions of every heart suggested. The revival, if any, was just as probably that of the spirit of the Troubadours, which, after having been at a careful school for four centuries or so, now returned, endued with all the resources of a sound science. Vincenzo Galileo, we fancy, would have sung a scene from Dante to the music of his lute, whether Greek dramatic art had been discussed in his presence or not, for the time was come for this order of music to arise. At all events the true electric spark was kindled it matters not from what natural or accidental heat, and that in the passion-charged atmosphere of Italy; and in Venice alone, between the years 1637 and 1700, according to Mr. Kiesewetter, no less than seven theatres were built, and 357 different operas performed.

But in accepting that magic word, *Opera*, we must separate it from most of those accessory ideas which now follow in its train, till the art itself is hardly seen for the halo which surrounds it. There was little of that vocal skill and dramatic power with which rival performers are now competing before rival courts; there was little of that varied fullness in the music in which every passion of the heart now finds some echo; on the contrary, an old opera, with its "*dialogue psalmodisé*," as the French describe it, with its airs, few and far between, accompanied solely by a meagre bass, with a so-called ritornell played by violins between the parts, and a chorus at the end, was a kind of thing which required a previous course of counterpoint to give it a relish. As to the dramatic effect, we may guess what that must have been, when so late as the last century, Italian and English performers repeated their parts in the same opera in their respective languages. Such as the opera was, however, it was as much as the heads of the day could stand. It is not the music but the enthusiasm it excited we must compare, and this was as much in Lulli's time as in Rossini's, and more still, if it be true that the audience used spontaneously to join the performers in singing the choruses.

Music had now begun to feel her own

powers. Her whole mission upon earth as an expression of the feelings and the fancy, which had hitherto been mysteriously kept in the background till the code of her actual principles had been laid down, was now clear to her comprehension. Hitherto words had been considered as the necessary interpreters of what sounds meant; now sound began to tell its own tale, as the language of the soul itself—something that all nations were to understand alike, "*car celle qui sait exprimer la nature est de toutes les nations*." Each walk of art now sent forth its musical ambassadors, commissioned to treat with every mood of the human heart. Monteverde, Carissimi, and Stradella, in Italy, opened fresh veins of treasure in dramatic art; Alessandro Scarlatti and Lotti improved on their steps; Gasparini and the patrician Marcello added softer graces to church composition; Frescobaldi exalted the organ; Corelli endowed the violin; Lulli, Rameau, and Grétry, with their ballet-like melodies, successively seized upon the national characteristics of French taste; Domenico Scarlatti and Sebastian Bach, with their stern gymnastic exercises, strengthened every joint and muscle of musical invention. The German Hasse was adopted by the Italians—the German Glück was adored by the Parisians—in England Purcell entered through the door which the Restoration had opened, and Handel's mighty tread took up where his lighter step left off—while, for the whole musical world at large, the coming of Haydn announced that of Mozart, as the song of the redstart shows that the nightingale is near.

It is not our intention to pretend to follow the genealogy of musical progress any further. Its generations tread now too closely on each other. The rulers and vice-rulers of the world of sound, voices and instruments, mingle and cross in too intricate a maze of mutual circulation and imitation; families and countries marry and intermarry too nearly, till, with the same principles to guide it, the same cipher to express it, and the same instruments to interpret it, it may be truly said that the literature of music exhibits some of the subtlest and deepest distinctions between country and country.

In the nationalities of modern Music—and by modern we mean the best, for the meridian of the great masters is but just past—we are aware that our own land does not take a distinguished part. But if, since the early death of Purcell, England has produced but few native composers of emi-

nence, we may be satisfied in remembering that she has adopted more than any other country. It may be said without presumption that in no other respect is the national pride and prejudice so utterly forgotten as in our taste for music; nowhere does the public ear embrace a wider range of musical enjoyment and knowledge; nowhere do the various professors of musical art find fairer hearing or better pay. "We have been brought up," as Mr. Rogers says, "in the religion of Handel." Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven are household names among us. We have been learning to like the Italian Opera for the last 150 years at an insane cost. The English musical festivals have been the first in the world both in time and in excellence, and in them the finest achievements of Spohr and Mendelssohn have first found a hearing; while at the same time our solemn cathedral services have preserved the worship of the beautiful English anthem, and some faithful club in every provincial town kept alive the practice of our native glee and madrigal. The English, it must be remembered, do that homage to the fire of Italy and the thought of Germany which neither does to the other. An Italian cannot appreciate the intellectual depths of a German symphony: a German cannot follow the impetuous declamation of an Italian recitative. Handel, in the mouths of most Italian singers, is clothed in a false costume; and as for a thorough-paced German female singer interpreting a solo of Rossini's, we would as soon make it over to an English oysterwoman.

We look with most pride on our national appreciation of Handel. We pensioned him as soon as he appeared, and kept him. The French starved poor Mozart, and dismissed him. Why should not the latter have become the same musical benefactor to them as Handel has been to us? Such encouragements are repaid a hundred fold into our bosoms. What adopted citizen ever deserved the gratitude of a whole people more than Handel does ours? What genius ever gave pleasure of a higher and purer kind to a larger number of our countrymen than that of the mighty master has done and is ever doing?—for here alone his music is played as he intended it to be—here alone the tradition of his teaching has never been lost sight of—here alone, therefore, his power really tells. He lived long enough among us to become acquainted with the religious depths of genuine English feeling, and gave it a rich endowment and true echo. We feel, on returning from hearing the "Messiah," as if we had

shaken off some of our dirt and dross—as if the world were not so much with us. Our hearts are elevated, and yet subdued, as if the glow of some good action or the grace of some noble principle had passed over them. We are conscious of having indulged in an enthusiasm which cannot lead us astray—of having tasted a pleasure which is not of the forbidden tree, for it is the only one which is distinctly promised to be translated with us from earth to heaven. Who is there of any sound musical taste, or fair musical opportunities, with whom one or more of Handel's solemn sentences of mixed musical and religious emphasis is not laid by among the sacred treasures of his memory, to refresh himself with when weary? Milton's verse in the "Christmas Hymn" seems a prophecy Handel was sent to fulfil—

"For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould;
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansion to the peering
day."

George III.'s enthusiastic love for Handel seems to us the second best example he set his people—his own righteous life being the first. We almost feel as if Handel's sacred music would have reproved the French of infidelity, and enticed the Scotch from Presbyterianism; though perhaps the French crusade would have proved the more successful of the two, for of all the fancies of a fretful conscience which liberty of opinion has engendered, that which many excellent people entertain on the subject of sacred music seems to us the most perverse. It is useless arguing with those who mistake a total ignorance of the sacred things of art for a higher sense of the proprieties of religion, and who, if they consistently follow up their own line of argument, must class Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and indeed all those whose powers have been of that high order which only the highest themes could expand, as so many delegates of Satan mysteriously permitted to entrap man to his fall through his loftiest instincts of beauty and reverence—as if, alas! he had not enough to ruin him without that. For those who forge the temptation are the real foes. There is no reasoning with those who think it wrong to be edified except when in actual worship, and wicked to praise God in any music but such as is ordinary enough for the whole congre-

gation to join in. Human nature is a strange thing—never a greater puzzle perhaps than when it conscientiously abjures one of the few pure pleasures with which the hands of virtue are strengthened here below.

The mistake consists in ever bringing such matters into the bondage of religious conscience, instead of leaving them to the liberty of mere feeling. At most the objection can be but relative. "To him that esteemeth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean," not to others; therefore let him not require the same abstinence from them. But we confess that we are not inclined to be so tolerant with that objection against the private character of the performers, which, in default of all real argument against the music, is so triumphantly brought forward. We do not admit that the work is to be condemned in the workman, or the art in the artist. At the same time, if there be any line of life the members of which invariably give occasion for scandal, it is but natural and right that it should fall into disrepute. But this is not the case with music. Of course, if we employ foreigners, we must expect them to offend our canons of morality as much in the profession of music as in any other calling. But this does not apply to our sacred performances. There the parts are, with rare exceptions, filled up by our own countrymen and countrywomen, who, as far as human judgment can decide, are as blameless in their lives and conduct as those who hear them, or those who do not.

As regards the composers, we are unwilling to believe that any ever attempted to express the awful truths of sacred subjects without hearts attuned to the task they had undertaken. Handel was jealous when the bishops sent him words for anthems, as he felt it implied his ignorance of the Holy Scriptures. "I have read my Bible," said he—"I shall choose for myself;" and his selection was better than theirs. Haydn wrote at the commencement of all his scores, "In nomine Domini," or "Soli Deo Gloria;" and at the end of them, "Laus Deo." "When I was occupied upon the Creation," he says, "always before I sat down to the piano I prayed to God with earnestness that he would enable me to praise Him worthily." We may perhaps damage this anecdote by adding that whenever he felt the ardor of his imagination decline, or was stopped by some insuperable difficulty, he rose from the pianoforte and began to run over his rosary—but it was a method, he says, which he never found to fail. Mozart composed his Requiem with the

shadow of death upon him, feeling it to be a solemn duty which he must work while there was still life to fulfil; and who is there that can hear it without the sense of its sublimity being enhanced by the remembrance of its being the work of the dying for the dead?

It is not possible to conceive that any religious compositions should exceed those of Handel in true sublimity. There is something which tells us that a majesty of music surpassing his is not to be heard in the flesh. We feel that the sculptured grandeur of his recitative fulfils our highest conception of Divine utterance—that there is that in some of his choruses which is almost too mighty for the weakness of man to express,—as if those stupendous words, "Wonderful! Counsellor! The Prince of Peace!" could hardly be done justice to till the lips of angels and archangels had shouted them through the vast Profound in his tremendous salvos of sound; and yet that, though the power of such passages might be magnified by heaven's millions, their beauty could hardly be exalted. We feel in that awful chorus, "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed," that those three magical notes which announce in claps of thunder "That all flesh—shall see—it, toge—ther," might better belong to an order of ethereal beings, with wings, that they might rise spontaneous with the sounds, than to a miserable race who are merged in clay and chained to earth, though they feel they hardly stand upon it when they hear them.

Mozart brings no such overpowering sensations. His music man can sing and listen to, and none but man. It is the very voice of humanity—poor, prayerful, supplicating, wretched humanity with folded hands and uplifted eyes—"Dona eis requiem"—"salve nos"—the words have not more intensity of prayer than the music. His Agnus Dei's are wrung from full hearts, unable of themselves to help themselves. We feel it is music in sympathy with beings who know themselves to be fallen, and yet the heirs of immortality—that he has invented for his fellow-creatures another medium of appeal against the trials and temptations of this life—nay, that his music might be turned into an argument for purgatory itself, and tempt many to believe that it could help them beyond it. The distinction between Mozart and Handel is that given in Dryden's ode: the one raises a mortal up to heaven, the other brings an angel down.

A whole Bridgewater treatise might have been not unworthily devoted to the wonder-

ful varieties of keys alone, and their providential adaptation, as we may say without presumption, to the various moods of humanity. A composer is now helped so far forward on his road; the ground-color is ready laid which is to pervade his whole work. It is for him to choose between the daylight of a major key, or the soft twilight or murky gloom of the minor: to feel whether he wants the earnest, honest, grand matter of fact of the natural key, or the happy, fearless, youthful brightness of the key of G, or the soft luxuriant complaint, yet loving its sorrow, of A flat. He knows whether he requires the character of triumphant praise given by two sharps, as in the Hallelujah Chorus by Handel, or the Sanctus and Hosanna of Mozart's Requiem; or the wild demoniacal defiance of C minor, as in the allegro of the Freischütz overture; or the enthusiastic gladness of four sharps, as in the song of *Di Piacere*; or the heart-chilling horror of G minor, as in Schubert's Erl King and all the Erl kings that we have known. He knows what he is to choose for anxious fears, or lovers' entreaties, or songs of liberty, or dead marches, or any occasion, in short, which lies within the province of music—though exceptions to these rules must occur to every amateur, in which the intense feeling of the composer seems to triumph over the natural expression of the key. That most solemn of all human compositions, the Dead March in Saul, is not only in the full common chord of the natural key, but modulates through the lively keys of G and D—a magnificent device for implying the depth of the sorrow by the triumphant strength of the consolation. The andante to the Freischütz overture, too, has a deep shade of melancholy over it, which we could hardly have supposed reconcilable with the natural key it is in.

A change of key is the most powerful engine in the hands of a musician; it is the lifting of a curtain, or the overshadowing of a cloud; it is the coolness of a deep forest after the heat of the plain; it is the sudden hurling from the throne to the dungeon; it is the hope of life after the sentence of death; every modulation is a surprise, a warning, a tantalizing to the heart. We cannot bear the monotony of one key long, even the most joyful—

"Prithee weep, May Lillian;
Gaiety without eclipse
Wearieth me, May Lillian."

We long for "a mournful muse, soft pity to infuse." Nor can we bear perpetual mod-

ulation; every mind instinctively feels this when, after following a restless recitative from key to key, touching many but resting in none, till the ear seems to have lost all compass and rudder, the full dominant and tonic chord comes gratefully to the rescue, and leads us slowly and majestically into safe harbor.

The varieties of time, too, as far as they go, are as magical in their influence; we look upon those mysterious ciphers standing at the entrance-door of every five-seated gallery of notes as so many constellations presiding over the tide of musical affairs—either a solid matronly figure of an antique cast, raised on a square pedestal, and dealing out the measure of common time, or a fantastic elf, with high spiral cap, nodding good humoredly to 3-4, or a mischievous urchin, with bright eyes, snapping his fingers and cracking his whip, as he hurries on the restless merriment of 2-4, or the dejected nymph with downcast looks, who drags her heavy robes along to the mournful tread of 9-12. A sudden change of one of these signs of the musical zodiac must act electrically upon all nerves; every piece of dramatic imitation abounds with them. Our own Purcell was one of the earliest to avail himself of this resource, as he did of all which gave expression to music. The frequent change of time in his song of Mad Bess describes the unconnected thoughts of a mind unhinged, and Russell has adopted the same in his Maniac.

Properly speaking, the whole science of music is a storehouse hung round with materials of expression and imitation, for the use of the composer. It depends upon his instinctive feelings whether the object to which he devotes them lie within the legitimate province of music. Delusion in music, as in painting, is only the delight of the vulgar. We love the idea of the dance conveyed in a light tripping measure, or the sense of the fresh echoing greenwood given by prolonged bugle-like tones; but when a man expressly imitates the nightingale, we say with King Agesilaus, "we have heard the nightingale herself." The mind feels the exceeding sorrowfulness of the "Lacrymosa" in the Requiem, the faltering tones of "qua resurget," which seem to remind the hearer that here the dying Mozart burst into tears; our hearts sink as we hear how "the children of Israel sighed!—sighed!—sighed!—by reason of the bondage;" but we care not for the closest imitation of a sob given in the duet of the Gazza Ladra.

The broad humor of the catch and glee

family, as well as the practical buffoonery of the time, led to a great deal of burlesque imitative music, both in Germany and in Italy, in the seventeenth century. The cackling of hens all on one note and ending with a fifth above, the mewling of rival cats in nice chromatic order, with a staccato, of course, by way of a *spit*, were favorite pastimes of the severest German contrapuntists; and even Marcello, the Pindar of Music, as he was called, has left two elaborate choruses, one for sopranis, the other for contr'alti, which *baa* like sheep and *mou* like oxen. These were the avowed absurdities of men who liked occasionally to drop their robes of dignity; but at all times the close power of imitation which music affords has been a dangerous rock for the musician. Haydn in his finest music did not steer clear of it: one feels that the servile representations of the tiger's leaps, of the stag's branching horns, of the pattering hail—(why he gave a pert staccato triplet accompaniment to the rolling of "awful thunders" is not so easily accounted for)—are so many blots on his glorious Creation. The verdure-clad fields, the purling of the "limpid brook," the mild light of the moon as she "glides through silent night," delight us not so much from the correctness of the musical image, for the same music would express other words, as from the intrinsic sweetness of the melody, the exquisite *song* with which Haydn always overflows. But his "rising sun with darting rays" is an utter failure: it is a watchman's lantern striking down a dark alley, not the orb of day illuminating the earth. There is nothing in it of that "majestic *crescendo* of Nature," as Carl Maria von Weber has so musician-like expressed himself, and which he himself has rendered in his little known music of the *Preciosa*, where we feel pile upon pile of heavy cloud to be slowly heaving and dispersing, while the majestic luminary ascends, almost laboriously, here and there tearing a rent through a veil of vapor with a thunderbolt bass note, till the whole earth is full of his glory.

All dramatic music must be full of imitation; herein lies its greatest charm and greatest snare. The notes must tell the incident as well as the text, often instead of it. The composer must give us his definite thoughts; his skill lies between defining them over much or over little; it is his art so to treat the subject that you feel it is subservient to him, not he to that—making you forget even the thing imitated in the resources it has developed. What grander example in the world is there than Handel's Hailstone Cho-

rus? It begins with the closest imitation. There are the single decided ominous notes, like the first heavy lumps of ice striking the earth in separate shots. They fall faster, yet still detached, when from a battery which we have felt hanging suspended above our heads, "down comes the deluge of sonorous hail," shattering everything before it; and having thus raised the idea, he sustains it with such wonderful simplicity of means—the electric shouting of the choruses "Fire! Hailstones!" only in strict unison—the burst of the storm changing only from quavers into semi-quavers—the awful smashing of the elements only the common chord of the key, and that the natural key—till we feel astonished how the mere representation of the rage of the elements should have given occasion for one of the grandest themes that musician ever composed.

There is a sense of sublimity conveyed by storms and tempests which, however frequently vulgarized by the mere tricks of performers, must ever make them favorite subjects for audiences and composers. Even our old favorite Steibelt's Storm, in spite of strumming school-room associations, when the lightning used to break time, and come in at the wrong place, and then have to begin all over again, has a moral as well as a dramatic meaning which justifies our youthful predilections. It was not the noise and din of two handfuls of notes with all the pedals down, which juvenile amateurs declare to be "just like thunder," but at which we felt inclined to stop our ears with an instinct of the profaneness of the likeness, and yet the contemptibility of the attempt; but it was the gradual lulling of the winds and hushing of all nature which preceded the crash, and then the clearing of the air after it, the tinkling of the rain-drops all sparkling with the light that is bursting out in the west, and finally that happy chorus of birds in the return of that gay chirping ritornell, in four sharps, which tells you that all is over and no harm done to any one. Beethoven's Tempest also, in his Pastoral Symphony—which, by-the-by, is like Thomson's Seasons set to music—is the grandest and most fearful of all storms, as M. Oulibichef says, "which ever thundered in the basses, whistled in the flutes, bellowed and blustered in the trumpets, and lightened and hailed in the violins;" but who can resist the sweet enchantment of those modulations, when the thunder is heard retreating in the distance, and timid sounds of inquiry rise up from leaf and flower, and birds answer, and steps emerge, and in a moment

" 'tis beauty all, and grateful song around ! " The sternest conductor smiles involuntarily on his platform, and we grin to ourselves at our lonely piano. We should like every great musician to leave to the world his definition of a storm.

At the same time we own that it is not from any walk of imitative music, however enchanting, that the highest musical pleasure can be derived. It is not in the likeness of anything in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, that the highest musical capacity can be tried. It is not the dipping passage like a crested wave in "The floods stood upright as an heap," or the wandering of the notes in "All we like sheep have gone astray," in which Handel's intensest musical instinct is displayed; for beautiful as are these passages, and full of imagery to eye and ear, they smack of a certain mechanical contrivance; but it is in the simple soothing power of the first four bars of the first song in the "Messiah" which descend like heavenly dew upon the heart, telling us that those divine words "Comfort ye," are at hand. This we feel to be the indefinable province of *expression*, in which the composer has to draw solely upon his own intense sympathies for the outward likeness of a thing which is felt and judged of only in the innermost depths of every heart.

Not but what much of the truth of dramatic musical expression is copied from the natural declamation of the human voice, and never was true till Glück adopted this as a model. This is why the Italian recitative, derived as it is from a people of so much violent passion, and pathos of articulation, must ever be an uncongenial thing to most ears unlearned in this land of quiet speech. Most English minds dislike violent exclamation; we object to it in our dwellings and in our pulpits; we shrink from it even in the mouths of those foreigners to whom it is native; it stuns our ears and shocks our habits; we disapprove of such an outlay of passion on small occasions; but let us hear it where the subject is commensurate with the vehemence—let us see Rachel in her Corinne or Phædre,—and we at once understand the true source of all musical expression. We feel that this is the *musica parlante* that founded the opera—that every passion in the mouth of the true interpreter has its key and its time—that many of her passages only require a note struck here and there by the orchestra to convert them into recitative. Her "*Donne moi ton cœur, barbare*," pitched

at the highest tones of her voice, (in answer to her brother, who urges her not to forget that she is a Roman,) though it rends our hearts, does not take us by surprise, for we know it at once to be the natural music of her feelings. Her "*implacable Vénus!*" hissed out pianissimo in the lowest alto tones, (in adjuration of the goddess who is persecuting her,) comes home to us so closely in the truth of its expostulating despair, that we forget even the falseness of the power to whom it is addressed. The very name of Venus cannot disturb our sympathy. Intonation like this teaches us to follow the varied passions of such music as the Scena in the Freischütz with greater intelligence of its matchless truth; we feel that the *cantabile* of all Mozart's opera airs is amenable to this standard, and their immortality of beauty, their hold over our hearts through every various fashion of music, only to be understood by it.

But in all this the art has had a stated object to fulfil, and we have sought for definite causes to account for definite effects. Let us now turn to those pure musical ideas which give no account of their meaning or origin, and need not to do it—to that delicious *German Ocean* of the symphony and the sonata—to those songs without words which we find in every adagio and andante of Mozart and Beethoven—far more, we must say, than in those dreamy creations, beautiful as they are, expressly composed as such by Mendelssohn. These are the true independent forms of music, which adhere to no given subject, and require us to approach them in no particular frame of feeling, but rather show the essential capacities of the muse by having no object but her, and her alone. We do not want to know what a composer thought of when he conceived a symphony. It pins us down to one train of pleasure—whereas, if he is allowed the free range of our fancy without any preconceived idea which he must satisfy, he gives us a hundred. There is a great pleasure in merely watching Beethoven's art of conversation—how he wanders and strays, Coleridge like, from the path, loses himself apparently in strange subjects and irrelevant ideas, till you wonder how he will ever find his way back to the original argument. There is a peculiar delight in letting the scenery of one of his symphonies merely pass before us, studying the dim Turner-like landscape from which objects and landmarks gradually emerge, feeling a strange modulation passing over the scene like a heavy cloud, the distant sunlight melodies still keeping their places, and showing the

breadth of the ground by the slow pace at which they shift towards us. There is an infinite interest in following the mere wayward mechanism of his ideas—how they dart up a flight of steps, like children on forbidden ground, each time gaining a step higher and each time flung back—how they run the gauntlet of the whole orchestra, chased further and further by each instrument in turn; are jostled, entangled, separated, and dispersed, and at length flung pitilessly beyond the confines of the musical scene. But wait; one soft bassoon link holds the cable, a timid clarinet fastens on, other voices beckon, more hands are held out, and in a moment the whole fleet of melody is brought back in triumph and received with huzzas. It is sufficiently amusing, too, to watch how he treats his instruments, how he at first gives them all fair play, then alternately seizes, torments, and disappoints them, till they wax impatient, and one peeps in here and another tries to get a footing there, and at first they are timid and then bold, and some grow fretful and others coquettish, and at length all deafen you with the clamor of their rival claims. There is varied pleasure in these and many other fantastic ideas which he conjures up—but there is quite as much in sitting a passive recipient and giving yourself no account of your enjoyment at all.

It is very interesting to know that in that magical symphony of C minor, where those three mysterious notes compose the ever-recurring theme, Beethoven was possessed by the idea of "Fate knocking at the door," but we are not sure that we should wish to have that black figure with its skeleton-hand always filling up the foreground of our thoughts. We never enjoyed that symphony more than once under the impression that it represented a military subject, and those inquiring notes seemed the outposts reconnoitring. The mere leading idea of the composer is often utterly incommensurate with the beauty of the composition. If, like the Frenchman, we ask Beethoven's Sonata in G, "Sonate, que veux-tu?" it does not satisfy us to hear that it means a quarrel between husband and wife; that the plaintive, coquettish repartee of the passages is all recrimination and retort, and those naïve three notes which end the last bar, the last word! No, pure wordless music has too mysterious and unlimited a range for us to know precisely what it means. The actual idea from which it may have sprung is like the single seed at the root of a luxuriant many-headed flower, curious when found, but worthless. The

ideas of the composer, like himself, often disappoint us. Rameau declared that he could set a Dutch newspaper to music. Haydn cared not how commonplace the idea might be which was given him to compose to. It matters not whether the depths of musical inspiration be stirred by a pebble or a jewel; at most, we can but judge of the gloom or sunshine that is reflected on their surface.

There is that in Beethoven's works which might well give credibility to the report of his being the son of Frederick the Great, and probably led to it. This grand genius and crabbed eccentric man never loved or trusted. He shut himself up with his music to be out of the way of his fellow-creatures. His deafness only gave him the excuse of being more morose. We hear this to a certain degree in his music. His instruments speak, but they do not speak like men. We listen to their discourse with exquisite delight, but not with that high and complete sympathy which Mozart's wordless speech gives. High as he is above us, Mozart is still always what we want and what we expect. There is a sense and method in all he does, a system pursued, a dominion over himself, an adaptation to others, which our minds can comprehend. He is as intensely human in his instrumental as in his vocal music, and therefore always intelligible. Beethoven is perpetually taking us by surprise. We do not know that we have such sympathies till he appeals to them—he creates them first, and then satisfies them. He keeps our fancy in a perpetual flutter of wonder and ecstasy, but he rarely speaks direct to the common humanity between us. More delicious musical odes than his Longing Waltz, Hope Waltz, and Sorrow Waltz there cannot be, but they were so named for him. It may be questioned whether he ever expressly thought of these subjects. We never feel that he inspires the highest idea of all—the idea of religion. His "Mount of Olives" is exquisite; we are grateful for it as it is, but it might have been composed for an emperor's name's-day, only Beethoven would never have done such a civil thing. His grand "Missa Solennis" is the most wonderful moving *tableau* of musical painting that was ever presented to outward ear and inward eye. Each part is appropriate in expression. The "Kyrie Eleison" is a sweet Babel of supplications; the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" is a rapturous cry; the quartette "Et in terrâ pax—hominibus bonæ voluntatis" is meant for beings little lower than the angels; the "Credo" is the grand declamatory march of every voice in

unison, tramping in one consent like the simultaneous steps of an approaching army; the "*Ante omnia secula*" is an awful self-sustainment of the music in regions separated in time and space from all we ever conceived in heaven or earth. Beethoven out-Beethovens himself in a sublimity of imagery no musician ever before attempted; but as to the pure religious feeling, we neither fall on our knees as with Mozart, nor rise on wings as with Handel.

Where will the flight of musical inspiration next soar? It has been cleverly said by Reichardt that Haydn built himself a lovely villa, Mozart erected a stately palace over it, but Beethoven raised a tower on the top of that, and whoever should venture to build higher would break his neck. There is no fear of such temerity at present. Weber, Spohr, and Mendelssohn have each added a porch in their various styles of beauty, but otherwise there are no signs of further structure. The music of the day has a beauty and tenderness of coloring which was never surpassed, but all distinction of form seems crumbling away. It is like fair visions in dreams, or studies of shifting clouds, or one of Tennyson's rhapsodies; the strain delicate, the touches brilliant, but the subject nothing if the finish were taken away. They cannot be stripped to the level of a child's exercise and still show their beauty of form, like a chorus of Handel or an air of Mozart.

It is impossible to say what resources remain still undeveloped in the progress of music. Fresh forms of nationality may arise. The Italians may form a grand instrumental school; the father or grandfather of some sublime English composer may be now fiddling waltzes in one of our ball-rooms; the Greek church in Russia may foster some Palestrina of its own; new instruments may be invented; the possibility of this may be conceived, but the probability not hoped in, for earthly music must share the mortality of all things here, and Mozart's "*Requiem*" is above fifty years old.

We have not mentioned the modern opera—the subject has been too well treated but the other day in a contemporary journal* for us to venture on the same ground. Nor does it square with our endeavor to prove the exclusive value of music as the only one of the arts exempt from the trail of the serpent. There are few recent operas that do not give

this theory somewhat the lie; not only in the pomp and vanity of their luxurious accessories, but in a suspicious fascination in the music itself, leaving impressions on the mind that we have been rather listening to the Sirens of the "isle perilous" than the Muses of snow-peaked Olympus.

DRUDGERY OF LITERATURE.—We present our readers with a picture, from the pen of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, of the life of a popular author, which is as true as it is graphic, and may serve to show that the wit, and imagination, and liveliness which sparkle upon paper, may after all be draining the life-blood from a trembling heart and weary brain. It is a sketch of Laman Blanchard. "For the author there is nothing but his pen, till that and life are worn to the stump; and then, with good fortune, perhaps on his death-bed he receives a pension—and equals, it may be, for a few months the income of a retired butler! And so, on the sudden loss of the situation in which he had frittered away his higher and more delicate genius, in all the drudgery that a party exacts from its defender of the press, Laman Blanchard was thrown again upon the world, to shift as he might, and subsist as he could. His practice in periodical writing was now considerable; his versatility was extreme. He was marked by publishers and editors as a useful contributor, and so his livelihood was secure. From a variety of sources thus he contrived, by constant waste of intellect and strength, to eke out his income, and insinuate rather than force his place among his contemporary penmen. And uncomplainingly, and with patient industry, he toiled on, seeming farther and farther off from the happy leisure in which 'the something to verify promise was to be completed.' No time had he for profound reading, for lengthened works, for the mature development of the conceptions of a charming fancy. He had given hostages to fortune. He had a wife and four children, and no income but that which he made from week to week. The grist must be ground, and the wheel revolve. All the struggles, all the toils, all the weariness of brain, nerve, and head, which a man undergoes in his career, are imperceptible even to his friends—almost to himself; he has no time to be ill, to be fatigued; his spirit has no holiday; it is all school-work. And thus generally, we find in such men that the break-up of the constitution seems sudden and unlooked-for."

* "A Few Words on the Opera," in *Frazer's Magazine* for October, 1847.

From the Edinburgh Review.

ETHNOLOGY, OR THE SCIENCE OF RACES.

- 1.—*Researches into the Physical History of Mankind.* By JAMES COWLES PRICHARD, M.D., F.R.S., M.R.I.A., Corresponding Member of the National Institute of France, &c. &c. 3d edition. London: 1836—47. Five volumes, 8vo. pp. 2547.
- 2.—*The Natural History of Man ; comprising Inquiries into the Modifying Influence of Physical and Moral Agencies on the different Tribes of the Human Family.* By JAMES COWLES PRICHARD, M.D., F.R.S., &c., &c. London: 1843. 8vo. pp. 556.
- 3.—*Report of the Seventeenth Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Oxford, in June, 1847.* London: 1848. 8vo. pp. 523.

[The following article condenses the latest results of investigation and reasoning in this new but important science in a style so lucid and pleasing that the general reader will be wearied with neither its length nor its statistics. It is by far the briefest and ablest exposition of the science we have met with.—ED.]

AMONG the new sciences which the progress of human knowledge is calling into existence from time to time, and which find devotees no less earnest and sincere than those who continue to worship at the older shrines, Ethnology, or the Science of Races, is not the least interesting nor the least practically important. It may be difficult to assign the period when the investigations with which the ethnologist is concerned, first began to assume a really scientific form, instead of presenting their results as a mere chaos of *disjecta membra*—crude materials, waiting the hand of the architect to work them up into an edifice worthy of the object for which they were collected. As yet, we fear, we must satisfy ourselves with the design, rather than boast of its execution; and please ourselves with the anticipation of what is to be accomplished, rather than dwell with complacency on what has been already effected. When we look, indeed, at the amount of toil which ethnological investigations require for the development of even their least extended results, and the small number of laborers who are professedly devoted to their advancement, we might doubt whether Ethnology would emerge in our own time from the lowest

grade among the sciences,—the place with which its votaries must be at present content, and where indeed they may think themselves fortunate that they can secure a place at all.

But we may well take courage, when we reflect not merely upon the industry and enthusiasm of its votaries, but also upon the fact that the number of those who are *indirectly* contributing to the progress of Ethnology is far greater than that of its professed followers. For whilst the traveller who examines into the physical characters and the mental condition of the new races of men with whom he comes into contact, who studies their vocabulary and inquires into their grammar, who is a spectator of their religious observances, and pries into the dark mysteries of their traditions and superstitions, who watches their habits of life and acquaints himself with their laws and usages,—furnishes the most important quota to the accumulation of materials: scarcely less valuable are the materials collected by him, whose tastes lead him to attend rather to the physiognomy of the country than to that of its human inhabitants, to its climate and its soil, its products and its capabilities, rather than to *their* faculties and actions. For in the determination of the important problem, how far the characters of particular races are dependent upon those of the countries they inhabit, the latter set of data are as useful as the former; and no satisfac-

tory result can ever be anticipated, until both have been ascertained with equal accuracy. So, again, the philologist who is working out, in the solitude of his study, the problems involved in the history and science of language, though he may little think of connecting his conclusions with the affinities of nations, is an invaluable ally. In the same manner anatomists and physiologists, in scrutinizing the varieties which the typical form of humanity undergoes, and contrasting the extremes of configuration, of color, and of constitutional peculiarity, as observable among the inhabitants of distant climes, cannot enlarge the boundaries of their own sciences, without at the same time rendering the most essential assistance to the ethnologist.

In thus drawing within its grasp, and converting to its own purposes, the results supplied by the investigators of various and widely dissimilar branches of science, Ethnology bears a striking analogy to Geology; an analogy of which Dr. Prichard has dexterously availed himself, in vindicating the claim of Ethnology to rank as one of the departments to which the attention of the British Association should be primarily directed. They are both histories of the *past*, and depend for their successful cultivation on the unconscious co-operation of many minds, often ignorant of each other's labors.

Of all the problems of Ethnological Science, the relation in which the various races of mankind stand to each other and to ourselves, is perhaps the most attractive. The determination of this relation is, in fact, the ultimate aim to which its departments severally converge, however widely they apparently divaricate. The Anatomist examines the configuration of the body, and compares together the peculiarities of various tribes, with the view of determining how far structural differences prevail over resemblances, and of ascertaining whether these differences possess that constant and intransitive character which the naturalist requires as a justification of specific distinction. The Physiologist searches into the history of the vital functions in the several types of humanity, and seeks for information with regard to the permanence of anatomical differences, the effect of external agencies in modifying the configuration or constitution of the body, and the tendency to spontaneous variation in the forms presented by individuals, families, or tribes, known to be of the same stock. The Psychologist has a most interesting subject of investigation, in the

study of the psychical constitution of the several races; in the extraction of their respective mental and moral characters from their habits of life, their languages, and their religious observances. It is his business to inquire how far one common psychical nature is to be inferred from such diverse manifestations: that is, how far the differences which he cannot but observe in intellectual capacity, and in moral and even instinctive tendencies, are fixed and permanent, or are liable either to spontaneous variation, or to alteration from the modifying influence of education and other external conditions. The Physical Geographer lends his aid by bringing to bear upon the inquiry his knowledge of the outward circumstances under which these variations in bodily and mental constitution are most constantly found. And it is from the materials which he contributes, that the physiologist and the psychologist have to determine the degree in which these circumstances can be justly considered to be the causes of variation; more especially, whether the coincidences between particular bodily configurations or mental constitutions, and certain combinations of climatic and geological conditions, are the result of *induced* differences among the human races which are respectively subject to them, or are to be attributed to *original* dissimilarity of stock.

But in order to carry on these researches, historical information is continually needed, on the actual descent, migrations, conquests, &c., of the nations whose physical and mental characters we are comparing. The question of the *fixity* of all or any of the characters by which the races of mankind are at present distinguished from each other, requires for its solution a comparison of the present with the past. No valid proof of their permanence can be drawn from the limited experience of a few generations; and no evidence of change can be reasonably looked for, except from the long-continued agency of modifying causes. The required information is sometimes supplied by direct historical testimony; but this is frequently insufficient. And here it is that the comparative study of languages becomes so important to the ethnologist as an auxiliary to history; extending, combining, and confirming the evidence derived from sources which the historian has exhausted.

Independent of the aid which philological research affords to other departments of Ethnology, it directly bears upon the great problem of the unity or identity of mankind. Since it not merely answers a common pur-

pose with historical testimony, in establishing the genealogical relations of tribes long since dispersed from their original centres and separated at present by strongly marked physical and psychical differences; but it also furnishes a powerful argument for the *common*, or at least the *similar* origin of all races. For it shows that an articulate language, relating not merely to objects of sense, but to our spiritual nature—capable of describing the phenomena of the external world, as well as of giving utterance to the thoughts and feelings which constitute our internal existence—and susceptible, too, of decomposition into a limited number of elementary sounds, which may be expressed by written signs applicable alike to all tongues—not only now exists among all nations, but has everywhere existed from the earliest period of which we have any knowledge. From this it is reasonable to infer an original similarity in the endowments of which language is the manifestation; and the inference is confirmed by the fact that the thoughts, which are capable of being expressed in one language, may be translated into any other found in use among a people equally advanced. Any two barbarous languages, or any two that are highly cultivated, are so pervaded by a sameness of character, notwithstanding they may not have a word in common, that the identity of the internal nature, whose states of consciousness they serve to express, can scarcely be doubted by any one who attends fairly to the evidence.

To give our readers an idea of the present range of Ethnological Science, we must bring under their notice a summary of the labors of these several inquirers. The differences between different races, in form, features, and complexion, have naturally attracted most attention. Accordingly, we will begin by examining, with the Anatomist and Physiologist, the most striking variations in bodily structure;—with the view of ascertaining how far they possess that fixed and definite character, by which alone the hypothesis of a diverse origin, in the races that now exhibit them, can be sustained.

The first attempt to establish such distinctions on a scientific basis, was made by the celebrated anatomist Camper, whose name is preserved in connection with the “facial angle,” so commonly appealed to as a test of the relative elevation or degradation of a race or individual. This angle—included between two lines, one of them drawn from the orifice of the ear to the base of the nose,

the other joining the most advanced points of the forehead and of the upper jaw-bone—was thought to afford a measure of the capacity of the anterior part of the skull, and of the size of the corresponding lobe of the brain. And, with the large dimensions of these parts, common consent seems to have connected the idea of intellectual power, even from remote times. Thus, whilst the facial angle in the skulls of living Europeans averages 80° , in the ideal heads of the Grecian gods it is increased to 90° . Camper, too, inferred from his measurements, which were made upon a small number of skulls, that a regular gradation is exhibited by the different races of men, connecting the highest European type with the Apes: the facial angle in the skull of a Kalmuck being 75° ; that of a Negro only 70° ; and that of different species of Apes being 64° , 63° , and 60° . So that, by this test, the Negro would stand in as near a relation to the higher Apes as to a Kalmuck, and a great deal nearer than to a European. But he committed an important mistake in his estimate of the facial angle of the Apes; for his measurements were all taken from young skulls, in which the forward extension of the jaws, which takes place on the second dentition, had not yet occurred. In the adult Chimpanzee, the facial angle is no more than 35° , and in the great Ourang it is only 30° , as we learn from the measurements of Professor Owen. However, under any circumstances, this method of comparison is of very little value; for the facial angle is too much affected by the degree of prominence of the jaws, to afford any certain information concerning the elevation of the forehead or the capacity of the cranium.

It was by the venerable Blumenbach that this department of Ethnology was first cultivated in a manner worthy of its object. He collected, with immense labor, a vast mass of materials for a systematic account of the anatomical peculiarities of the different races of mankind; which he arranged into five primary groups—chiefly according to the configuration of the skull—designating them by the names either of the people comprised in each form, or of the regions of the world where each was supposed to have originated. These divisions and their designations having been adopted by Cuvier, and having passed into our ordinary forms of expression, require a brief notice; although they are no longer scientifically appropriate.

1. The *Caucasian* form, which prevails

among European nations, was so termed from Mount Caucasus, to which ancient traditions refer the origin of many celebrated nations; and in the neighborhood of which live the Georgian and Circassian tribes, commonly regarded as displaying the highest type of human beauty in shape and feature. There is not, however, any sufficient reason for regarding the *Caucasian* tribes as the ancestral stock of the Indo-European nations, whose cranial conformation places them under this category:—the Greek skull might be selected with as much propriety for its type. 2. The *Mongolian* form, characteristically seen among certain races inhabiting High Asia, was improperly named from a single and subordinate nation of that continent; one, too, which does not happen to possess the distinctive type in any remarkable degree. 3. The term *Ethiopian*, as applied to the great mass of African nations, is faulty for a similar reason; since the Ethiopia of the ancients is but a small part of the African continent, and the people inhabiting it are not those among whom the peculiarities of the African conformation are most strikingly displayed. 4, 5. The terms *American* and *Malayan* are much less objectionable, as collective designations of groups of nations. It has been found impossible, however, to assign to them any very definite types of cranial configuration, on account of the varieties which abound in the tribes inhabiting the several portions of the great American continent, and the remote islands of the vast Malayo-Polynesian Archipelago.

This distribution was as complete as the ethnographic knowledge of the time permitted it to be; but to hold it up as the system under which all subsequent observations were to be marshalled and arranged, would be about as absurd, as if we were to take the primary divisions of the animal kingdom, according to Linnæus, for the groundwork of our present zoological classification. Dr. Prichard has shown that there are but *three* leading types of cranial conformation; of which all others are variations or combinations. Minute anatomical descriptions of them will be found in Dr. Prichard's works. We must content ourselves with their most striking characteristics.

The *oval* or *elliptical* form of skull, corresponding with that which Blumenbach termed *Caucasian*, is distinguished by the symmetry of its form—there being no excess either of prominence or compression. The cranial cavity is large, the forehead full and

elevated, the face small in proportion; thus indicating the predominance of the intellectual powers over the instinctive propensities more directly connected with sensation. The Greeks are probably the most favorable examples of this symmetry; but other instances of it may be found in almost any of the great group of nations now termed Indo-Atlantic. These nations extend over the surface of the globe in a north-westerly direction, from India and Persia, through Syria and Asia Minor, stretching along the portion of Africa north of the Great Desert, and covering almost the whole area of Europe. Nearly all of them have acquired a certain amount of civilization, living by agriculture, and possessing settled habitations; and among them, or among the offsets which have proceeded from them, we find all the nations which have been most distinguished by intellectual advancement.

The form described by Dr. Prichard as the *pyramidal* skull corresponds with that termed *Mongolian* by Blumenbach, but which is most characteristically seen in the Esquimaux. The striking peculiarity of these skulls is the great lateral prominence of their cheek-bones and zygomatic arches, together with an extreme flatness of the upper half of the face, whilst the forehead rapidly narrows at its highest part; so that, on a front view, the portion of the skull above the line joining the cheek-bone has an almost pyramidal form, that line serving as the base. The orbits of the eyes are large and deep; and the bones surround them in such a manner that, in most instances of this conformation, the opening of the lids has a decided obliquity, the inner angle being directed downwards. The whole face, instead of approaching the oval as in Europeans, is of a lozenge shape: and the larger proportion which it bears to the capacity of the cranium indicates in the pyramidal skull a more ample extension of the organs of sensation. The greater part of the races of this type are nomadic: some of them wandering with their flocks and herds over the vast plains of High Asia; whilst others creep along the shores of the Icy Sea, supporting themselves by fishing. It is a remarkable fact, however, that we encounter the type again in a remote part of the globe, and in a race apparently of a totally different descent—the Hottentots and Bushmen of Southern Africa. They also were formerly a nomadic people, and wandered about with herds of cattle over the extensive plains of Kafirland. The *Mongolian* character of their skull and physi-

ognomy has been noticed by all travellers familiar with both.

The third type of configuration of the skull has been very happily named by Dr. Prichard *prognathous*, to express its most distinctive character, namely, the forward prominence of the jaws. This character is best seen in some of the Negro races of the Guinea coast; but it is far from being confined to African nations, being almost as decided in some of the Polynesian and Australian races. From the usual appearance of the skull, it might be supposed to have been compressed at the two sides; consequently, instead of being flattened in front, as in the preceding case, the bones of the face project far forwards, and the occiput backwards. This projection is especially manifested in the upper and lower jawbones; and its effect is increased by the circumstance that the front teeth are not implanted vertically in their sockets, so as to meet in the same plane when their edges are brought together, but have a forward slant, so that they meet at an obtuse angle. It is this projection of the jaw, which is the chief cause of the reduction of the facial angle remarked by Camper; and it produces the effect, even where, as in some instances, the forehead rises after the European model. In the typical prognathous skull, however, there is certainly a want of elevation of the forehead; but it does not appear that there is any corresponding diminution in the capacity of the cranial cavity, the retreating form of the forehead being partly due to the backward elongation of the entire skull. As the cavity for the lodgment of the organ of sight is peculiarly spacious in the pyramidal skull, a similar enlargement of the cavity of the nose, and of the openings which lead into it both before and behind, occurs in the present instance: The apparatus for hearing, too, seems to be unusually developed. And thus we have in the prognathous skull the same increase in the proportion of the face to the cranium which we noticed in the pyramidal, though obtained by a different arrangement. This configuration is to be met with, in various degrees, among the greater part of the nations of tropical Africa, south of the Great Desert; and it especially prevails among those which have been rendered most familiar to us from their having been carried across the Atlantic into slavery. It is quite erroneous, however, to regard it, as Blumenbach did, in the light of a type common to the African nations generally; the fact being that in many of them it is scarcely to be discerned,

whilst it is frequently found elsewhere. It is always associated, in our minds, with the idea of degradation; and not unjustly so: for wherever it is well pronounced, we have squalor and destitution, ignorance and brutality. Instead of following an agricultural or pastoral life, such people are, for the most part, hunters, the savage inhabitants of forests, dependent for food upon the accidental produce of the soil or on the chase, and but little advanced in any of the arts of social life.

A more elaborate classification of skulls, taking cognizance of finer shades of difference, has lately been put forth by Dr. Retzius, the distinguished professor of anatomy at Stockholm; but it would not suit our present purpose to go more into detail.

We have now to consider whether these differences re-appear so constantly in all the branches of any particular national stocks, as to justify us in concluding that these stocks were originally distinguishable by the same characters; or whether, in the passage from one group of nations to another, we do not find them undergoing such gradual modifications as to render it impossible to draw any definite line between them: Again, we must further consider whether these characters are so invariably transmitted from one generation to another, where the purity of the race has been preserved, as to necessarily infer their permanency: or whether there is not occasionally adequate evidence of a departure from one or other of these types, and of the assumption of another. We think it better not to encumber ourselves here with the term *species*, of which so many different definitions have been given; especially since the question, whether the races of mankind are to be regarded as varieties of one species, or as distributable among several, is nothing else than the question of the unity, similarity, or diversity of the original stock, only expressed in other words.

When we examine the cranial conformation of the whole Indo-Atlantic group of nations, we perceive that, although the elliptical type prevails among them, it is in very different degrees of development. Certain races manifest a decided tendency towards the pyramidal, others towards the prognathous character; and considerable variations may be seen among individuals of the same race. If the so-called Mongolian group be surveyed in the same manner, the peculiarities of the pyramidal skull will be often found so much softened down, as to approach the elliptical form; sometimes throughout the whole of certain races—oc-

casional only in individuals. Between the proper African nations (excluding those of Arabian descent) the difference is still more remarkable. Some of them present the prognathous type in its most complete development; in other cases, the pyramidal form is nearly as evident as among many of the Northern Asiatics; others again discover a decided tendency towards the more elevated and symmetrical type of the so-called Caucasians. There is, at least, an equal dissimilarity in cranial configuration among the widely spread and isolated tribes by which Oceania is peopled. For, whilst the skulls of the Malayan portion of the population are referable to the pyramidal type rather than to any other, there are savage races in and around Australia which are nearly, if not quite, as prognathous as the African Negroes; at the same time, in many parts of the Polynesian Archipelago, we meet with tribes of higher civilization, whose skulls can scarcely be distinguished from the best European forms. So, among the American races, the Esquimaux is the exaggeration of the pyramidal type; yet, in some of the Southern nations the character of the skull inclines to become prognathous; in others elliptical. Such indeed is the extent of variation, that it would seem utterly impossible to establish any peculiar form as characteristically American. "A Peruvian," says a distinguished naturalist, M. d'Orbigny, speaking from personal observation, "is more different from a Patagonian, and a Patagonian from a Guarini, than is a Greek from an Ethiopian or a Mongolian."

Those ethnologists, therefore, who uphold the doctrine of originally distinct types, have been obliged to admit, not three or five merely, but twenty or thirty; and, as we increase our acquaintance with the physical character of tribes at present little known, we are continually adding to the number. There is this further difficulty. Although at the present time a considerable number of forms might be selected, with well-marked differences between them; nevertheless, on comparison of the whole, the types, which appear to be most remotely separated, are ascertained to be really connected by such a gradation of intermediate or transitional forms, that it is frequently impossible to say to which of the types a particular specimen should be referred. This fact of itself invalidates the supposition of the uniform transmission of physical characters from parent to offspring; on which supposition the presumption of the original diversity of races chiefly rests. For, on the

theory of distinct stocks, each race should have fixed and definite characters, common to all its subdivisions: whereas, in nature, on the contrary, we find the characters shading off in families or individuals, so as to approach a common type.

By considerations of this kind we are conducted to the second head of our inquiry; namely—whether historical evidence leads to the belief that the cranial characters of the several races are really thus transmitted, with little or no modification, from generation to generation—or whether an actual passage may be effected *in time* from one type to another? Now, of such alterations, Dr. Prichard has collected abundant evidence. One of the most striking examples, perhaps, is afforded by the cranial conformation of the Turks of Europe and Western Asia. It closely resembles that of the great bulk of the European nations; departing so widely from that of the Turks of Central Asia, that many writers have referred the former to the Caucasian rather than to the Mongolian stock. Yet historical evidence sufficiently proves, that the Western Turks originally belong to the Northern Asiatic group of nations, with which the Eastern portion of their nation still remains associated, not only in its geographical position, but in its physical characters and habits of life; and that it is in the Western branch, not in the Eastern, that the change has taken place. Some writers have supposed that this change, from the pyramidal to the elliptical form of skull, might be explained as the result of an intermixture of the Turkish race with that of the countries they have conquered, or by the introduction of Georgian or Circassian slaves into their harems. But the cause suggested is plainly inadequate to the effect. For we know that in the Christian countries subjugated by the Turks, the conquering and the conquered races have been kept separate by mutual hatred, fostered by their difference in religion and manners; while any improvement effected by the introduction of Georgian and Circassian slaves must have been confined to the higher classes, who alone could afford to purchase them. In either case the assigned cause, even if admitted to the utmost possible extent, would have merely produced a hybrid or intermediate race, instead of effecting the phenomenon for which we have to account—the entire substitution of a new type for the original one. So complete a change we can scarcely attribute to any other cause than civilization and social improvement; the constant tendency of which is to smooth down the awk-

ward prominences both of the pyramidal and the prognathous skulls, and bring them towards the symmetry of the elliptical. The Eastern Turks, retaining the nomadic habits of their ancestors, have retained also their cranial conformation.

Another instance of the same modification is to be found in the Magyar race, of which the Hungarian nobility is composed. This race, which is not inferior in physical or mental characters to any in Europe, is proved by historical and philological evidence to have been a branch of the great Northern Asiatic stock, closely allied in blood to the stupid and feeble Ostiaks and the untamable Laplanders. About ten centuries ago they were expelled by Turkish invasion from Great Hungary, the country they then inhabited, which bordered on the Uralian mountains; and they in their turn expelled the Slavonian nations from the fertile parts of Hungary, which they have occupied ever since. Having thus exchanged their abode, from the most rigorous climate of the old continent,—a wilderness where Ostiaks and Samoiedes pursue the chase during only the mildest season,—for one in the south of Europe, amid fertile plains, abounding in rich harvests, they laid aside the rude and savage habits which they are recorded to have brought with them, and adopted a settled mode of life. In the course of a thousand years, their type of cranial conformation has been changed from the pyramidal to the elliptical, and they have become a handsome people, of fine stature and regular European features. There is no reason whatever to regard this improvement as arising in any considerable degree from an intermixture of races; the Magyars being to this day distinct from the other inhabitants of Hungary. Nor would it have been produced by mere change of place, without civilization. For, among the Lapps,—who, though inhabiting Europe, retain the nomadic habits of their Mongolian ancestors,—the pyramidal form is still preserved.

The Negro type is one which is not unfrequently cited as an example of the permanence of the physical characters of races. The existing Ethiopian physiognomy is said to agree precisely with the representations transmitted to us from the remotest periods, in those marvellous pictures, whose preservation in the tombs and temples of Egypt has revealed to us so much of the inner life of one of the most anciently civilized nations of the world: and this physiognomy, it is further maintained, continues at present

identically the same from parent to child, even where the transportation of a Negro population to temperate climates and civilized associates, (as in the United States,) has entirely changed the external conditions of their existence. Now it is perfectly true that the Negro races which have made no advance in civilization, retain the prognathous character even in temperate regions; and this is precisely what we should expect. But it is not true, when they have made any progress in civilization, that they remain equally unaltered. The most elevated forms of skull among the African nations are found in those which have emerged, in a greater or less degree, from their original barbarism. This has chiefly taken place through the influence of the Mahommedan religion, which prevails extensively among the people of the central and eastern part of Africa. And although there is no historical evidence of their original similarity in cranial conformation to the truly prognathous Negroes, yet all probability is in favor of the supposition. Otherwise, we must imagine that they have always been distinguished by the same elevation of the skull as distinguishes them at present. In which case we shall be obliged either to resort to the hypothesis of a great number of original stocks for the nations of Central Africa alone, or to imagine that the most degraded Negroes have sprung from the more elevated type:—which, to be sure, would be as great an admission as we can desire of the capability of modification in an instance which is usually regarded as the most permanent of all.

In regard to the transplanted Negroes, it is obvious that the time which has elapsed since their removal is as yet too short to expect any considerable alteration of cranial configuration. Many of the Negroes now living in the West Indian islands are natives of Africa, and a large proportion of the Negro population, both there and in the United States, are removed by no more than one or two descents from their African ancestors. But according to the concurrent testimony of disinterested observers, both in the West Indies and in the United States, an approximation in the Negro physiognomy to the European model is progressively taking place, in instances in which, although there has been no intermixture of European blood, the influence of a higher civilization has been powerfully exercised for a lengthened period. The case of Negroes employed as domestic servants is particularly noticed. Dr. Hancock, of Guiana, even asserts that it is fre-

quently not at all difficult to distinguish a Negro of pure blood belonging to the Dutch portion of the colony, from another belonging to the English settlements, by the correspondence between the features and expression of each, and those which are characteristic of their respective masters. This alteration, too, is not confined to a change of form in the skull, or to the diminution of the projection of the upper jaw; but it is seen also in the general figure, and in the form of the soft parts, as the lips and nose. And Mr. Lyell was assured, during his recent tours in America, by numerous medical men residing in the slave states, that a gradual approximation was taking place, in the configuration of the head and body of the Negroes, to the European model, each successive generation exhibiting an improvement in these respects. The change was most apparent in such as are brought into closest and most habitual relation with the whites, (as by domestic servitude,) *without any actual intermixture of races*,—a fact which the difference of complexion in the offspring would at once betray.

There would thus seem to be a tendency in both the pyramidal and the prognathous types to pass into the elliptical, under the influence of those multifarious conditions which are embodied in the general term civilization. The question how far the prognathous may be changed to the pyramidal, or *vice versa*, from want of adequate historical evidence, is involved in greater obscurity. As already remarked, the Hottentot skull is decidedly pyramidal; with oblique eyes, yellowish complexion, sparse hair, and the other characters of the Northern Asiatics. Are the Hottentots descended from the common African stock?—and are their peculiarities of conformation to be accounted for by the influence of the physical peculiarities of their country, which, as Dr. Prichard has pointed out, present an extraordinary correspondence with those inhabited by the roving Mongoles and Tartars? Or are they in reality an off-set from the Tartar stock, driven into the remotest corner of the African continent, by the gradual extension and increasing power of the proper African races? It is obvious that the study of the affinities of their language must be the chief means of deciding this question; and these are very imperfectly known. We observe that the Chev. Bunsen inclines to the belief that the Hottentot language is a degraded Kafir, as the Bushman tongue is a degraded Hottentot (Report, p. 286.) It is certainly a remarkable coincidence

that a race presenting such a decided resemblance to the Mongolian stock, should be found dwelling in the only part of Africa in which the physical features of the country resemble those of Central Asia: and in the choice of difficulties we are disposed on the whole to agree with Dr. Prichard, in thinking that the Hottentots are probably a proper African race whose change of type may be attributed to the prolonged influence of these conditions.

Of the possibility of a change from the pyramidal to the prognathous type, a more satisfactory instance is afforded by the inhabitants of Oceania. Even where they are most isolated from each other, the remarkable conformity in the fundamental characters of their languages, as demonstrated by Wilhelm von Humboldt, appears (with other considerations) to have established the common origin of all the Malayan, Polynesian, and Australian races. There is good reason to believe that, together with the other inhabitants of south-eastern Asia, they must originally have presented some modification of the pyramidal form. At the present day, however, the prognathous character is highly developed in those natives of Australia and the adjacent islands, which seem to have longest remained in the most degraded state;—whilst, on the other hand, very favorable examples of the elliptical type are producible from among them.

But, we may illustrate our argument nearer home. Races which have advanced the furthest in civilization, and attained the greatest perfection of physical form, produce also examples of physical inferiority in individuals or families. Among other consequences of long-continued want and ignorance, the conformation of the cranium appears to have been affected. The Sanatory Commission would arrive at this conclusion, we believe, were it to examine the worst part of the population of our great towns; the most convincing proof, however, is unfortunately furnished by the lowest classes of the Irish population. There are certain districts in Leitrim, Sligo, and Mayo, (as pointed out by an intelligent writer in the Dublin University Magazine, No. 48,) chiefly inhabited by the descendants of the native Irish driven by the British from Armagh and the south of Down, about two centuries ago. These people, whose ancestors were well-grown, able-bodied and comely, are now reduced to an average stature of five feet two inches, are pot-bellied, bow-legged, and abortively featured; and are especially remarkable for "open projecting

mouths, with prominent teeth and exposed gums, their advancing cheek-bones and depressed noses bearing barbarism on their very front." In other words, within so short a period, they seem to have acquired a prognathous type of skull, like the savages of Australia;—"thus giving such an example of deterioration from known causes, as almost compensates, by its value to future ages, for the suffering and debasement which past generations have endured in perfecting its appalling lesson." The hordes of wretched Irish, whom famine has driven to seek subsistence in the seaports and manufacturing towns of Gréat Britain, must have enabled many of our readers to make this observation for themselves:—every gradation being perceptible, from the really noble type of countenance and figure seen in some of them, to that utterly debased aspect which can be looked at only with disgust. It is marvellous, indeed, how close is the physical resemblance between the lowest classes of the Irish population and the natives of Australia, as depicted in the voyage of the "Astrolabe." The delineations of the latter, when first seen, gave us the feeling of old acquaintanceship. In both cases, the same cause—a long-continued deficiency of food and social degradation (where a sufficient elevation to resist these depressing agencies had not been previously attained)—has terminated in the same results. And, although the ancestral types of the two were in all probability very different, the changes thus induced have tended, in a most remarkable manner, to bring about a singular similarity. We shall hereafter see how short a time has been found sufficient to produce a corresponding alteration in certain branches of the Hottentot race. It is an untoward circumstance in human nature, that alterations for the worse appear to take much more quickly and much more certainly, than alterations for the better.

We need not stop to examine the other peculiarities of the bony skeleton, which have sometimes been supposed to distinguish the races of men from each other. It has been maintained, for example, that the form of the pelvis differs so much in the European and the Negro, as to constitute a valid distinction between the two races; and that different races have *their* characteristic pelves; some light, some heavy, some with an oval opening, some with a round aperture, some approaching the quadrilateral form, and some being wedged-shaped. But the careful and extended comparisons of those eminent anat-

mists, the Professors Weber of Bonn, have shown that the real facts regarding the configuration of the pelvis are precisely analogous to those relating to the conformation of the cranium. No one form is assignable to any particular nation or group of nations, as a constant distinctive character; but specimens of each kind are found in the same races. At the same time, particular types are more common than others in particular races, a certain relation being discernible between the prevalent form of the pelvic cavity and that of the cranium. So the "cucumber shin," broad flat foot, and projecting heel, which are popularly regarded as typical characters of the Negro race, are found, upon a more extended survey, to belong chiefly to that small proportion of it with which we happen to be most familiar, and to disappear wherever the cranium is more elevated. Even among the Guinea-coast Negroes, and their immediate descendants, individuals are occasionally found whose persons might be taken as models of symmetry and vigor: witness the celebrated athlete, a cast of whose body is conspicuously displayed in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of London. Such facts put a negative on the popular notion of the permanency of characters of this kind; on which assumption, however, the doctrine of the original diversity of the Negro and European races always has proceeded.

There is probably no evidence of original diversity of race, which is so generally and unhesitatingly relied upon, as that derived from the *color of the skin* and the *character of the hair*. That the Ethiopian should change his hue, is by many considered to be as impossible as that the sun should rise in the west. And the retention of the characteristic hue of a race in the descendants of individuals who have long since migrated into a temperate climate, is continually appealed to as a triumphant argument in favor of a position, which, it is maintained, is conformable alike to the teachings of history and to every-day observation. Nothing is easier than to give a plausible aspect to this opinion; but it will not, we think, stand the test of a searching examination, any better than the doctrine of the restriction of particular conformations of the cranium to particular races. Let us proceed, then, to discuss it in the same manner; considering, in the first place, whether characters derived from the skin and hair are at the present time so *constantly* presented by different races, as to be capable of being em-

ployed for the purpose of scientific definition; and secondly, whether history, when carefully interrogated, really sanctions the idea that the hue of any race is permanent and unalterable—or whether there are not examples to the contrary, in which a decided change has taken place. Before we enter, however, upon this inquiry, it may be proper to submit a few general considerations upon the structure of the coloring tissue of the animal skin, and upon the value of color as a zoological character.

We are accustomed to say that color is “only skin-deep:” but in point of fact it is *not even skin-deep*; for it does not reach the true skin, being entirely confined to the epidermis or scarf-skin. It was formerly supposed that, between the true skin and scarf-skin, there lay a proper coloring layer, to which the term *rete mucosum* was given; and it was imagined that this layer was greatly developed in the dark-skinned races, but nearly wanting in those of fair complexion. This account of it, however, when submitted to the test of microscopic inquiry, has been found to be totally incorrect.

If Voltaire is to be believed, no well-informed person, formerly, passed by Leyden, without seeing a part of the black membrane (the *reticulum mucosum*) of a Negro, dissected by the celebrated *Ruysch*: the other part had been carried away to Petersburg by Peter the Great. Their error, however, is now universally admitted. The “*rete mucosum*” has been discovered to be nothing but the latest layer of epidermis, the inner surface of which is continually being renewed as the exterior is worn away, just like the bark of a tree. There is no distinct coloring layer, it appears, either in the fair or the dark-skinned races; the peculiar hue of the latter depending upon the presence of coloring matter in the cells of the epidermis itself. Now, that this coloring matter may be generated even in the fairest skins, under the influence of light and warmth, we have a familiar proof in the summer freckle, which is nothing else than a *local* production of that which in some races is *general*. Persons who have been much exposed to the direct rays of the sun, become “tanned” or “sunburnt” in like manner, owing to the formation of coloring particles in the cells of the epidermis, which are usually almost colorless. The face and hands, for instance, frequently undergo a considerable alteration in hue, while the parts of the body, which are habitually covered, retain their original

fairness. The effect of such exposure varies, besides, according to the complexion of the individual. Fair skins become of a reddish brown; and those in which there was previously any tinge of a black or swarthy hue (such as we often meet with in individuals even of the fairest races, in whose veins there is not the slightest intermixture of Negro blood,) become much more swarthy. While the influence of light is perceived to be greatly modified by the complexion of the individual, the complexion itself is sensibly liable to variation within the limits of families—much more, therefore, of races. This is a matter of familiar observation; two children of the same parents being frequently the one a *blonde*, the other a *brunette*. Further, it is not uncommon to find, in individuals of the fair races, large patches of the surface almost as deeply colored as the skin of the Negro. On the other hand, *albinoism*, that is, the total absence of color in the skin, is occasionally seen in dark races as well as fair. A curious case lately fell under our cognizance in which both these aberrations were combined—the hue of the skin, naturally rather swarthy, had been becoming darker for some years; but there were light patches on the face and body, in which there was a total absence of pigment; whilst, as if to compensate for these, peculiarly dark patches came out elsewhere. As the existence of colorless patches on the face produced a disagreeable disfigurement, an attempt was made to re-excite the chromatogenous function by stimulating applications. The attempt, however, was unfortunately rather *too* successful; for although the parts thus treated at first assumed the hue of the general surface, they did not remain in that state, but became in the end of the color of the spots which were previously the most deeply tinged.

These facts will suffice to prove that any distinctions drawn from a character so superficial, and so little liable to modification from external circumstances, as the hue of the skin, must be received with great caution. This is well known to the naturalist, who entirely discards it in every case in which the least tendency to spontaneous variation is shown. It is quite true that there are instances in which he considers it a sufficient indication of permanent diversity of race, that is, of distinctness of species; for example, there are many butterflies and moths which can scarcely be distinguished from each other by any other character than

the form, situation, and color of certain spots upon their wings. But these spots are found to be *constantly* present—to have precisely the same form, situation, and color—and not to show the least disposition to variation of type. They become, therefore, from their permanence, as positive indications of original diversity of race, as other criteria are allowed to be. But look at any of our domesticated animals, in which the color of the skin or its appendages is disposed to variation—the horse, for instance. We there see diversities much greater than those which are relied on as distinctive characters among moths and butterflies; but these differences are so far from being constant, that they spring up among individuals which are known to be descendants of the same parentage; they are, therefore, utterly valueless as evidences of breeds. In fact, any approach to permanence which they may possess, is entirely due to the agency of man in matching like with like; for all the races of wild horses with which we are acquainted, whether known to be descendants of domesticated ancestors or not, present one uniform brown hue.

To which of these two cases then has that of the human races the most resemblance? Are there definite hues or markings, which are characteristic of all the individuals of particular races, and which are regularly transmitted from parent to offspring? Or do we find such a variation in this respect, among tribes or families known or presumed to have had a common parentage, as prevents any such line of demarcation from being drawn? To this question we shall endeavor, with Dr. Prichard's assistance, to give a satisfactory reply.

The problem may be thus stated. Given, a fair and ruddy specimen of the so-called Caucasian race, a jet-black Negro, a swarthy Malay, an olive Mongolian, and a copper-colored American Indian; let it be determined—whether their hues are typical of their respective races; or whether such varieties of color may not be communicated to all, as to destroy the value of the distinctive character founded upon complexion.

The nations, whose agreement in cranial conformation has caused them to be associated together under the general designation Caucasian, are very naturally arranged under two groups, differing from one another, but agreeing among themselves, in the fundamental peculiarities of their language. They are sometimes designated as the Semitic and Japetic nations; but Dr. Prichard much

more appropriately, in our apprehension, terms them the Syro-Arabian and the Indo-European—names which at once indicate the nature of the subdivision. The former of these groups seems to have had its original seat in South-western Asia; but is now much more widely extended. For it seems to have diffused itself at a very remote period over Northern Africa, which has been again colonized from the parent stock at various subsequent times; and one of its offsets, the Jewish nation, has spread itself over a large portion of the habitable world. The Atlantic region of Northern Africa comprises the elevated country, mountainous in some parts, stretching from the Great Desert to the shores of the Mediterranean. Notwithstanding the subsequent admixture of foreign elements, the remains of the language of its earlier inhabitants are sufficiently distinct to have enabled Prof. Newman to class it among the primitive branches of the Syro-Arabian or Semitic group, coëval with the ancient Syrian, the Phœnician, &c. In this case, we can scarcely do otherwise than regard the people who speak dialects of this ancient Berber language—and who correspond in general bodily configuration, not only with each other, but with the other branches of the same stock—as forming part of the Syro-Arabian group. Now among the Kabyles of Algiers and Tunis, the Tuaryks of Sahara, the Shelahs or mountaineers of Southern Morocco, and other people of the same race, there are very considerable differences of complexion. In fact, there is perhaps no better example anywhere to be met with of the influence exercised by climate, and by tendency to spontaneous variation, in modifying the complexion. For the particulars to be inquired into in their case occur not only within a very limited range of country, but among races connected by the closest affinities of language, and who agree also in every other important physical character. Although the Kabyles in general have a swarthy hue and dark hair, the tribe of Mozabi is described by Mr. Hodgson as remarkably white; and the lofty table-land called Mount Aurasius is inhabited by a tribe so fair and ruddy, and with hair of so deep a yellow, that they have been supposed (though without any adequate foundation) to be a colony of Teutonic origin. On the other hand, some of the Tuaryk tribes bordering on the Great Desert, have a complexion as black as that of the darkest negro.

Similar varieties of color obtain in other

branches of the Syro-Arabian stock. All travellers who have visited the high lands of Arabia represent the inhabitants as having light complexions, their eyes being often blue and their hair red. The Arabs near Muscat are of a sickly yellow hue; those of the neighborhood of Mecca are of a yellowish brown; whilst those of the low countries bordering on the Nile are almost jet black. Mr. Buckingham noticed that the Arabs of the valley of the Jordan, a region of very constant and intense heat, had darker skins as well as flatter features and coarser hair, than he had seen elsewhere; and in the Haïran, a district beyond the Jordan, he met with a family who had Negro features, a deep black complexion, and crisped hair, of whose pure Arab descent he was nevertheless assured.

It would be easy to multiply proofs to the same effect; but we shall satisfy ourselves with adverting to the case of the Jewish nation, which—though frequently appealed to by the advocates of the permanence of complexion and other physical characters—really tells the other way, when fully stated. This case is particularly satisfactory, on account of the evidence of general purity of descent through a long succession of generations, during which the scattered residence of the race has subjected its members to a great variety of external conditions. Now, although the descendants of Abraham are still generally recognizable by certain peculiarities of physiognomy, we find a great variety of complexion among them. In this country blue eyes and flaxen hair are not unfrequent; but a light brunette hue with black hair is most common. In Germany and Poland, the ordinary complexion is more florid, with blue eyes and red hair. On the other hand, the Jews of Portugal are very dark; while those who have been settled from very remote times in Cochin and the interior of Malabar, are so black as not to be distinguishable by their complexion from the native inhabitants. Thus it may be stated as a general proposition, that the complexion of the Jews tends to assimilate itself to that of any nation in which their residence has been sufficiently prolonged; while of this assimilation, the introduction of a small amount of extraneous blood does not by any means afford an adequate explanation. It is a curious circumstance that there is at Mattacheri, a town of Cochin, a particular colony of Jews which arrived at a comparatively late date in that country, and which are called Jerusalem or White Jews. That they

have not yet been blackened by the tropical light and heat, shows that *time* is in this case a necessary condition.

If we turn to the Indo-European branch of the Caucasian stock, we encounter a series of analogous phenomena. Passing from the mouth of the Ganges to the British Islands, not only does the same general type of cranial conformation everywhere re-appear; but a fundamental conformity in the languages of the various nations, as well as the concurrent testimony of their history and traditions, all indicate an early connection. Whatever may be thought of certain exceptional cases, no ethnologist of repute now disputes the eastern origin of the great body of the population of Europe. Here, then, we have a most striking example of variation of color among the descendants of one common stock; for the complexion of the Hindoo does not less differ from that of a Scandinavian, than does that of the Negro; indeed, there is every shade of gradation interposed between the fair hair and blue eyes of the inhabitant of Northern Europe, and the jet black of the dweller in the plains of India. Even if the common origin of the Hindoo and the Germanic and other European nations should be disputed, (which, however, cannot be attempted without overthrowing the whole fabric of modern philology,) it will be easy to show that similar variations are generated within much narrower limits. Thus among the Hindoo nation alone, we find the most marked diversities of complexion; some are as black as Negroes, some are of a copper color, others little darker than the inhabitants of Southern Europe, and others have actually fair complexions with blue eyes, and auburn or even red hair. These diversities appear to be connected with two sets of conditions, as their operating causes. The first place must be assigned to the marked differences of climate, which prevail betwixt the mountainous elevations of Kashmir or Kafiristan, and the low plains bordering the great rivers of India. But the distinction of castes is scarcely of secondary consequence; since it perpetuates the same modes of life in particular families from generation to generation, and also tends to render permanent any variety that may spontaneously spring up, and to restrain it within the limits of the caste in which it occurs. The high-caste people of the northern and more elevated parts of India are remarkable for the fairness of their complexions; while the Affghans, descended from the Median stock, and speaking a dialect derived from the an-

cient Zend, contain within their passes every variety of complexion, from that of the dark Indian to that of the fair European.

It is obvious, accordingly, that it is impossible to regard the hue of the skin as a sufficient test of the Caucasian race; since, whatever we may assume to be its typical complexion, that type is subject to every kind and degree of modification. The Arabs, the Berbers, the Jews, the Hindoos, the Affghans, and numerous other tribes that might be cited, exhibit many such modifications among themselves, not to mention those which distinguish them from each other; when the European nations are added to the list, the contrast becomes still more striking.

Let us next examine the African nations. Here, it may perhaps be said, no such variety embarrasses us: blackness, with a reddish or yellowish tinge, being the universal hue of the Ethiopian race. Such an assertion, however, would only exhibit the very limited information of the rash ethnologist who should hazard it; for no fact is better established, than that of great diversity of complexion among the different inhabitants of this great continent. Some of the Kafir tribes, among which we frequently meet with high foreheads and prominent noses, have also light brown complexions and reddish hair; yet there is no ground whatever for attributing to them an origin distinct from that of the proper Negro races, with which they are connected in different degrees of affinity. There are tribes even upon the Gold and Slave coasts, considerably lighter than ordinary Negroes. The Hottentot has a large admixture of yellow in his complexion; whilst the Fúláhs of Central Africa are of a dark copper color.

The widest departure from the ordinary Negro complexion is shown in the African nations who border on the Red Sea. Little was known of them prior to the French expedition into Egypt; much information, however, has been gained since, especially by M. d'Abbadie. They exhibit specialties on the one hand, which approximate closely to the Negro type; though in other respects, more particularly in the hue of their skin, the severance is complete:—so that they evidently constitute a series of links between the Negro and the ancient Egyptian race. This gradual transition has been attributed by writers who regard the ancient Egyptians as of Caucasian origin, to an intermixture of races from neighboring confines. But M. d'Abbadie, a most careful observer, expressly states that these intermediate tribes are

certainly *not* Mulattoes, having none of the characters of mixed races. On the contrary, they are each of them distinguished by the characteristic physical features and peculiarities of language, which mark them out as races distinct from the Negroes on the one hand, and from the white races on the other; though they possess at the same time points of resemblance to both. Here, as elsewhere, the lightest complexions and a superior physical conformation characterize the inhabitants of the highlands; whilst the dwellers on the low plains beneath the same latitudes approach nearer to the true Negroes of their neighborhood, not merely in the blackness of their skin, but in the thickness of their lips, the flatness of their noses, and the crispness of their hair.

We must not allow ourselves to be detained by the evidence collected by Dr. Prichard respecting the physical characters of the ancient Egyptians. The conclusion to which it conducts him is a conviction—that the ancient Egyptians were so closely allied to the Negro race, that the origin of both was probably the same. The complexion of the ancient Egyptians, as represented by their own artists, seems to have been of a red copper or light chocolate color, and to have resembled the present complexion of the reddest of the Fúláh and Kafir tribes. Their peculiar physiognomy has been transmitted to us still better, perhaps, in their sculptures: where it is at once recognized as much more African than Arabian: the Negro features being only an exaggeration of it. We shall hereafter see that this conclusion is strengthened by philological considerations.

Complexion, therefore, must be admitted to be no such definite distinction as can sever the Negro races from other branches of the human family. Nor will the character of their hair be found more conclusive; though it has been asserted by some to be a more lasting, and therefore more trustworthy, criterion—so much so, that the African nations have been collectively termed “woolly-haired.” Now, it is clearly proved by microscopic examination, that the hair of the Negro is not wool; and that its intimate structure differs from that of the fairer races, solely in the greater quantity of pigmentary matter contained in its interior—as is the case with jet-black hair in our own country. The crisp, twisted growth of Negro hair is the only sign by which it can be really separated from the straight and flowing hair of Europeans. But a little consideration will show the futility of attempting to separate

racés on distinctions, which do not exceed such variations as may be observed within the limits of any single race. For instance, among the African nations, some have a dark complexion, and are conformable in other respects to the Negro type, yet at the same time have long flowing hair. On the other hand, there are many Europeans, having no admixture of Negro blood, with hair so crisp and frizzled as almost to deserve the epithet of woolly. But supposing the difference to be as great and constant as is commonly represented, it would still be by no means sufficient to establish a diversity of origin. For the zoologist knows that he can place little reliance upon characters derived from the hairy covering, they are so *peculiarly* liable to variation under climatic influences. Thus the sheep of one of the valleys of the Andes, descended from those originally introduced by the Spaniards, bear wool in the first instance, and continue to do so if regularly shorn. If neglected, however, the wool forms a large tufted mass, which finally breaks off in shaggy portions; and beneath is found, not fresh wool, nor a naked and diseased skin, but a short fine hair, shining and smooth, like that of the goat in its best state: and this remains permanently, the wool never reappearing.

On instituting a similar comparison between the complexions of the various branches and offsets of the *Mongolian* race, it will appear that, although an admixture of yellow is one of its most constant characters, yet this may co-exist with many other shades, and may even disappear altogether. Thus, in the remains of the aboriginal tribes of India, still existing in the hilly regions of the north, in the Deccan, and especially in Ceylon,—all of which appear from the characters of their language, their peculiar customs, and their traditions, to be descendants of the Northern Asiatic, rather than of the Hindoo or Arian stock,—we find a variety of shades of complexion; and this even within the limits of the same nation. For example, the Cinghalese are described by Dr. Davy as varying in color from light brown to black; the prevalent hue of their hair and eyes is black, but hazel eyes and brown hair are not very uncommon; gray eyes and red hair are occasionally seen, though rarely; and sometimes the light-blue or red eye and light flaxen hair of the Albino. Dr. Davy, in describing such a one, remarks that her complexion would scarcely be considered peculiar in England, certainly not in Norway; for her eyes were light blue,

and not particularly weak, her hair of the color that usually accompanies such eyes, and her complexion rather rosy. "It is easy to conceive," he adds, "that an accidental variety of this kind might propagate, and that the white race of mankind is sprung from such an accidental variety. The Indians are of this opinion; and there is a tradition or story among them in which this origin is assigned to us." This tendency towards a fair and even florid complexion, with light blue eyes and bushy hair, can be traced in several other nations of the same type, such as the Mantchoos in China, and also among the Chinese themselves. On the other hand, the hardy Samoiedes, Tungusians, and others living on the borders of the Icy Sea, have a dirty brown or swarthy complexion. A scantiness of hair, we may observe, is generally found in company with the Mongolian type; yet there are tribes having all the other characters conformable, and speaking languages obviously derived from the same stock, whose hair and beard are long and bushy.

If we pass on to the Oceanic races, any attempt to employ the characters of the skin and hair as a means of distinguishing them from the other supposed primary stocks, must utterly fail, so great and so numerous are the diversities. Thus the Malays of the eastern Archipelago, who resemble the Chinese in features and general conformation, are of darker color; retaining, however, somewhat of a yellow tinge in their complexion. This comes out very strongly in the natives of the Caroline Islands, whose aspect is decidedly Mongolian, and whose complexion is of a citron hue, although it becomes brown by exposure. The Tahitians and Marquesans—especially in the families of their chiefs, which are secluded from the wind and sun—exhibit a clear olive or brunette complexion, such as is common among the nations of Central and Southern Europe; and the hair, though generally black, is sometimes brown, auburn, or even red or flaxen. The Hawaii or Sandwich Islanders are somewhat darker, and their hair is frequently crisp and frizzled. The New Zealanders and Ombai islanders present remarkable varieties of complexion, as well as of general conformation; some of them being tall, well-formed, and comparatively fair, whilst others are dark or almost black, and inferior in stature and figure. Yet there is no sufficient reason for supposing in either of these cases a mixed descent; or for surmising that they have a different parentage from

each other, or from the fairer races of other islands. Of the inhabitants of Madagascar, little is known as yet with any certainty; but it appears that some of them approximate towards the Malayan type, others towards the Negro. The probability of an admixture of race is here obviously considerable.

But besides the Malayan Polynesians, whose affinity to each other and to the Mongolian stock can scarcely be doubted, there are others whose settlement in particular islands seems to have been of much older date, and whose physical characters have a much nearer resemblance to those of the Negro. These tribes are described as ferocious and sullen, of savage and menacing aspect, averse to intercourse with strangers, exceeding in ugliness the most ill-favored brood of the African forests, and rivalling them in the sooty blackness of their complexion. Some of them have the woolly hair of the Negroes of Guinea; but others have long straight locks which may be compared to those of the Esquimaux or Algonquins; while many astonish the beholder with their broad, bushed-out, and frizzly periwigs, reaching to the circumference of three feet, by which they obtained from Dampier the epithet of "mop-headed Papuas." The headquarters of these "Pelagian Negroes," as Dr. Prichard calls them, are the insulated countries which lie around Australia. In some of these they constitute the sole population; but wherever the Malayan races have established themselves, the blacker tribes have been either exterminated or driven into the mountain fastnesses of the interior. The relation of these people to the genuine Malayo-Polynesian race is difficult to determine, in consequence of our almost total ignorance of the language of the former. But there are many circumstances which lead to the belief of their common origin, and especially this:—In several of the islands peopled by the Malayo-Polynesian stock, the complexion of the mass of the people, who are continually exposed to the influence of the sun and air, grows darker, the features ugly, and the hair somewhat crisp, with a decided approach towards the Pelagian Negro type. Yet among the very same people, the superior caste, who pass their days in ease, and are carefully sheltered from the tropical sun, have a fair complexion and an almost European cast of features. All intelligent persons who have long resided in the islands of the Pacific, under circumstances favorable to accurate investigation, appear to have come to the conclusion, that these dif-

ferences can only be accounted for by the diversified agency of climate and physical influences on the different branches of a race originally the same. If color be once adopted as a test of separate origin, we must suppose that tribes speaking the same language, having the same customs and traditions, and closely related in general conformation, sprang, nevertheless, from ancestors who had no relation to each other; and we must assign a distinct pair to almost every island or group of islands, and in some instances even two or more pairs to a single island.

Lastly, in regard to the *American* nations, it is sufficient to remark that the appellation "red men" is by no means characteristic; for, not only are tribes elsewhere found, at least equally deserving of it, but it is not applicable to a large proportion of the population of the continent of America. Although some of the North American Indians are copper-colored, some are as fair as many Europeans; others are of a brown or yellow complexion, and others nearly, if not quite, as black as the Negroes of Africa. Here also, therefore, we should be forced into the supposition of a large number of primitive stocks in near vicinity to each other, were so much authority to be attributed to color as to allow it to conclusively establish the separate origins of *any* races of mankind.

We have already adverted to examples in which there existed historical proof, or at least adequate presumption, of an actual *change* in the prevalent hue of a people, within a certain tract of time; we may adduce a few more instances by way of confirmation. The Barabra or Berberines of the higher parts of the Nile appear, from the most careful researches that have been made into their history, to be the descendants of the Nobatae, who were brought fifteen centuries ago from an oasis in the western country, by Diocletian, to inhabit the valley of the Nile. The particular district, out of which they issued, appears to have been Kordofan; the present inhabitants of which, true Negroes, still preserve and speak the Barabra language. The Berberines live on the banks of the Nile; and wherever there is any soil they plant date trees, set up wheels for irrigation, and sow dhourra and leguminous plants. At Cairo, where many of them resort, they are prized for their honesty. Now, this advance in civilization has been accompanied by a considerable change in complexion: for their present physiognomy and hue of skin are

very similar to those of the ancient Egyptians: their hair, too, is long and slightly crisp, without being woolly. This alteration cannot be set down to any intermixture with the Arabs or other inhabitants of the Nile valley, from whom the Berberines keep themselves distinct. In like manner the Funge, who made themselves masters of Sennaar about three centuries ago, although originally Negroes of the Shilúkh nation, no longer present the physiognomy or complexion of that race, but much more nearly approach the Berberines. There appears in both cases to be a special tendency towards a red complexion, and even red hair; and among the Funge the individuals thus distinguished are stated to form a separate caste, being known under the name of "El Akmar," or "the red people." In Northern India, again, there are tribes of mountaineers descended from families which migrated at remote periods from the plains of Hindostan to high tracts in the Himalaya, especially towards the sources of the sacred rivers. Many of these have so far departed from the ordinary Hindoo aspect as to have acquired a fair complexion, with blue eyes, and auburn or red hair. The most complete change, however, seems to have taken place in the Siah-Pôsh. They speak a dialect of the Sanskrit, (which is no longer the spoken language of any part of India,) and are acquainted with only the simplest form of Hindoo mythology;—they may be assumed, therefore, to have separated from the main stock at a very early period. According to the information obtained by Mount Stuart Elphinstone, and Sir A. Burnes, the Siah-Pôsh are a people of exquisite beauty, with regular Grecian features, blue eyes, arched eye-brows, and fair complexion; they have no resemblance to the Affghan or Cashmirian people near whom they dwell.

We have thus shown, that however easy it may be to select a certain number of individuals from the various races, and to set them up as typical forms, it is utterly futile to attempt to make any general classification of races according to such forms. There is no single distinctive character common to all those tribes, whose general agreement would nevertheless require their association in any such system of classification; and there is none so permanent as to be incapable of undergoing modification in course of time, either from inherent tendency to spontaneous variation, or from the influence of external conditions.

A general view of the phenomena belong-

ing to the various complexions of the human race must compel us to admit, to a very considerable extent, the influence of climate among the causes of these varieties. Thus it is only in the intertropical regions, and in the countries bordering upon them, that we meet with the greatest depth of color in the skin; and all the nations inhabiting those regions have an inclination to complete blackness, which may, however, be kept in check by other circumstances. The two other conditions which seem to have the greatest modifying influence, next to geographical position, are elevation above the sea-level, and the degree of humidity in the atmosphere. In botanical geography, elevation is considered an equivalent to removal towards the nearest pole; and it has obviously the same effect on human complexion as on the growth of plants—the inhabitants of mountainous districts being almost always fairer than those of the plains at their base. On the influence of humidity much stress is laid by M. D'Orbigny and Sir R. Schomburgh, each of whom has made the remark, as the result of personal and independent observation on the inhabitants of the New World, that people who live under the damp shade of dense and lofty forests are comparatively fair; whilst those exposed to solar heat in dry and open spaces are of a much deeper hue.

It must be admitted that the relation between climate and color is not *perfectly* uniform; but it is at least as uniform as the relation between color and race;—that is, the difference of shade among different families of nations which have been exposed sufficiently long to the same climatic influences, is not greater than that which presents itself among individuals of the same nation. It would seem that, among the greater number of dark-skinned nations, there is a greater variety of complexion than is found in those of fairer hue. We have already noticed this, when speaking of the inhabitants of New Zealand: and the following quotation from Bishop Heber's journal shows the amount of variety existing among the Hindoos. He remarks, on landing, "The great difference in color betwixt different natives struck me much. Of the crowd by whom we were surrounded, some were as black as Negroes, others merely copper-colored, and others little darker than the Tunisines whom I have seen in Liverpool. Mr. Mill, the Principal of the Bishop's College, who came down to meet me, and who has seen more of India

than most men, tells me that he cannot account for this difference, which is general throughout the country, and everywhere striking. It is not merely the difference of exposure, since this variety is visible in the fishermen, who are naked all alike. Nor does it depend on caste, since very high-caste Brahmins are sometimes black, while Pariahs are comparatively fair. It seems, therefore, to be an accidental difference, like that of light and dark complexions in Europe; though, where so much of the body is exposed to light, it becomes more striking here than in our own country."

We have seen that the Arab, living in the country of the Negro, becomes of Negro blackness; that the Negro, dwelling on the banks of the Nile, presents the dark red tinge of the ancient Egyptian; that the Jew, transplanted into the northern regions of Europe, has the original swarthy complexion of his race replaced by a fair and even a florid hue, whilst another offset of the same stock rivals in blackness the Hindoos among whom he dwells; that the Hindoo, when he migrates to the high lands of the Himalaya range, becomes, in process of time, as fair as the Europeans who have come thither from the far North; that the nations proved by affinities of language to be descendants of the great Arian stock, which has dispersed itself through every variety of climate, admit of every variety of color; and that equal and similar varieties abound among the members of other groups of nations, (*e. g.* the American and the Polynesian) whose geographical distribution and linguistic affinities afford a strong presumption of a common origin. We cannot conceive that any candid person can weigh this mass of evidence, without coming to the conclusion that the most extreme differences of complexion are unsafe indications of an original distinctness of race; and that these differences owe their origin far more to the prolonged influence of external physical conditions, than to any other assignable causes. And we thus arrive at the same result to which we were led by a comparison of the cranial conformation of the different races.

The general propositions, then, which we feel entitled to deduce from these premises, are as follows:—First, that no such difference exists in the external aspect or internal structure of the different races of men as would justify the assertion of their distinct origin; and second, that although the comparison of the anatomical characters of races

does not furnish any positive evidence of their descent from a common stock, it proves that, even if their stocks *were* originally distinct, there could have been no *essential* difference between them,—the descendants of any one such stock, being able to assume the characters of another.

These conclusions are fully borne out by the *physiological* comparisons instituted by Dr. Prichard, of which, however, we can only notice the leading features. He lays it down, in the first instance, as a general axiom, that the great laws of the vital functions, such as those governing the periods and duration of life, the economy of the sexes, and the phenomena of parturition and reproduction, are, with slight deviations resulting from external agencies, constant and uniform in each particular species; whilst there are usually decided differences in regard to the same peculiarities among races of animals, which, though nearly resembling each other, are yet specifically distinct. This axiom will be admitted, we believe, by all who are competent to form an opinion on the subject; and it is signally confirmed by the careful study of those races of domesticated animals, which are remarkable for the greatest amount of anatomical variation.

Now, taking the average duration of life as the first point of comparison, we find that, whilst there is a marked difference in this respect between man and the highest apes—the full term of existence of the Chimpanzee being stated by M. Lesson at not more than thirty years, and that of inferior species being less—there is absolutely no difference among the several races of mankind; the extreme age of the Negro and American races being at least as great as that of the European; with the same average duration of life under the same circumstances as regards climate, mode of life, &c. This is true also of the period at which the body attains its full development; of that at which the capability of reproduction is first manifested in the female, and of that at which it ceases. The slight differences which are observable as to these particulars among the several races, are not greater than among individuals of the same race or nation under similar climatic influences. The term of gestation, which is one of the most definite of all the periodical phenomena of life, and which frequently differs widely in two species nearly allied to each other, is exactly the same in every one of the human races.

This conclusion derives additional support from the results attending the mixture of races. Dr. Prichard has drawn particular attention to this point, and has placed the question in a somewhat new aspect. He brings together a large number of facts from the domains of zoology and botany, to prove the comparative, if not the absolute, sterility of mules, or hybrids between parents of different species; and the superior vigor and fecundity of hybrids whose parents are merely varieties of one species. According to De Candolle, no hybrids between plants of undoubtedly distinct species can continue the race *by themselves* for more than three or four generations; their capability of more permanent fecundity being dependent on the occasional *crossing* of the race with one of the parent stocks, towards which it gradually returns; so that the hybrid race becomes virtually extinct. It is questioned by Dr. Prichard whether hybrids between animals of undoubtedly distinct species are ever fertile with *each other*, although it is well known that they may become so with either of the parent stocks. On the other hand, it is universally admitted that an intermixture of mere varieties, as in the crossing of the breeds of domesticated animals, tends to the improvement of the race, and is favorable to its perpetuation. He considers that it may be possible in this manner to test the specific identity or difference of two races of plants or animals; any two races that will produce a progeny of equal fertility with themselves being of the same species, whilst those whose progeny falls off in vigor and fecundity are to be regarded as of different species. If this test could be implicitly relied on, the specific identity of all the human races must be at once admitted; since there is ample evidence to show that races of men descended from a mixed parentage are at least equal in vigor and fertility to their parent stocks, and frequently exceed them. But it is fair to say that naturalists are by no means universally agreed on the adoption of this test; there being many who maintain that the limits of hybridity are much wider than Dr. Prichard supposes; and that the fertility of the progeny depends rather upon the general similarity of the parents than upon their *specific* unity. Certain eminent zoologists are even disposed to believe that our domesticated quadrupeds are for the most part hybrid races between parents of different species. On this supposition, our breeds of horses, oxen, sheep, dogs, cats, &c., are

not, as is commonly supposed, descended from single wild stocks now for the most part lost sight of, but have had several original stocks, whose traces are still discoverable. Hence we feel that it would be unwise to lay much stress upon this particular argument; though whatever weight it possesses must go into the scale of original unity.

Following the order we have indicated, we shall now pass to that department of our survey which embraces the *Psychical* characters of the different races of mankind:—in our apprehension, the most important part of the whole inquiry; but which no ethnologist till Dr. Prichard had thought worthy of a systematic investigation. The capaciousness of the skulls of the Negro and European has been measured and compared; but little account has been taken of the workings of the brains which they contained. The color of the skin, the flatness or projection of the nose, the lankness or crispness of the hair, the straightness or curvature of the limbs, have been scrutinized and contrasted; as if these alone constituted the proper description of man: though it is surely in the psychical character and its manifestations that the attributes of humanity peculiarly consist.

The tests by which we recognize the claims of the outcast and degraded of our own country to a common humanity, are surely the same by which we should estimate the true relation of the Negro, the Bushman, or the Australian savage, to the cultivated European. We must not judge of their capabilities solely by their manner of life, however wretched that may be; since this is often forced upon them by external circumstances. Nor have we any right to pronounce them incapable of entertaining any particular class of ideas, simply because we cannot find the traces of these in their existing forms of expression. It is only when such people have been attentively studied—not by a passing traveller, who, though he may pick up a little of their language, sees little of their inner life—but by a resident who has made it his business to become, as far as possible, one of themselves, and has succeeded in gaining acquaintance with habits which a jealous reserve would conceal, and ideas which the imperfections of language render most difficult of transmission—that we have any right to affirm what they *are*; and even this amount of information affords little

means of judging what they may *become*. It will be only when the effect of education, intellectual, moral, and religious, has been fairly tested, that we shall be entitled to speak of any essential and constant difference between ourselves and the most degraded being clothed in the human form. It will only be when the influence of perfect equality in civilization and in social position has been ineffectually brought to bear on them for several consecutive generations, that we shall be entitled to say, of the Negro or any other race, that it is separated by an "impassable barrier" from those which arrogate to themselves an inalienable superiority in intellectual and moral endowments. All our present knowledge on this subject tends rather to show that no such barrier exists; and that there is a real community of psychical characters among all the races of men; the differences in the degree of their positive and relative development not being greater than those which exist in the history or in the varieties of our own race. And we may add, that, in almost every instance, the more we learn concerning any particular nation or tribe reputed to present the meanest possible aspect of humanity, the more we generally have to recede from the harshness of our first impressions. This has been found especially to be the case with regard to the aborigines of Australia. They were supposed to be at the bottom of the scale, not merely as regards their physical condition, but to be deficient in their intellectual and their moral feelings, and to want even the rudiments of any religious impression. More intimate acquaintance with them, however, has fully proved the fallacy of such statements. It is remarkable, too, that they possess many singular institutions, more resembling those of the North American Indians than of any other nation known to us. One great obstruction to the improvement of their social state is said to consist (as in a certain other country nearer home) in the great complexity of their landed tenure—the perverted ingenuity of which would do credit, it is said, to the genius of an astute lawyer.

The examination of the psychical endowments of the several races of mankind is pursued by Dr. Prichard through a great variety of interesting and instructive details, into which, however, we have no longer room to enter. We must, therefore, content ourselves with laying before our readers a pretty full account of one of his most striking illustrations.

The example which we select is that of the Bushmen of South Africa; a race which many ethnologists regard as the most degraded of the human species; and which some have thought so far below the level of the real Japetic man, as not even to be worth making slaves of! Their language has been said to consist only of a few guttural tones, and to be capable of expressing but few ideas; and they themselves to be all but incapable of reasoning. Without houses or even huts, they live in caves and holes, naked and half-starved savages; and wander through forests in small companies or separate families, hardly supporting a miserable existence on wild roots, the eggs of ants, lizards, snakes, and the most loathsome insects. They are horribly filthy in their personal habits, and their only enjoyment is smoking. They are said, indeed, to make no use of fire, except for the purpose of lighting their pipes; and they eat the most unclean food without even taking the trouble to wash it. We can scarcely feel surprised, then, that those writers who search for indications of approximation between mankind and the inferior animals, should have found in these wretched Bushmen a plain link of connection.

There is ample evidence, however, that the Bushmen are a degraded caste of the Hottentot race. They agree with the Hottentots in all the peculiarities of physiognomy, cranial conformation, &c., by which the latter are characterized; and a careful comparison of the languages of the two races has shown that there is an essential affinity between them. Still more satisfactory proof of this is derived from historical testimony. The process of the conversion of Hottentots into Bushmen—the change of a mild, confiding, and unenterprising race of shepherds, wandering about in large societies with their flocks and herds, into fierce, suspicious, and vindictive savages, who issue from the fastnesses of their rocky deserts only to plunder and destroy—has been witnessed even within the present generation, as the result of the encroachments of the European colonists on the one side, and of the Kafirs on the other. Hence some persons have attributed the origin of the Bushman race entirely to the oppressions to which certain Hottentot tribes had been subjected at the hands of their more civilized neighbors; and have dated it, in fact, from the time of the first settlement of Europeans at the Cape of Good Hope. This appears, however, from the reports of Dr. Andrew Smith, who was

engaged by the colonial government, during his long residence in South Africa, to undertake a journey of investigation into the interior of Hottentot-land and Kafiristan, not to be strictly true. The numbers of the Bushmen will have been augmented from time to time by various conquered and reduced tribes of Hottentots resorting to the wandering hordes of their vicinity; yet the first separation of the two races took place at a remote period, probably long antecedent to the arrival of the first colonists at the Cape. According to Dr. Smith, almost all the South African tribes who have made any advances in civilization, are surrounded by more barbarous hordes, whose abodes are in the wilderness and in the fastnesses of mountains and forests, and who constantly recruit their numbers by such fugitives as crime and destitution may have driven from their own more honest and thriving communities. Thus the Kafirs have their Bushmen, as well as the Hottentots; although it is only the outcasts of the latter who are known to the Cape colonists.

Notwithstanding what has been just stated of the fundamental affinities between the Bushman and Hottentot languages, there is so great a difference in their vocabularies as to have given an apparent sanction to the idea of their complete dissociation. Of this difference, however, Dr. Smith has been able to give a satisfactory account. He states that many of the Bushman hordes vary their speech designedly, by affecting a singular mode of utterance, and even adopt new words in order to render their meaning unintelligible to all but the members of their own community. This modified dialect is more or less understood by the population belonging to each Bushman tribe; but not by the Hottentots, or by persons who know only the common language of the race. The clapping noise occasioned by the various motions of the tongue, which is characteristic of the Hottentot language, occurs still more frequently among the Bushmen; they, indeed, often use it so incessantly, as to seem to be giving utterance to a jargon consisting of an uninterrupted succession of claps.

It is justly remarked by Dr. Prichard that these curious facts are valuable as bearing on other ethnological questions.

"The fact of a tribe of people in a better condition, and looking upon themselves as of higher caste and dignity, having in its vicinity hordes of a lower state, a *mlechas*, or 'mixed multitude,' descended probably from refugees and outcasts, and more or less mingled with foreigners and vag-

abonds from various quarters, is a thing likely to have occurred in other parts of the world besides South Africa; and the supposition of its existence may tend to explain many phenomena in history or ethnology. In India, for example, it cannot be doubted that many a tribe of obscure origin living beyond the limits, or on the outskirts of civilized communities, owes its existence, in a great part at least, to the shelter which woods and fastnesses and mountainous tracts afford, from time to time, to persons whose character and habits of life are such as to unfit them for the observation of laws, and for submission to regal and priestly ordinances." (Appendix to Natural History of Mankind, p. 598.)

There are many instances in ancient history of tribes who were probably of kindred origin with their masters, being reduced and kept in a state of vassalage for many generations, and treated with the greatest cruelty. The enslavement of the Helots by the Spartans will occur to every one. In like manner the ancient Slavonian race was long held in servile subjection to the Sarmatæ; but having been armed for the defence of their common country against the Goths, they finally turned their arms against their domestic tyrants and expelled them. Among the ancient Egyptians, as Dr. Prichard observes, there was probably a large population of mixed races, besides the pure castes of the Egyptian stock;—a supposition which will enable us to account for many varieties of statement in ancient descriptions of the Egyptians, and in the physical traits of mummies,—while the national type, as represented by paintings and sculptures, is strikingly uniform. Dr. Prichard finds another analogy in the case of the Lappes of Northern Europe, who may have originally borne the same relation to the Finns in their vicinity as the Bushmen bear to the present Hottentots. A similar or even greater difference, at least in bulk and stature, is pointed out between the small and meagre Bedouins who lead a predatory life in the African desert, and the industrious Fellahs who live by the cultivation of the soil, and who, though of the same race, are comparatively stout and athletic men.

So, again, with regard to the history of languages, the fact that a savage race is known to modify its speech for the purpose of becoming unintelligible to its neighbors, is by no means unimportant. It is impossible to say how many of the apparently original diversities of human speech have had their commencement in a similar cause, and in the voluntary adoption of a new jargon by some small separated community.

The clapping articulation of the Hottentots themselves may have originated wholly from this habit; particularly if, as hinted by Bunsen, the Hottentot language is a degraded dialect of the Kafir. We have specially noticed their case, however, for the sake of observing that the moral disparities, by which it has been sought to exclude the Bushmen from a fellowship with the higher races, constitute on the contrary an affinity between them; since such surely is the case, when Dr. Prichard, in his most recent publication on the subject, mentions a total want of forethought, and a wild desire of revenge, among their most striking characteristics.

Would we could say that recklessness or ferocity were confined to the rude dwellers in the remote deserts of South Africa! Unfortunately there is scarcely a civilized nation, in the very bosom of which there does not exist an outcast population, neither less reckless nor less prone to the fearful indulgence of their worst passions than these miserable Bushmen, and only restrained from breaking loose by external coercion. Their want of forethought is matter of daily lamentation; and as often as the arm of the law is paralyzed, the savage inhabitants of the unknown deserts of our great towns issue from their dens, and rival, in their excesses of wanton cruelty, the most terrible exhibitions of barbarian inhumanity. Now, on the one hand, if we admit the influence of want, ignorance, and neglect, in accounting for the debasement of the savages of our own great towns, and yet cherish the belief that, so far from being irreclaimable, they may at least be brought up to the standard from which they have degenerated; on the other hand, we cannot well doubt the operation of the same causes on the outcasts of the Hottentot races, or refuse to believe that even the wretched Bushmen might be brought back to the condition of the people from among whom they have been driven forth.

Of the Hottentots themselves, however, we are accustomed to entertain a very low estimate; our ideas of them have been chiefly derived from the intercourse of the Cape settlers with the tribes which have been their nearest neighbors, and which have unfortunately undergone that deterioration which is so often found to be the first result of the contact of civilized with comparatively savage nations. From the Dutch writers, however, who described the Hottentots at the time of the first settlement,

we find that they were originally a numerous people, divided into many tribes, under the patriarchal government of chiefs or elders; who wandered about with flocks and herds, associating in communes of three or four hundred persons, living in kraals, or movable villages of huts, which were constructed of poles or boughs covered with rush mats, and taken down and carried about on pack-oxen. They were bold and active in the chase, and courageous in warfare; their general disposition was distinguished by humanity and good nature; and they are particularly extolled as the most faithful servants in the world. Though excessively fond of wine, brandy, and tobacco, they might safely be intrusted with them—neither themselves taking, nor suffering others to take, any such articles when committed to their charge. Their chastity was remarkable—adultery being punished with death. Their besetting sin appears to have been indolence; which prevented them from troubling themselves much about personal cleanliness, or about the cultivation of their minds. Nevertheless, when they could be induced to apply, they made no mean progress. Kolben, a voyager and writer of that date, declares that he has known many of them who were tolerable masters of Dutch, French, and Portuguese; one particularly, who learned English and Portuguese in a very short time; and who having conquered the vicious pronunciation contracted from his native speech, was said by good judges to understand and speak his new languages with surprising readiness and propriety. They were even employed by Europeans in affairs that require judgment and capacity. A Hottentot named Cloos was intrusted by Van der Stel, one of the early governors of the Cape, with carrying on a large trade in cattle with tribes at a great distance, and generally executed his commission with great success.

And yet these are the beings whom it is the fashion with certain classes of writers to represent as little better than improved apes, and as having no sufficient claim to the brotherhood of humanity! We wish that all the members of the Caucasian race manifested an equal degree of improveability with some of these despised Hottentots.

It has been frequently said that the Hottentots differ from the higher races in their incapacity to form or to receive religious ideas. This, however, is by no means true. The authorities to which we have just referred assure us that the Hottentots of their

time had a firm belief in supreme powers both of good and evil, and endeavored to conciliate them (especially the latter) by religious rites. They believed also in the immortality of the soul; but whether they had any distinct idea of future rewards and punishments could not be clearly ascertained. The early endeavors to introduce Christianity among them met with the same obstinate resistance as has been the case in almost every similar instance; and one writer has given as the summing up of his observations, that "the Hottentots seem born with a natural antipathy to all customs, and to every religion, but their own." But it is a memorable fact, that when the attempt was perseveringly made and rightly directed, the Hottentot nation lent a more willing ear than any other uncivilized race had done, to the preaching of Christianity; and no people has been more strikingly and speedily improved by its reception,—not only in moral character and conduct, but also in outward condition and prosperity. Gladly would we follow Dr. Prichard through the interesting account which he has given of the labors of the United Brethren, and of their settlements at Gnadenthal and other spots on which they have been located. We are sure that no unprejudiced person can peruse them, without coming to the conclusion that in aptitude for the reception of religious impressions, they are far superior to the young heathens of our own land, who, when first induced to attend a ragged school, are recorded to have mingled "Jim Crow" with the strains of adoration in which they were invited to join; and who did their best, by grimaces and gestures, to distract the attention of those who were fixing their thoughts on the solemn offering of prayer. With the following extract we must conclude our notice of this part of the subject:—

"Perhaps nothing in this account is more remarkable than the fact that so strong a sensation was produced among the whole Hottentot nation, and even among the neighboring tribes of different people, by the improved and happy condition of the Christian Hottentots, as to excite a desire for similar advantages. Whole families of Hottentots, and even of Bushmen, set out for the borders of Kafirland, and even performed journeys of many weeks, in order to settle at Gnadenthal. It is a singular fact in the history of these barbarous races of men, that the savage Bushmen, of their own accord, solicited from the colonial government, when negotiations were opened with them with the view of putting an end to a long and bloody contest, that teachers might be sent among them, such as those who had dwelt among

the tame Hottentots at Gnadenthal. 'History,' says the historian of the mission, 'probably furnishes few parallel examples of a savage people, in treaty with a Christian power, making it one of the conditions of peace, that missionaries should be sent to instruct them in Christianity.'" (Natural History of Man, p. 524.)

The records of the same devoted order of missionaries have furnished Dr. Prichard with similar materials for a psychological account of the Greenlanders and Negroes; the former being a branch of the great American family of nations, which has been represented by many writers as entirely differing in psychical character from the inhabitants of the Old World; and the latter being popularly regarded even in this country, and still more in the United States, as a race utterly incapable of elevation to our own level. We find, however, in these as in other races, unequivocal indications of the same moral and intellectual nature as that which the most civilized races of men exhibit; these indications becoming more obvious, the more complete our knowledge of their habits not merely of action but of thought. We can trace, in short, among all the tribes who are endowed with articulate speech, the same rational, human nature; superior to that of the highest brutes, not merely in the complexity of the processes which it is capable of performing, but in that capacity for generating abstract ideas, and thus arriving at general principles, which, so far as we have the means of judgment, appears to be the distinguishing attribute of Man. So again, we discover in all of them the same elements of moral feeling; the same sympathies and susceptibilities of affection; the same conscience or internal conviction of accountability, more or less obscurely developed; the same sentiments of guilt and self-condemnation, and the same desire of expiation. These principles take very different forms of expression, even in civilized life; much more, therefore, ought we to be prepared for finding nothing more, even among the best specimens of uncivilized barbarism, than the mere rudiments of a higher understanding and of a nobler moral nature, than that which they have at present reached. But the rudiments are there; though not always in the same degree of forwardness for being moulded to the institutions of a more regular society; for the development of the intellectual powers under a rational education; and for that growth of the moral and religious sentiments, which Christianity is pre-eminently fitted to

promote in every mind that opens itself to its benign influence.

It is true that different nations manifest a different capacity for intellectual, moral, and social improvement; but this difference is not greater than that which exists between individuals of the most favored races. If the Negro, generally, is at present far behind, yet under favorable circumstances, the intellect and moral character of individual Negroes have been elevated to the European standard; while, on the other hand, we have too frequent proof that the intellect and moral character of the European are capable, not merely in individuals, but in families and groups of people, of sinking even below the average standard of the Negro. An enlarged acquaintance with the African character, has led many persons to the belief that our boasted superiority is, after all, more intellectual than moral; and that in purity and disinterestedness of the affections, in childlike simplicity and gentleness of demeanor, in fact, in all the milder graces of the Christian temper, we may even have much to learn of the despised Negro. "I should expect," said Channing, "from the African race, if civilized, less energy, less courage, less intellectual originality, than in ours; but more amiableness, tranquillity, gentleness, and content." They might not rise to an equality in outward condition, but would probably be a much happier race. We have ourselves had considerable opportunity of comparing the capacity of Negro children with that of the lower class of our youthful town population; and we have no hesitation in saying that it is in every respect equal, and that there is, if anything, a superior docility on the part of the Negro. Basil Hall gives the same testimony, on the authority of the schoolmasters even of the United States. That this mental development is generally checked at an early age, and that the Negroes too frequently remain through life in the condition of "children of a larger growth," may be freely conceded; but this need not be wondered at, as long as every encouragement to advancement is withheld, and the doctrine that the Negro *never can* be admitted within the pale of white civilization, is sedulously maintained and acted on. Wherever, on the contrary, sufficient opportunities have existed, and sufficient inducement has been offered, the result has been as satisfactory as the most enthusiastic philanthropist could expect. We may add that the same remark respecting the absence of any inferiority in the capacity of the *children* of races reputed to be inferior,

has been made in the case of the Australians, the Hottentots, and others; who nevertheless have often been condemned, in the same off-hand way, that Caesar and his countrymen would have unquestionably disposed of the early Britons. It is evidently a work of such immense difficulty to raise man out of his animal condition, that the wonder rather is, how it has ever been done at all.

The contributions which Ethnology has received from *Philological* investigation have rapidly increased in importance, as the true principles of the latter science have been understood and applied. We almost despair of communicating to our readers, within any reasonable limits, an idea of the present aspect of this department of the inquiry. We will, however, make the attempt with the assistance of the able Report recently presented to the British Association by the Chev. Bunsen.

It is to the speculations, discoveries, and divinations of Leibnitz, that we owe the origin of that investigation into the history of languages, their analysis, comparison, and classification, which is termed by the Germans "*Sprachenkunde*;" and to represent which, our own tongue has been lately enriched by the word "*Glottology*,"—sufficiently apposite and significant, but unfortunately not very harmonious. The science has as yet been little pursued except in Germany; where the labors of the Adelungs, Vater, Klapproth, Fred. Schlegel, Bopp, Jacob Grimm, William von Humboldt, Bunsen, and others scarcely less eminent, attest that the seed has been cast into no unfruitful soil. It has been the peculiar characteristic of these philologists, that they have rejected the etymological dreams and conjectures, the loose comparisons of single words made without principle or analogy, and generally without any sufficient or critical knowledge of the idioms, in short, all that unscientific comparison of languages or rather of words caught up at random from among them, which have made the etymologies of the seventeenth century the laughing-stock of the eighteenth.

"By its very principle, the critical school admits of no claim to historical affinity between different languages, unless this affinity be shown to rest upon definite laws, upon substantial analogy established by a complete examination of the materials. But that school demands the strictest proof that those affinities are neither accidental, nor merely ideal, but essential; that they are not the work of extraneous intrusion, but indigenous, as running through the whole original texture of

the languages compared, according to a traceable general rule of analogy.* The very method of this critical school excludes the possibility of accidental or mere ideal analogies being taken for proofs of a common historical descent of different tribes or nations." (Bunsen's Report, p. 255.)

By this method of study, the languages of the great bulk of the existing population of the Old Continent may be reduced to five great families or dynasties. These are:—1. The Indo-European, sometimes termed Indo-German, frequently Japetic, and by late writers Arian or Iranian languages. 2. The Syro-Arabian, often termed Semitic. 3. The languages of High Asia and of certain parts of Northern Europe, to which the name Turanian has been given, and which is termed by Dr. Prichard Ugro-Tartarian. 4. The Chinese and Indo-Chinese, or the monosyllabic and uninflected languages. 5. The African languages, spoken by the woolly-haired nations of Africa, who inhabit the countries within a few degrees to the north of the equator, and all south of that line.

We have already alluded to the vast extent of the first of these families of languages, and to the variety in the physical characters of the nations who speak them. No scientific philologist, we believe, any longer retains a doubt that all these languages have been derived from one primitive stock, deviating from their original identity by variations at first merely dialectic, but gradually increased. Of course, the natural inference is, that the nations which now speak them have diverged from a common centre. The only alternative capable of meeting the facts seems to be the hypothesis, that some single nation, to which the Indo-European language originally belonged, conquered the indigenous races of Europe, and imposed upon them all its own language. But, as Dr. Prichard justly remarks:—

"If we suppose an Asiatic tribe, for example, speaking any one idiom belonging to this dynasty of languages, to have made conquests ever so extensive in Europe and Asia, without leaving traces in history, which is almost incredible, we shall still be far from a solution of the problem. How could one nation introduce German languages among the German nations; Celtic dialects, various as they are, among the Celts; the Slavonic language among the widely spread nations of Sarmatia; Greek among the Greeks; the old Italic dialects among the nations of Italy? The supposition is absurd. Moreover, there is internal evidence in the Indo-European languages themselves sufficient to prove that they grew by gradual dialectic development out of one common matrix. Any person who considers, with competent knowledge of these

languages, the nature of their relations to each other, the fact that their original roots are for the most part common, and that in the great system of grammatical inflexion pervading these languages there is nothing else than the varied development of common principles, must be convinced that the differences between them are but the result of the gradual deviation of one common language into a multitude of diverging dialects; and the ultimate conclusion that is forced upon us is, that the Indo-European nations are the descendants of one original people, and, consequently, that the varieties of complexion, form, stature, and other physical qualities which exist among them, are the results of deviation from an original type." (Dr. Prichard's Report on Ethnology, p. 244.)

The end of all language is the construction of a sentence, of which the several parts are mutually connected and dependent one on another; so as to be capable of expressing a logical proposition, by a subject, predicate, and copula, with all their dependencies. Almost every language has a distinct form for the chief parts of the sentence, as a noun for the subject, and the verb for the predicate; and has also words used solely for the purpose of indicating the mutual relations of these component parts, which may either stand as separate particles, or may be united to the principal words as affixes; the same end being also served by inflexions of these words. In the completeness of its system of inflexions, and in the close knitting together of all the components of the sentence, so that every shade of thought may be expressed with the greatest simplicity and precision, the Indo-European languages, of which the Sanskrit may be taken as the type, stand pre-eminent; certain of these (especially the Hellenic) presenting the highest development that language has yet attained, and of which indeed it seems capable; and containing, also, the power of modification to meet the exigencies of advancing knowledge and of new habits of thought.

At the opposite extremity of the series we find the Chinese, or monosyllabic language; in which there is the least possible connection between the elements of the sentence. In fact, every word (or syllable) might almost be said to be a sentence in itself; for it may for the most part be interpreted either as a verb, a substantive, an adjective, or as a grammatical particle, an empty word, as the Chinese grammarians say; its import being partly determined by its place in the sentence, and partly, when spoken, by the tones or accents with which the word is pronounced, each word having three, and some four of these accents. Even with these

aids, no Chinese would understand the present spoken language,—still less the old one, which very seldom uses grammatical particles,—without the help of repetitions, expletives, pauses, and finally of gestures. The place of these, however, is supplied, *in writing*, by an immense number of conventional signs, derived from figurative sources, which are destined not to express sounds, but to suggest ideas, and thus to assist the reader in guessing the meaning of the word. The Chinese is thus by far the most *inflexible* of all languages; and has preserved, in a fixed or crystallized state, that earliest stage in the development of speech, in which every word corresponded to, or represented a substantial object in the outward world.

The law of progress in all languages appears to have been from the substantial isolated word, as an undeveloped expression of a whole sentence, towards such a construction as makes every single word subservient to the general idea which the sentence is to unfold; and shapes, and modifies, and combines it accordingly. The mind starts with forming sentences; and tends to break the absolute isolating character of the words first devised by it, by making them subservient to the whole of a developed sentence, and changing them into “parts of speech.” But this it can only do, in the first instance, by using the full roots it already possesses, namely, nouns and verbs. To such roots, as is now well known, all other “parts of speech,” in all languages, are to be referred; not merely adnouns and adverbs, but also conjunctions, prepositions, and other particles, whether separate or affixed. And, finally, the syllables thus added to the original roots frequently take the form of inflexions; which now appear, at first sight, as mere modifications of the sound of the word, but which have been shown in most cases to have their origin in syllables that once had a separate and substantial meaning.

“The only preparation,” says Bunsen, (Report, p. 290,) “which, after a literature of four thousand years, the Chinese presents for such a change, is the use of some of its unchangeable roots as signs of grammatical relations. A nation which came into separate existence in such a state of the language, could as easily make that great step which leads to affixes and then to inflexions, as the mummified Chinese is unable and unwilling to do it. It is the feeling of the absolute independence and isolating substantiality of each word in a sentence, which makes him contemplate such a change as a decided de-

cay and barbarism. He expresses *daylight* by two words, signifying exactly in the same order, *dáy light*; but he cannot condescend to subordinate the second to the first, by saying with one accent *day'-light*.” How remarkable do we here find the psychical character of this strange people displayed in the isolation and inflexibility of their language!

In saying, however, that the Chinese nation preserves the most ancient *form* of language now existing, it must not be supposed that we assert that that language is itself the original stock, of which all others are offsets. In fact, there is strong reason to regard it as being itself an offset from one of the great Asiatic stocks, the separation having only taken place at a very early period; and the severed branch having preserved the original character more completely than the main trunk and its other ramifications have done. This is by no means an unusual occurrence; since we actually find the original Scandinavian language much better preserved in Iceland than in Sweden.

Such is the theory of the progressive development of languages propounded by Wilhelm von Humboldt in his Letter to Abel Rémusat, “On the Nature of Grammatical Forms in general, and on the Genius of the Chinese Language in particular,” and since ably advocated by the learned Chevalier Bunsen. To our own minds it is most satisfactory; from its accordance on the one hand with the phenomena which history enables us to trace in the construction of languages, and also from that *a priori* probability of its taking such a course, which a philosophic view of the human faculties would suggest. For as ideas are formed, in the first instance, by the impressions of outward objects on the mind, and as all the higher operations of the mind consist in the development of the relations of ideas,—so does it seem natural, that in the first stage of the formation of language every word should answer to some object in the outward world, whilst every future stage of progress consists in the mere connection of these words, by a mechanism expressive of their purely mental relations.

Now between the Chinese and the Sanskrit group of languages, which have been taken as types of the two extremes of development, there is a vast number of intermediate degrees; and there are also several different courses of development,—the same end having been sought to be attained, more or less successfully, in various modes. And by a careful analysis and comparison of different languages, it appears possible to

determine, not merely the primitive stock to which each should be referred, but also the stage of advancement at which it became detached from its parent, and took an independent development. Thus when we find dialects of the same language agreeing in almost every essential particular of construction, and having also in the main the same vocabulary,—each dialect, however, being distinguished by words peculiar to itself, and still more by peculiarities in the pronunciation of the words common to all,—we are justified in assuming the close affinity of the nations which speak them; and in regarding their separation, however wide it may be geographically, as having taken place at a time subsequent to the full development of the language. If we find, on the other hand, a greater variety of words peculiar to the individual tongues, and a smaller number of words common to all, with a decided dissimilarity of the inflections, while the same general principle of construction is yet retained, the common origin of the languages may be still predicated—though the separation must be held to have taken place at a much earlier period. Proceeding in this manner, we should recognize several distinct gradations of difference, marked by an increasing dissimilarity of words and inflections; the organic structure, as it may be termed, or the mode of composition of the sentences, as well as the roots of many primitive words, still remaining essentially the same. Such is the state of those languages which are held to belong to a common dynasty or family,—to the Indo-European, for example, or to the Semitic. But can any still more remote conformity be discovered between these or other stocks, in which there is a total dissimilarity in the mechanism of the language? Even here the philologist is not altogether baffled, but looks for a resemblance in the roots of the primitive words. And the results of recent comparisons would seem to show, that some such community may thus be traced between the Indo-European and Semitic families themselves, as indicates that they too are but branches of one common stock,—their divergence having taken place at a period anterior to the epoch at which the totally different construction respectively characteristic of these families was developed.

In like manner the Chevalier Bunsen considers himself justified in concluding, from his profound study of the ancient Egyptian language, that it presents indications of a strictly historical connection with both the

Semitic and Japetic groups; and that it must have consequently been of Asiatic origin,—its divergence having taken place at a period when as yet those two groups had not become isolated from each other. The Egyptian language is much less pliable and full-grown than either the Semitic or Sanskrit; and yet it admits the principle of those inflections and radical formations, which we find carried to a higher development, sometimes in one and sometimes in the other of those great families. The necessary conclusion from this fact would seem to be, that Egypt must have been a colony from the *undivided* Asiatic stock; and that its language points to a more ancient Asiatic formation, since extinct in its native country,—just as the Icelandic points to the old Norse of Scandinavia. This stock accordingly must be regarded as the common origin of both the Semitic and Japetic dynasties of languages. Notwithstanding the strongly-marked differences which exist between them, there would appear to be a certain degree of conformity, not merely, as just stated, in their roots, but also in the direction of their development. By Wilhelm von Humboldt, in his “Universal View of Languages,” the two families are treated as one in essential character; the Semitic, however, only *tending* towards what the Japetic perfectly accomplishes. The system of inflection in the former is limited; while the latter, on the other hand, possesses an inexhaustible variety of terminations, indicating all the shades of the different modes of existence and action; and is, therefore, eminently the language of a progressive people. The Egyptian language was a form of speech only just emerging from the monosyllabic state and the absolute isolation of words; and it expressed very clumsily and incompletely, by mere agglomeration, that to which the Semitic and Japetic tongues could give much more distinct utterance by the system of inflections. The Egyptian mind, “mummified” like the Chinese, was not fitted to carry forward this development; and the original language gave way, therefore, before the intrusion of foreign elements.

The Turanian or Ugro-Tartarian family of languages, spoken by most of the nations of Asia and Northern Europe, whose geographical distribution and physical characters connect them with the Mongolian stock, entirely differ in their mode of construction from the Japetic and Semitic; the direction of their development being altogether opposite. The following are enumerated by

Dr. Prichard, as some of the principal characteristics of their grammatical structure:—

"1. Nouns are nearly or wholly incapable of inflection. They admit of no variations of case, number, or sex—which can only be expressed by appending an additional word, as a noun of multitude or of gender.

"2. All auxiliaries to composition, such as prepositions and other particles, and the possessive and even relative pronouns of other languages, are in those idioms uniformly suffixed, or placed *after* the words of which they modify the meaning.

"3. In many of these languages the principle of *vocalic harmony* prevails through the entire vocabulary, and extends to the grammatical system, such as it is. According to it, only vowels of certain sets can occur in the same words; and this extends to words compounded with particles or appended syllables." (Report, p. 245.)

Notwithstanding this apparently complete discordance, we are assured by Chevalier Bunsen that there are too many "positive and material vestiges of original connection" between the Turanian and the Iranian or Indo-European languages, to allow us for a moment to doubt the existence of an original relation between them. He even proposes to include them both under the general designation of Japetic; more particularly as the most ancient traditions of Persia and India indicate that the two branches, the Iranian and Turanian, though always in opposition to each other, are to be considered but as diverging lines from one common centre. The Iranian family of nations appears to have been agricultural from the first; whilst the Turanian has remained nomadic to the present time.

There are indications of an early and wide extension of the Turanian branch: and from it would seem to have originated the whole *American* family of nations. The similarity in the structure of the skull, (especially shown in the Esquimaux and other northern tribes,) together with obvious geographical considerations, always made such an affinity highly probable; and it is confirmed by the remarkable analogy between the peculiar grammatical structure common to the American languages and that of the Turanian tongues of Asia. "We believe," says Chevalier Bunsen, "that the curious and, at the first appearance, startling problem, of the apparent entire diversity of the lexicographic part of these American languages, by the side of that grammatical affinity, will receive a satisfactory solution

by a more profound knowledge of the roots, and by the application of the principle of secondary formation, overgrowing, sometimes, luxuriantly, the ancient stock of roots."

The Malayo-Polynesian languages, clearly shown by Wilhelm von Humboldt to be branches of the Malayan stock, are through it connected with the great Turanian family; and thus the inference deduced from the gradual modification which we may trace, through the people of Malacca, Sumatra, and Java, from the Mongolian type to the Polynesian varieties of complexion and conformation—an inference which is in obvious accordance with the geographical probability that the Malayo-Polynesian Archipelago, if peopled from Asia at all, received its first human inhabitants from the Malayan peninsula—is found to be in perfect accordance with glottological indications.

Whether the languages spoken by the Pelagian Negroes, and by other races which seem to have had the earliest possession of these islands, be a primitive type of the same stock as the Malay, which afterwards in many parts superseded it, must remain uncertain until more complete information regarding them has been supplied. It has been ascertained, however, that the language of the aborigines of Australia has many points of resemblance with the Tamulian; which seems itself to be a detached offset of the Turanian stock, still preserved in the Deccan.

Another very curious "outlier" of the Turanian stock seems to exist in the Basque provinces of Spain; which are inhabited by descendants of the ancient Iberi, still distinguished by their very peculiar language. Of this language, now termed the Euskarian or Euskaldune, the relationship is much closer to the Turanian group than to any branch of the Indo-European stock. Now the Iberi formerly extended along the Mediterranean coast, not only through Spain and the south of France, but also into Italy and Sicily; and it seems probable that they were a Turanian race, which had occupied the south of Europe, as the Ugrian part of that race had occupied the north, at a period anterior to the north-western extension of the Indo-European races from their Asiatic centre. Many circumstances attest that when that colonization took place, Europe was by no means uninhabited; and it seems natural that the original Iberian races, gradually giving way before the superior intelligence and power of the Iranian, should at last be

pent up in a remote south-western corner of Europe; whilst the Ugrian were driven towards the opposite corner, henceforward to be confined to the northern and north-eastern region.

However probable it may seem, from geographical considerations, and from conformity in physical characters, that the Chinese and other people speaking monosyllabic and inflexible languages, are descended from the Turanian stock, no very decided indications of relationship have yet been traced between those languages and any others of the great dynasties which have been enumerated. But it must be remembered that Chinese philology, in a scientific point of view, is still in its infancy. The language has hitherto been too much studied with a view merely to the exigencies of commercial intercourse; and such philological investigation as it has received has been from men too exclusively imbued with the forms and categories of the grammars of the rest of the world. Little is yet known, moreover, of those languages in which traces of connection with other Asiatic forms of speech may be expected to remain imbedded; especially the Burmese and the Bhotiya of Thibet, which last would appear, from the researches of Abel Rémusat, to have much in common with the Mongolian. "It would be presumptuous," says Chevalier Bunsen, "to anticipate the issue of such well-prepared and sifted comparisons; but we have no hesitation in saying that we incline to believe it will be in favor of the existence of a primitive connection. There is a gap between that formation and all others; and that gap probably corresponds to that caused in the general development of the human race by great destructive floods, which separate the history of our race from its primordial *origines*. In this sense, the Chinese may be called the great monument of antediluvian speech. Indeed, the first emigration from the cradle of mankind is said in Genesis to have gone eastward." (Report, p. 299.)

Thus it appears that glottological considerations afford a strong presumption in favor of the origin of the nations of Asia, Europe, America, and Polynesia, from one common stock; and in this respect they go beyond those anatomical, physiological and psychological indications on which we have already dwelt; the only conclusion which could be *safely* drawn from the latter, being, that these nations all possess the same constant characters, and differ only in those which can be shown to vary from generation to genera-

tion,—so that they *may have* all had a common origin, or, that their original stocks, if not identical, must have still been analogous in all essential particulars. Now it is curious to observe that, where glottological evidence is the weakest, anatomical evidence is the strongest, and *vice versa*. Thus the hiatus between the Chinese and the Turanian languages is very wide; but the *physical* conformity is so strong between the Chinese and the nations of High Asia, that no ethnologist has ever thought of assigning to them a distinct origin. So also the nations speaking the Semitic and Japetic languages bear such a near physical relationship to each other, that they have been almost invariably arranged together, under the Caucasian type. On the other hand, among the Malayo-Polynesian and the American nations, whose physical characters are most diverse, the glottological bond of grammatical affinity is peculiarly close.

It only remains for us, then, to consider the connection of the proper African languages with the foregoing: and here, again, the knowledge derived from recent inquiries into the ancient Egyptian seems likely to supply a most important link in the chain of inquiry. The following is a sketch of the present state of our acquaintance with the languages peculiar to this continent. It has been chiefly obtained through the efforts of various enlightened missionaries, who, in the hope of preparing the way for the propagation of Christianity among the African nations, have labored successfully to make themselves familiar with their forms of speech. These researches have entirely destroyed all previous unfounded notions respecting the prevalence of a vast number of rude and poor tongues among the nations of Southern Africa. Excluding the Hottentots and Bushmen, for reasons already given, it appears that the nations peopling nearly all that vast region of Africa which lies south of the Equator, may be glottologically considered as forming but a single family; the Kafir tongue of the south having close relations of affinity both with the Kongo dialects, which it joins on the west; and with the Galla language, which stretches down to meet it along the eastern coast. Now these languages are stated by Chev. Bunsen to retain vestiges of primitive relationship with the great tripartite stock whence originated the Japetic, Semitic, and Chametic (or Egyptian) tongues; but they evince a much higher development than the last of these, and this development is rather in the Japetic

than in the Semitic direction. Whether these languages have passed through the form which has remained stationary in the Egyptian, or whether they were derived from that still earlier Asiatic formation in which the Egyptian itself originated, is a question on which Chev. Bunsen considers that no definite opinion can at present be formed; although the combined progress of the study of the languages of Egypt and of Central and Southern Africa will probably in a few years lead to a decided answer.

Of the languages of the woolly-haired tribes inhabiting Central Negroland, Senegambia, and Guinea, too little is yet known to justify any positive assertion of their relationship to each other and to a common stock. The comparative researches instituted by Dr. Latham, however, which form the subject of a very elaborate Report accompanying those of Dr. Prichard and Chev. Bunsen, all tend to establish the conclusion that philological isolation does not exist among the African tongues. Characters of approximation to the Semitic group are indicated by him in several instances; and indeed he goes so far as to say, that the Galla language is becoming more and more a branch of Semitic philology. There is, then, so far as our present knowledge extends, no glottological reason for separating the nations of Central from those of Southern Africa. And as we find the true Negro characters among the latter, as well as in the former, there is every probability, on physical grounds, of their common origin.

We cannot better express the general conclusions to which we are conducted by the study of the various forms of human language, than in the words of Chev. Bunsen. After stating the two possible hypotheses—first, that there has been a great number of beginnings, out of which different tribes have sprung, and with them different languages,—each doing originally the same work, and continuing and advancing it more or less according to its particular task, its natural powers, and its historical destinies; and second, that the beginning of speech was made only once, in the beginning of human time, in the dawn of the mental day, by one favored race, in a genial place of the earth, the garden of Asia,—he thus continues:—

“If the first supposition be true, the different tribes or families of languages, however analogous they may be, (as being the produce of the same human mind upon the same outward world by the same organic means,) will nevertheless offer scarcely any affinity to each

other, in the skill displayed in their formation, and in the mode of it; but their very roots, full or empty ones, and all their words, whether monosyllabic or polysyllabic, must needs be entirely different. There may be some similar expressions, in those inarticulate bursts of feeling not reacted on by the mind, which grammarians call interjections. There are besides some graphic imitations of external sounds, called onomatopoeica, words the formation of which indicates the relatively greatest passivity of the mind. There may be, besides, some casual coincidences in real words; but the law of combination applied to the elements of sound, gives a mathematical proof that, with all allowances, such a chance is less than one in a million for the same combination of sounds signifying the same precise object. What we shall have to say hereafter about the affixing of words to objects, will show that this chance is still considerably diminished, if the very strict and positive laws are considered which govern the application of a word to a given object. But the ordinary crude method suffices to prove that if there are entirely different beginnings of speech, as philosophical inquiry is allowed to assume, and as the great philosophers of antiquity have assumed, there can be none but stray coincidences between words of a different origin. Now, referring to what we have already stated as the result of the most accurate linguistic inquiries, such a coincidence does exist between three great families, spreading from the north of Europe to the tropic lands of Asia and Africa. It there exists, not only in radical words, but even in what must appear as the work of an exclusively peculiar coinage, the formative words and inflections which pervade the whole structure of certain families of languages, and are interwoven, as it were, with every sentence pronounced in every one of their branches. All the nations which, from the dawn of history to our days, have been the leaders of civilization in Asia, Europe, and Africa, must consequently have had one beginning. This is the chief lesson which the knowledge of the Egyptian language teaches us.” (Report, p. 294.)

This statement, having especial reference to the Semitic, Japetic, and Chametic languages only, is, of course, equally true of those still more widely-diffused forms of speech which are referable to the Turanian stock, that stock being itself, in Chev. Bunsen's estimation, a branch of the Japetic. And thus, in a very unexpected manner, we find that Egyptological researches have

greatly contributed to establish the doctrine of a common origin of all the languages of the globe; and to strengthen, therefore, the hypothesis of the original unity of mankind.

We shall now briefly inquire, in the last place, what are the principal difficulties in the way of this hypothesis, and what the merit of the arguments by which it is usually met.

The ground usually taken by those who uphold the doctrine of numerous original stocks, is the *fixity* of the characters by which the several races of men are at present distinguished; whence it is inferred that they must have been *always* separated by the same differences. We have already met this argument, by opposing facts; but we shall now say a word or two on the results to which it must necessarily lead, if legitimately carried out.

When it is found, for example, that in the interior of the African and the American continents, and throughout the scattered islands of Oceania, there are numerous tribes of people, differing at least as much among themselves as the Ethiopian, American, and Malayan varieties have been considered to differ from each other, it becomes obvious that we must extend our ideas of original diversity of stock to all these subordinate divisions; and that *every* race which differs from the rest by any well-marked characters, must have a distinct parentage assigned to it. But such an hypothesis would leave utterly unaccountable the similarity of language, tradition, habits of thought, and social condition, which is undoubtedly found to exist between nations separated from one another by trackless deserts or a wide expanse of ocean; and the more rigorously it is applied, the greater are the difficulties and inconsistencies which it involves. Thus, if, without regard to historical or philological considerations, we assume cranial conformation as a valid ground of specific distinction, we must assign a distinct ancestry to the Turks of Europe and to those of Central Asia, to the Magyars of Hungary, and to the Ugrians of Asiatic Russia; whilst we should bring together the Negroes of the Guinea coast and the blacks of Papua, and might even find it difficult to exclude the Tahitian or Marquesan islanders from the European division. If we take complexion, again, as our guide, we shall be led into yet greater absurdities; for we must then split up the Jewish people into half a score of diverse races: between the ruddy Saxon and the black Hindoo we must establish a dozen of

distinct grades; and when we come to the African, American, and Oceanic nations, we must assign a new Adam and Eve to almost every tribe. We may be told that we are refining too much—that original diversity should be inferred only where a well-marked distinction exists—that we should be guided, therefore, only by the prominent differences, and not perplex ourselves with the subordinate ones. But every one who has tried his hand at classification, whatever may be the objects of his attention, knows full well that a line must be drawn *somewhere*; and that, however easy may be the separation of groups when their respective characters show no tendency to mutual approximation, it becomes difficult, if not impossible, when a complete gradation exists between them. Thus it is very easy to say that the Hindoo must have had a different origin from the Saxon or Celt; but to which family shall we assign the swarthy inhabitants of Southern Europe, or the fair-skinned dwellers among the mountain ranges of Northern India? The red Egyptians and the jet black Negroes are distinct enough in the paintings left to us by the former; but without going far from the valley of the Nile, every possible shade of transition will be found. With which group are we to arrange these intermediate varieties?

Such are a few examples of the inconsistencies and difficulties which are involved in the hypothesis of numerous original stocks, marked by all the diversities of physical character which at present exist. From these (and we might multiply them almost without limit) there seems no way of escape, save in the doctrine that a certain *capacity for variation* exists in the human race, as in the races of domesticated animals. We have purposely abstained from dwelling on the analogical argument, which is put prominently forward by Dr. Prichard, because we have thought it more satisfactory to base our inquiries on the phenomena presented by the human race alone. And we must content ourselves for the present with the remark, that—whether our various breeds of domesticated animals have originated from single or similar stocks, as maintained by some, or are the result of the intermixture of several originally distinct species, as supposed by others,—there is adequate historical evidence that, when left to themselves and introduced into new conditions, they may undergo changes, even within the course of two or three centuries, at least equal in degree to the diversities by which they were previously distinguished

from each other. Ample proof to this effect is afforded by a comparison of the present characters of the races of animals introduced into South America by the Spaniards, and now spread in a wild state over the whole continent, with those of their domesticated ancestors. These present a striking contrast, not merely in the character of their integuments, but in the configuration of their skeletons, and not unfrequently, also, in their habits and instincts. Wide as are the physical differences between the cultivated European and the barbarous Negro or the Australian savage, they are not greater than those which have been certainly produced by the agency of external conditions, within a very limited time—almost, indeed, under our own observation—in the ox, sheep, hog, &c., of South America.

It may be argued, however, that although a certain modification may be allowed to have been effected in the characters of minor subdivisions of the human race by the agency of external conditions, yet the extreme or typical forms, of whose existence in the remotest periods of the history of our race we have adequate evidence, cannot with any probability be supposed to have thus originated, and must be referred to distinct parentage at the beginning. In support of this argument it may be urged that, although complexion and cranial conformation within a certain extent are altered by climatic influence and habits of life, yet that such influences tend merely to change one variety into another, or to reduce them all to a common type; and that we have no evidence that *new* varieties could spring up in our race under any such agency. This is a purely physiological argument, to be discussed upon physiological grounds; and if we cannot meet it by positive disproof, we think that we can bring a strong weight of analogical evidence to bear against it. For it is a well-known fact, that all races of animals which exhibit a capacity of modification from external agencies, present at the same time a tendency to variations for which such agencies will *not* account, and which we are obliged, in our ignorance, to term *spontaneous*. It is in this manner that *new breeds* are every now and then originated among domesticated animals. Individuals are frequently born with some peculiarity of organization which distinguishes them from their fellows: and if this peculiarity should be considered in any way advantageous, every care is taken to render it permanent, by selecting those among the offspring of this peculiar individual which present the

same peculiarity, and causing them to breed together. In this manner are new and well-marked varieties occasionally produced, even in our own day, among domesticated animals; although it would seem as if this tendency had well nigh exhausted itself. Now it cannot but be admitted that the human race possesses a strong tendency to spontaneous variation. How else are we to account for the endless diversity of form and feature exhibited by the individuals of any one community, subjected for ages to the same climatic and social influences? Moreover, we may observe it not only in the ordinary diversities which are every day offering themselves to our notice, but in extraordinary modifications of rarer occurrence, though of great significance. Thus, infants are occasionally born with six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot; and this peculiarity is often found to descend through successive generations. In case those who possess it were to be exclusively matched together, there can be no reasonable doubt but that a permanent six-fingered and six-toed race of men would be produced; whilst, on the other hand, by free intermixture with the surrounding mass, the six-fingered race, however originated, tends to merge in the prevailing five-fingered type.

Now, if we turn our attention to the probable condition of the human population at an early period of its history, we shall at once see how much it would favor the perpetuation of any such spontaneous variety; for its scantiness and want of settled habits would tend to isolate different families, or very small tribes, from each other, and would occasion continual intermarriages even among very near relatives; so that the force of circumstances would do that which is now often accomplished by intentional interference, in the multiplication of breeds of animals. And if it be urged that the diversities which now occasionally present themselves are not comparable in amount with those which exist between the most widely separated types of humanity, it may be fairly replied, that we should naturally expect this tendency to spontaneous variation to have a limit; and that we might anticipate that its most remarkable manifestations should have occurred at an early period of the history of the human race, as we have every reason to believe that they did in all analogous instances—such as those of our domesticated animals and cultivated plants.

But lastly it has been argued that, admitting the possibility of all which we have urged, the lapse of time necessary to bring

about such changes as those required in any hypothesis of the single origin of the human races, is far greater than the received chronology admits; the evidence of extreme diversity of races being at least coeval with the earliest records. An objection founded upon the authenticity of the Mosaic chronology comes with an ill grace from those who refuse their assent to the Mosaic account of the origin of the human race from a single pair; and in the present state of critical inquiry, it scarcely needs a serious refutation. For there is no more reason to suppose that the book of Genesis was intended to give us an exact chronology, than that it was designed to teach us geology or astronomy. All writers who have entered upon the investigation of primæval history, have felt a difficulty in reconciling the proofs of the early existence of powerful empires and high grades of civilization, with the ordinary chronology founded upon the Mosaic records; whilst the fragmentary character of these records, depriving them of all claim to be regarded even as affording a continuous genealogy, has been increasingly felt and acknowledged by unprejudiced biblical critics. The whole tendency of modern geological inquiry, moreover, is to lengthen the period which has elapsed since the commencement of the *recent* epoch; so that without carrying the origin of man one step further back in geological time, we are quite free to assign any moderate number of thousands of years that we may think necessary, for the diffusion of the race, and for the origination of its varieties. Ethnology is in no state at present for dogmatical conclusions: and so far are we from presenting our own as such, that we should be glad if our readers would compare what we have said upon the "varieties of complexion in the human race," with the opposite views put forth in a recent number of the *Ethnological Journal*. The subject in all its branches is one not of revelation but of science: and, on this and similar subjects, our most zealous theologians need not be afraid of being found in the company of Dr. Henry Moore; who, in his "Defence of the Moral Cabbala," has cited, with approbation, the judgment of Bodinus—that "the unskilful insisting of our divines upon the literal sense of Moses has bred many hundred thousands of atheists."

It might, perhaps, be safer in the present state of the inquiry, to refrain from speculating as to the primary condition of the race, and the centre of its diffusion; and Dr. Prichard has cautiously held his peace on

this topic. It is too interesting a question, however, to pass by altogether; and we may state our own conclusion, drawn from a comparison of the geographical, physiological, and glottological considerations involved in it, that some part of High Asia was the centre from which the world was peopled; and that the race still inhabiting that region most nearly represents the original stock. All the early migrations of which we have any traditional evidence, appear to have proceeded from this region as their centre; and its connections with all other lands are such as are possessed by no other region. The Mongolian type of conformation seems to be that which is at the same time most susceptible both of improvement into the highest European form, and of degradation into the prognathous Papuan or Australian. And the more closely and extensively the affinities of language are studied, the more is it found that the *most ancient* inhabitants of every part of the globe communicate with the nations of High Asia, or with some of their acknowledged offshoots.

We must not conclude without expressing our high sense of the value of the labors of Dr. Prichard; who has unquestionably done more than any other single individual to place Ethnology on a scientific basis. We have seen how many departments of inquiry must be prosecuted, and this not superficially, but profoundly, to warrant even the simplest conclusion; and it is not too much to say that Dr. Prichard has acquitted himself in each—whether Physical Geography, Anatomy, Physiology, Psychology, History, or Philology—as if it alone had occupied his attention. Not that we would claim for him the highest place among the votaries of any one of these sciences; but we are sure that he may rank as *facile princeps* among those who have attempted to bring them all into mutual relation. We should be giving a very erroneous view of his labors, however, if we represented them as merely directed to the maintenance of the position he has taken up regarding the single origin of the race. In his larger work he has essayed to bring together, in a condensed form, all the most important information that can be collected from the various sources we have indicated, illustrative of the present condition and past history of the races of mankind; and whilst deducing from these materials his own conclusions, he gives his readers the most ample means of forming a judgment for themselves—the whole evidence on each point

being candidly stated without disguise or suppression. Although composed in the intervals of laborious professional occupation, this work might well be supposed to be the result of the labor of a life uninterruptedly devoted to the investigation. Originating nearly forty years since in an academical thesis, it has become the standard of ethnological science; and will remain so, we feel assured, so long as the life of its accomplished author shall be spared to engraft upon it the results of the inquiries now so extensively and vigorously prosecuted.

Of the smaller work it will be enough to say that it affords a more concise and popular view of the subject, for the use of those who might be deterred from entering upon it by the bulk and profundity of the "Physical History;" those departments, however, being dwelt upon in most detail, which most support the doctrine of the Unity of the Race. We shall be happy if, by making Dr. Prichard's writings better known among our countrymen, we contribute towards their obtaining that place in our scientific literature, which they have long held in the estimation of the learned of Germany.

AFFECTION FOR OFFSPRING IN BRUTES AND HUMAN BEINGS.—One of the strongest feelings of animals is that of affection for their offspring, and indeed so intense is this impulse among the greater number, that it may be said to exceed the care which they employ for their own preservation, or the indulgence of their own appetites. Among insects and some other of the inferior tribes, the care and solicitude of providing for their young engrosses the better half of their existence; for they labor during the prime of life to provide a comfortable nest and proper food for their offspring, which they are never destined to see, death overtaking them before they can enjoy the pleasure of beholding their future family. Many timid animals that shrink from danger while they are single and alone, become bold and pugnacious when surrounded by their young. Thus the domestic hen will face any danger and encounter any foe in order to protect her brood of chickens; and the lark and linnet will allow themselves to be taken in their nest rather than desert the young which lie protected under their wings. Even those animals whose general nature is characterized

by savage and unrelenting fierceness, are gentle, and tender, and affectionate to their young. The grim lion fondles with paternal softness his playful cubs; and the savage bear has been known to interpose her own body between the deadly musket and her helpless offspring. But this feeling in animals lasts only for a season. After they have nourished and brought up their young, these go out from their parents, all further ties between them are broken up, and they know each other no more. How different is this from human connections! The fond mother watches over the long and helpless period of infancy, instils into early childhood lessons of wisdom and virtue, and feels her hopes and affections increase with every year that brings an increase of reason. Nor are such family ties severed by death. The child, on its part, returns the care and affection of its parents, and when old age and second childhood come upon them, the children then feel it their greatest happiness to repay in acts of kindness and attention the debt of gratitude which is justly due. What a moral beauty is thus thrown over the common instinctive affections, and how greatly superior appears man's nature to that of the mere brute.—*British Quarterly.*

DICKENS IN AFRICA.—Perhaps no author ever sprung into popularity so suddenly and universally as Dickens. That popularity may be ascribed to the sympathy and geniality of Boz's style, and the thorough nationality and genuineness of his portraitures. An anecdote will illustrate the influence of his works upon foreigners and absentees. "Mr. Davy, who accompanied Colonel Cheney up the Euphrates, was for a time in the service of Mehemet Ali Pacha. 'Pickwick' happening to reach Davy while he was at Damascus, he read a part of it to the Pacha, who was so delighted with it that Davy was, on one occasion, called up in the middle of the night to finish the reading of the chapter in which he and the Pacha had been interrupted. Mr. Davy read, in Egypt, upon another occasion, some passages from these unrivalled 'Papers' to a blind Englishman, who was in such ecstasy with what he heard, that he exclaimed he was almost thankful he could not see he was in a foreign country; for that while he listened, he felt completely as though he were again in England."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

WHEN considering the imaginative literature of England during the past half century, the historian to come,—especially if there be anything of the Salique law-giver in his composition,—will possibly be surprised by the value of the contributions made to it by women. It is pleasant meanwhile for contemporary chroniclers to reflect how many among these have been allowed by “Time and Change” to live to the full enjoyment of their virtuous and bright reputation—to have seen one fashion pass and another succeed, and the illustrations of truth and beauty which they originated, as clear and as little likely to wane as at the moment of being given forth to the world, amidst all the fevers and tremors of virgin authorship. The authoress of “The Canterbury Tales” has lived to become a classic; Jane Porter, to read the long list of historical novels of which her own and her sister’s were the predecessors; Joanna Baillie, though

“Retired as noontide dew,”

delightful example among those who have been the equal and chosen friends of *men* of genius, and yet have kept, not *acted the keeping* of their womanly simplicity,—has been searched out on the Hampstead Hill, by the voices of the worthiest of the world bringing her their precious and honest tributes. And here, now that we are at the end of a period of novelists,—now that the spasmodic manufacturers of horrors have had their day,—now that the Silver Fork people have “said their say,” and can hardly find a reader in the Porter’s black chair, or in the drowsy Abigail, who sits up waiting for the return of Lady Anne from Almack’s—now that the last school, that of “The Wooden Ladle,” with its tales of jails and hospital anatomies, and garret graces, and kennel kindlinesses, begins to tire, and its sentimentality to be proved “a hollow thing,”—here do we find ourselves, return-

ing to the Good Fairy who delighted us in the young days when a “book was a book,”—being called to the pleasant duty of pronouncing an *éloge* (as they say in France) upon the authoress of “Castle Rackrent,” and the “Absentee,” and “Vivian,” and “Basil Lowe,” and “Harry and Lucy,”—the excellent and incomparable Maria Edgeworth.

Our *éloge*, however, shall not be, “after the manner of the French,” a piece of unmitigated flattery. No one has more closely and systematically addressed herself to the understanding than the delightful novelist whom we shall attempt to characterize; in the case of no one, therefore, is the keenest intellectual appreciation more of a necessity. The Della Crusicans did well to rhapsodize over one another’s Della Cruscanisms; the class-novelists must look to be propped by class-panegyric, or assailed by class-prejudice;—the romantic, to be romantically approached with compliments of the superlative degree. We will try to be “fair and honest” with one, the whole scope and tissue of whose authorship has been to defend fairness and honesty by the inculcation of truth and high principle.

By Miss Edgeworth’s own preface to the third edition of the Memoirs of her Father, we are reminded that eighty-two years have elapsed since she was born, being the daughter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, by the first of four wives, born in England, and until the age of thirteen, with little exception, brought up in this country. So far as can be gathered from the record already quoted Maria was less rigidly trained according to system than some of her brothers and sisters; one of whom was brought up according to the canons of Rousseau, and others, it may be divined, on plans which her own reference to her father’s work on “Practical Education” explicitly points out were, in many of their details, proved to be untenable, if not fallacious. Time and space may thus have been given for an originality to de-

velop itself, which a more formal training might have discouraged. A girl has already gathered much, and felt more, ere she arrives at her teens; and though eighty-two years ago precocity was less common than it is in our time of electrically-diffused intelligence, it is not chimerical to presume that Imagination must even then have begun to stir,—nay, too, and taste to select have already awakened in one whose character throughout life has displayed a singular union of vivacity with temperance, of observation with reasoning power. Then, too, it may have been good for the authoress that Ireland, with its strange, pathetic, humorous life, came upon her as a contrast, not as a matter of course. She might otherwise hardly have so shrewdly noticed all the odd discrepancies and striking individualities of its *Sir Condry Rackrents* and its *Sir Terence O'Fays*;—she might have treated that as natural, inevitable, and not worth the painting, which proved to be a vein of rare interest and peculiar nature.

It was by her "Castle Rackrent" that Miss Edgeworth was first introduced to the public, and took at once her place in the foremost rank of female novelists. Though the eminent personages of her chronicle might very possibly not really be more individual than Miss Burney's *Broughtons*, or *Madame Duval*, or *Briggs*, or the "tonish" people (as the authoress called them) in "Cecilia," they arrested English attention by their strange over-sea air. It was at once felt that we of Britain have nothing so charming, so savage, so humorous, so pathetic, so endearing, and so provoking, as the society and manners depicted. Most curious, too, is it now to read the apology of the Artist for offering such a picture, on the plea that Ireland *must*, owing to the Union, presently lose its identity, and that the *Sir Kits* and *Thadys* must become, like other British subjects, dull, thriving, country gentlemen, and tame followers. Most curious!—seeing that there is no more puzzling sign of the times—their intellectual enlargement and gracious benevolence considered—than the revival, in every exasperated form, of all the obsolete prejudices and animosities of race,—than the cherishing prepense of all those jealousies, peculiarities, and barbarisms which keep asunder Saxon from Celt, Slave from German, the South from the North.

But though—in part, *because*—Miss Edgeworth's prophecy runs small chance of being fulfilled in our life-time, fifty years or more have done nothing to tarnish the brightness

of her delineations, or to give them an obsolete or washed-out air. And her Irish tales and characters are among her best:—witness "Ennui,"—witness "The Absentee,"—witness the *personæ* of her Comic Dramas,—to whom we especially call attention because we think they have been unfairly overlooked. We have Sir Walter Scott's own warrant for saying, that it was the freshness and vivacity of their nationality, and the success of their characteristic dialogue, which led him to adventure those tales in the "language of Burns," which, (in spite of its being criticised, on its first utterance, "as a dark dialect of Anglified Erse,") metamorphosed the Fiction of Europe. We have the warrant, too, of one of Mr. O'Connell's tail, Mr. O'Neill Daunt, for the assertion that the Liberator was aggrieved at the novelist, because she never directly espoused the cause of Catholic Emancipation. It is something to have shown the way to the genius of Scott, and to have been counted as a stumbling-block by the Arch—(let Orangeman or Repealer fill the blank each for himself) of Derrynane Abbey!

Once having begun and been acknowledged, Miss Edgeworth could not but proceed in her pleasure-giving labor, (for who gives so much pleasure as the Story Teller?) We by no means profess to enumerate her novels—but must mention the "Moral Tales," the "Popular Tales," the "Tales of Fashionable Life,"—the insulated stories, "Leonora," "Belinda," "Patronage," "Harrington and Ormond;" that inimitable sarcastic sketch "The Modern Griselda;" and the stories for children, which will never lose their hold. We are acquainted with wiser men than ourselves, and burdened, to boot, with graver burdens, (if that could be,) who are still glad of an excuse to read again "The Cherry Orchard," and "The Purple Jar," and "Simple Susan." There are few such books for children in any other language, as we English possess—and that is one reason why there are few such men and women as English men and women!

For the pleasure of children of a larger growth, it would be hard to specify in the picture-gallery of men and manners which novelists have given, scenes of greater power and emotion, characters of more vivacity and variety, finer touches of humor, than exist in the Edgeworth Library. Let us mention "Vivian," with its deep overmastering interest and exquisitely painful close,—"*To-morrow*," "*Out of Debt out of Danger*," as stories, the end of which is announced in the

very titles thereof, without the interest and pain being thereby in the least lessened. Let us recall the post-boy *Lanty's* letter, winding up "The Absentee" with a veritable "trot for the Avenue,"—recollecting the while that the same hand wrote *Sir Philip Baddeley's* description of the fête at Frogmore, in "Belinda." Let us instance as masterly studies of *foible* in female form, (all how distinctly marked, all how different!) *Almeria*, *Mrs. Somers* in "Emilie de Coulanges," *Mrs. Beaumont*, the *policizer* in "Manœuvring," and the Frankland girls in "The Contrast," who rejoiced over their newly acquired wealth, because now "they could push *Mrs. Craddock* in the street." A brightness, a truth, and clearness animate these, and one hundred similar examples which could be collected—which, of themselves, would suffice to give the author her due rank with the initiated. As an artist in detail, whose hand has embraced a range of subjects and characters, very nearly as wide as society, there are very few of either sex who have surpassed Miss Edgeworth.

Let us now consider the whole of which the above form merely parts. The taste and tendency of Miss Edgeworth's works have been too widely discussed for us also not to enter into the question a little diffusely, as the most important part of our task. While some of her panegyrists have, peradventure, exalted her too high as a moralist, another section of her critics has perversely considered her as a sort of teaching-machine, opposed to everything beautiful, fanciful, poetical,—to all, in fact, which a Goethe loves to observe, as making up "*eine Natur*." No greater amount of short-sighted and wilful misconception has been perpetrated on any argument than this. Generally speaking, indeed, it has always seemed to us that the quarrel betwixt Utilitarianism and Imagination, is one of words rather than realities. For it will be owned as abstract propositions, that Beauty without discretion is, insomuch, Beauty without sympathy, and thus far, Beauty imperfect: that Vice hath as much coldness as warmth—as much cruelty as indulgence towards others. Again, it will be agreed that the power in passion theory (to coin words in the new-fashioned manner) bore with a tyrannic and extinguishing harshness upon the feeble, the delicate, the humbly-gifted, and those to whom Nature had denied pleasant attractions. Small is the imagination required to invent a monster: great and truthful the magic which can interest us in a heart, moving within the com-

mon walks of men,—bound by our responsibilities, agitated by our cares: loving, fearing, sacrificing itself, serving others as we (should) do! But enough of aphorism,—and let us for a moment exclusively regard the light in which Miss Edgeworth was studied and analyzed by a philosophical and refined critic.

"In my first enthusiasm of admiration," says Sir James Mackintosh, (following out a defence of the use of imagination, illustrated by a comparison of Raffaëlle with Hogarth,) "I thought that Miss Edgeworth had first made fiction useful; but every fiction since Homer has taught friendship, patriotism, generosity, contempt of death. These are the highest virtues, and the fictions which taught them were, therefore, of the highest, though not of unmixed utility. Miss Edgeworth inculcates prudence, and the many virtues of that family. Are these excellent virtues higher or more useful than those of fortitude,—of benevolence? Certainly not. Where, then, is Miss Edgeworth's merit? Her merit,—her extraordinary merit, both as a moralist and as a woman of genius,—consists in her having selected a class of virtues far more difficult to treat as the subject of fiction than others, and which had, therefore, been left by former writers to her."

Thus, then, it seems, according to the estimate of Mackintosh, that we are in Miss Edgeworth's case, also, dealing with a poetess working up materials which had been found by her predecessors hard to break and bend; and her title as such, therefore, unfairly questioned or misunderstood by those belonging to a different congregation. Question and misunderstanding were rendered critically and personally exclusive by the fact, that, shortly after Miss Edgeworth's success was established, arose that singular and fascinating school of writers, whose denunciation of the selfishness of Virtue (while, in reality, they were illustrating the selfishness of Vice,) so strangely for a time affected our literature. During the reign of the Poetry of Passion, it was totally forgotten—it was indignantly denied—that self-restraint *could* have any poetry,—that there was any benevolence in sparing pain to others, by providing honestly for their happiness in one's own. No—the unfaithful wife was to be pitied; the husband she wronged, the children she demoralized, were both to be forgotten, forsooth, in the bitterness of *her* sufferings! The extravagant spendthrift was pardoned, and the wreck and ruin brought by him on a thousand homely and ungracious folks utterly forgotten, because of his charming smile, and

because "he wouldn't sell *Uncle Oliver's* picture!" The grandeur, the beauty, the mystery of crime, were to be dwelt upon as objects of allurements and sympathy,—power and diseased passion combined, were to be pitied, because they could not rule the world; and "hardness," "selfishness," and other branding epithets, were flung about on those whom such a code of moral monstrosities revolted. It may be well for England that the end of this epidemic came many years ago!

The above granted, let us own that the assignment of an egotistic and mechanical spirit to Miss Edgeworth's works may be in part chargeable, not upon her peculiarities as a moralist, but upon her manner of working as an artist. This she has herself so pleasantly described in her "Memoirs of her Father," that it has naturally—necessarily—a place here:—

"—— My father wrote but little; but I may be permitted to say how much, as a critic, he did for me. Yet, indeed, this is out of my power fully to state to the public—only that small circle of our friends, who saw the manuscripts before and after they were corrected by him, can know or imagine how much they were improved by his critical taste and judgment.

"Whenever I thought of writing anything, I told him my first rough plans, and always, with the instinct of a good critic, he used to fix immediately upon that which would best answer the purpose. 'Sketch that, and show it to me.' These words, from the experience of his sagacity, never failed to inspire me with hope of success. It was then sketched. Sometimes, when I was fond of a particular part, I used to dilate upon it in the sketch; but to this he always objected:— 'I don't want any of your painting—none of your drapery! I can imagine all that; let me see the bare skeleton.'

"It seemed to me sometimes impossible that he could understand the very slight sketches I made, when, before I was conscious that I had expressed this doubt in my countenance, he always saw it.

"Now my dear little daughter, I know, does not believe that I understand her.' Then he would, in his own words, fill up my sketch, paint the description or represent the character intended, with such life, that I was quite convinced he not only seized the ideas, but that he saw, with the prophetic eye of taste, the utmost that could be made of them. After a sketch had his approbation, he would not see the filling it up till it had been worked upon for a week or a fortnight, or till the first thirty or forty pages were written. Then they were read to him, and if he thought them going on tolerably well, the pleasure in his eyes, the approving sound of his voice, even without the praise he so warmly bestowed, were sufficient and delightful excitements to go on and finish. When he thought that there was spirit in what was written, but that it required, as it often did, great correction, he would say, 'Leave that to me; it is my business to cut and correct—yours

to write on.' His skill in *cutting*, his decision in criticism, were peculiarly useful to me. His ready invention and infinite resource, when I had run myself into difficulties or absurdities, never failed to extricate me at my utmost need. It was the happy experience of this, and my consequent reliance on his ability, decision and taste, that relieved me from the vacillation and anxiety to which I was much subject. He enjoined me to finish whatever I began; and such was his power over my mind, that during his life nothing I began to write was left unfinished; and in particular instances where the subject was not happily chosen, it was irksome to go on and complete the task. Nor was the labor always paid by literary success. Yet it was not labor in vain: it strengthened my power of perseverance, nor did it prevent fresh exertion. * * *

"Were it worth while, I could point out many hints for invention furnished me by the incidents and characters which my father had met with in his youth."

Those who are curious whether as to character or the manner of working which distinguishes a Van Eyck from a Pietro Perugino, or a Teniers from a Wilkie, can hardly do better than compare the above passage with Miss Burney's revelations of the fevers of confidential modesty, in which she laid her "Cecilia," and a certain defunct comedy, before the Streatham Sanhedrim of wits and critics—the Thrales, the Johnsons, the Murphys, the Montagus—her more stubborn counsellor, Daddy Crisp of Chesington, and her animated, accomplished father, the historian of music and the biographer of Metastasio!

Now, it is hardly within nature and possibility that such a manner of writing as Miss Edgeworth reveals, should not produce a certain stiffness and over-anxious finish, because of which superficial or impulsive readers have been apt to rebuke the matter of her tales, and the argument of their purpose. Difficulties solved by the active ingenuity of another brain than the inventor's—incidents clipped, dove-tailed, and chiselled, by a revising hand—subjects felt to be "unhappily chosen," which were still to be wrought out for consistency's sake—these phenomena can hardly consist with ease, and flow, and the appearance of inspiration. There must be also evident under such a dispensation, a certain consciousness on the part of the writer: a complacent and careful laying-out of plots and plans, of utilizing every episodic incident and accessory figure:—and these are calculated to disturb, if not to distract, the reader, by drawing his attention from the beauty of the fabric to the art of the machinery. Those

whom analysis interests will find an example of art carried to its extremity in "Patronage," the most ambitious, but the least interesting, of Miss Edgeworth's tales. We know that

"Trifles make the sum of human things,"

but in "Patronage" every important affair turns upon some minute incident by way of a pivot. A broad-seal thoughtlessly given—the direction of a letter casually recognized by the right person at the right moment—set a Minister to rights with his Monarch. A family artfully and progressively tried by every temptation which enables them to exhibit their independence, is reinstated, rewarded, with the mathematically apportioned bounty of (as it were) steam fairies. The phrase of "poetical justice" acquires a new meaning from books like these; and not till we close them do we remind ourselves that (to quote a yet truer phrase) the best of mankind must be content with the poetry without the justice. But we repeat, *the manner* has a larger share in producing this impression, and provoking this repulsion, than *the matter* of Miss Edgeworth's tales.

We have dwelt on this distinction from not having seen it drawn in any other place; and because it is one, in every respect, important. But whether the peculiarity commented on, (or complained of as may be,) be here rightly estimated, or not: certain it is that the novel written by Miss Edgeworth alone and unassisted after her father's death, is so superior in ease, in play, in nature, and in poetry, to any of her earlier productions of similar extent, as to warrant us in fancying that filial affection overvalued the assistance of the monitor and guide, whose literary counsels she prized so highly. We allude to "Helen" as compared with "Belinda" or "Patronage." It has been impossible to return to this tale, after the pause of some years, without being surprised by its elegance, its vivacity, the skill of its invention, the shrewdness and sweetness of heart which it discloses; the knowledge of life, the sympathy with progress which it registers. Here, at least, those whom the very idea of the School-mistress scares, have not to complain of the prim presence or the ponderous pressure of the Pattern Woman. *Helen's* strength (upon which, and her sacrifice of herself for her friend, the story turns) is set in motion at the service of her weakness—her immoderate craving for love and sympathy. *Cecilia's* falsehood is not excused, but explained, by the deep and reverential affection she bears her husband, which makes her desirous of

blotting out from her own recollection the thoughts of an earlier affection, such as she fears he would have disapproved. *Lady Davenant's* high-toned and intellectual character has a redeeming weakness. She can be credulous, too, as in the case of her page; she can have been womanish, and failing in her duties as a mother, as the early struggles for ascendancy which her confessions reveal. And how admirably, as in life, are the strength and weakness of these three characters made to play into each other's hands and hearts! Then, for secondary characters, how highly finished are the persons of the scandalous *coterie*, and *Churchill* who hovers, like Mahomet's coffin, betwixt their poisonous world and "the diviner air" of better feeling! and *Lady Bearcroft*, with her liberality, and her vulgarity, and her cordiality, and her self-interest. Capitally is the interest complicated; with exquisite neatness "the tow spun off the reel," (and how few novelists, now-a-days, are competent to manage a close!) and the sprightliness, the grace, the depth, are unimpaired by the intrusion of any mechanical process which can be detected. Were we given to prophecy in these days, when the Comet is keeping away from us for the express purpose (of course) of rebuking arrogant prophecy, and when, at a moment's warning, literature may rise of form and scope as yet totally undreamed of—we should assert, with the confidence of those who know much and risk little, that the good days of "Helen's" right appreciation, and steady popularity as a classic, are only just set in, if not still to come.

We have written principally of the authoress; for to prowl about the private dwelling of a lady "pen in hand," does not altogether suit our humor. That Miss Edgeworth has taken her place with due distinction in the brightest worlds of London and Paris, cotemporary memoirs have already told. Byron looked out for her even when Byron's *Gulnarez* and *Zuleikas* were the rage in May Fair. One of the happiest months ever known at Abbotsford (as Mr. Lockhart assures us,) was the one which followed her crossing of Scott's threshold. He wrote of her as a Good Fairy, tiny in stature, lively of eye, kind and gay in speech. Nor is the vivacity dimmed even now which has made Miss Edgeworth, throughout her long life and distinguished literary career, not merely "the observed" of mere lion-hunters, and "the discussed" of philosophers and poets, but also "the beloved" of a large and happily-united domestic circle.

From the North British Review.

CHARLES LAMB AND HIS FRIENDS.

Final Memorials of Charles Lamb. By THOMAS NOON TALFOURD. 2 vols. London: 1848.

It sounds paradoxical, but is not so in a bad sense, to say, that in every literature of large compass some authors will be found to rest much of the interest which surrounds them on their essential *non-popularity*. They are good for the very reason that they are not in conformity to the current taste. They interest because to the world they are *not* interesting. They attract by means of their repulsion. Not as though it could separately furnish a reason for loving a book, that the majority of men had found it repulsive. *Prima facie*, it must suggest some presumption *against* a book, that it has failed to engaged public attention. To have roused hostility indeed, to have kindled a feud against its own principles or its temper, may happen to be a good sign. *That* argues power. Hatred may be promising. The deepest revolutions of mind sometimes begin in hatred. But simply to have left a reader unimpressed is in itself a neutral result, from which the inference is doubtful. Yet even *that*, even simple failure to impress, may happen at times to be a result from positive powers in a writer, from special originalities, such as rarely reflect themselves in the mirror of the ordinary understanding. It seems little to be perceived how much the great scriptural* idea of the *worldly* and the *unworldly* is found to emerge in literature as well as in life. In reality the very same combinations of moral qualities, infinitely

varied, which compose the harsh physiognomy of what we call worldliness in the living groups of life, must unavoidably present themselves in books. A library divides into sections of worldly and unworldly, even as a crowd of men divides into that same majority and minority. The world has an instinct for recognizing its own; and recoils from certain qualities when exemplified in books, with the same disgust or defective sympathy as would have governed it in real life. From qualities for instance of childlike simplicity, of shy profundity, or of inspired self-communion, the world does and must turn away its face towards grosser, bolder, more determined, or more intelligible expressions of character and intellect;—and not otherwise in literature, nor at all less in literature, than it does in the realities of life.

Charles Lamb, if any ever *was*, is amongst the class here contemplated; he, if any ever *has*, ranks amongst writers whose works are destined to be forever unpopular, and yet forever interesting; interesting, moreover, by means of those very qualities which guarantee their non-popularity. The same qualities which will be found forbidding to the worldly and the thoughtless, which will be found insipid to many even amongst robust and powerful minds, are exactly those which will continue to command a select audience in every generation. The prose essays under the signature of *Elia* form the most delightful section amongst Lamb's works. They traverse a peculiar field of observation, sequestered from general interest; and they are composed in a spirit too delicate and unobtrusive to catch the ear of the noisy crowd, clamoring for strong sensations. But this retiring delicacy itself, the pensiveness chequered by gleams of the fanciful, and the humor that is touched with cross-lights of pathos, together with the picturesque quaintness of the objects casually

* "*Scriptural*" we call it, because this element of thought, so indispensable to a profound philosophy of morals, is not simply *more* used in Scripture than elsewhere, but is so exclusively significant or intelligible amidst the correlative ideas of Scripture, as to be absolutely insusceptible of translation into classical Greek or classical Latin. It is disgraceful that more reflection has not been directed to the vast causes and consequences of so pregnant a truth.

described, whether men, or things, or usages, and, in the rear of all this, the constant recurrence to ancient recollections and to decaying forms of household life, as things retiring before the tumult of new and revolutionary generations; these traits in combination communicate to the papers a grace and strength of originality which nothing in any literature approaches, whether for degree or kind of excellence, except the most felicitous papers of Addison, such as those on Sir Roger de Coverly, and some others in the same vein of composition. They resemble Addison's papers also in the diction, which is natural and idiomatic, even to carelessness. They are equally faithful to the truth of nature; and in this only they differ remarkably, that the sketches of *Elia* reflect the stamp and impress of the writer's own character, whereas in all those of Addison the personal peculiarities of the delineator (though known to the reader from the beginning through the account of the Club) are nearly quiescent. Now and then they are recalled into a momentary notice, but they do not act, or at all modify his pictures of Sir Roger or Will Wimble. *They* are slightly and amiably eccentric; but the Spectator himself, in describing them, takes the station of an ordinary observer.

Everywhere, indeed, in the writings of Lamb, and not merely in his *Elia*, the character of the writer co-operates in an undercurrent to the effect of the thing written. To understand in the fullest sense either the gaiety or tenderness of a particular passage, you must have some insight into the peculiar bias of the writer's mind; whether native and original, or impressed gradually by the accidents of situation; whether simply developed out of predispositions by the action of life, or violently scorched into the constitution by some fierce fever of calamity. There is in modern literature a whole class of writers, though not a large one, standing within the same category; some marked originality of character in the writer becomes a co-efficient with what he says to a common result. You must sympathize with this *personality* in the author before you can appreciate the most significant parts of his views. In most books the writer figures as a mere abstraction, without sex or age or local station, whom the reader banishes from his thoughts. What is written seems to proceed from a blank intellect, not from a man clothed with fleshy peculiarities and differences. These peculiarities and differences neither do nor (generally speaking) *could* intermingle

with the texture of the thoughts so as to modify their force or their direction. In such books, and they form the vast majority, there is nothing to be found or to be looked for beyond the direct objective. (*Sit venia verbo!*) But in a small section of books, the objective in the thought becomes confluent with the subjective in the thinker; the two forces unite for a joint product; and fully to enjoy that product, or fully to apprehend either element, both must be known. It is singular, and worth inquiring into, for the reason that the Greek and Roman literature had no such books. Timon of Athens, or Diogenes, one may conceive qualified for this mode of authorship, had Journalism existed to rouse them in those days; their "articles" would no doubt have been fearfully caustic. But, as *they* failed to produce anything, and Lucian in an after age is scarcely characteristic enough for the purpose, perhaps we may pronounce Rabelais and Montaigne the earliest of writers in the class described. In the century following *theirs*, came Sir Thomas Brown, and immediately after *him* La Fontaine. Then came Swift, Sterne, with others less distinguished; in Germany, Hippel, the friend of Kant, Hamann the obscure, and the greatest of the whole body, John Paul Fr. Richter. In *him*, from the strength and determinateness of his nature as well as from the great extent of his writings, the philosophy of this interaction between the author as a human agency and his theme as an intellectual reagency, might best be studied. From *him* might be derived the largest number of cases illustrating boldly this absorption of the universal into the concrete; of the pure intellect into the human nature of the author. But nowhere could illustrations be found more interesting; shy, delicate, evanescent; shy as lightning, delicate and evanescent as the colored pencillings on a frosty night from the Northern Lights, than in the better parts of Lamb.

To appreciate Lamb, therefore, it is requisite that his character and temperament should be understood in their coyest and most wayward features. A capital defect it would be if these could not be gathered silently from Lamb's works themselves. It would be a fatal mode of dependency upon an alien and separable accident if they needed an external commentary. But they do *not*. The syllables lurk up and down the writings of Lamb which decipher his eccentric nature. His character lies there dispersed in anagram; and to any attentive reader the regathering and restoration of the total word

from its scattered parts is inevitable without an effort. Still it is always a satisfaction in knowing a result, to know also its *why* and *how*; and in so far as every character is likely to be modified by the particular experience, sad or joyous, through which the life has travelled, it is a good contribution towards the knowledge of that resulting character as a whole to have a sketch of that particular experience. What trials did it impose? What energies did it task? What temptations did it unfold? These calls upon the moral powers, which in music so stormy, many a life is doomed to hear, how were they faced? The character in a capital degree moulds oftentimes the life, but the life *always* in a subordinate degree moulds the character. And the character being in this case of Lamb so much of a key to the writings, it becomes important that the life should be traced, however briefly, as a key to the character.

That is *one* reason for detaining the reader with some slight record of Lamb's career. Such a record by preference and of right belongs to a case where the intellectual display, which is the sole ground of any public interest at all in the man, has been intensely modified by the *humanities* and moral *personalities* distinguishing the subject. We read a *Physiology*, and need no information as to the life and conversation of its author: a meditative poem becomes far better understood by the light of such information; but a work of genial and at the same time eccentric sentiment, wandering upon untrodden paths, is barely intelligible without it. There is a good reason for arresting judgment on the writer, that the court may receive evidence on the life of the man. But there is another reason, and, in any other place, a better; which reason lies in the extraordinary value of the life considered separately for itself. Logically, it is not allowable to say that *here*; and, considering the principal purpose of this paper, any possible *independent* value of the life must rank as a better reason for reporting it. Since, in a case where the original object is professedly to estimate the writings of a man, whatever promises to further that object must, merely by that tendency, have, in relation to that place, a momentary advantage which it would lose if valued upon a more abstract scale. Liberated from this casual office of throwing light upon a book, raised to its grander station of a solemn deposition to the moral capacities of a man in conflict with calamity—viewed as a return made into the chanceries of heaven, upon

an issue directed from that court to try the amount of power lodged in a poor desolate pair of human creatures for facing the very anarchy of storms—this obscure life of the two Lambs, brother and sister, (for the two lives were one life,) rises into a grandeur that is not paralleled once in a generation.

Rich, indeed, in moral instruction was the life of Charles Lamb; and perhaps in one chief result it offers to the thoughtful observer a lesson of consolation that is awful, and of hope that ought to be immortal, viz., in the record which it furnishes, that by meekness of submission, and by earnest conflict with evil, in the spirit of cheerfulness, it is possible ultimately to disarm or to blunt the very heaviest of curses—even the curse of lunacy. Had it been whispered, in hours of infancy, to Lamb, by the angel who stood by his cradle—"Thou, and the sister that walks by ten years before thee, shall be through life, each to each, the solitary fountain of comfort; and except it be from this fountain of mutual love, except it be as brother and sister, ye shall not taste the cup of peace on earth!"—here, if there was sorrow in reversion, there was also consolation.

But what funeral swamps would have instantly engulfed this consolation had some meddling fiend prolonged the revelation, and, holding up the curtain from the sad future a little longer, had said scornfully—"Peace on earth! Peace for you two, Charles and Mary Lamb! What peace is possible under the curse which even now is gathering against your heads? Is there peace on earth for the lunatic—peace for the parenticide—peace for the girl that, without warning, and without time granted for a penitential cry to heaven, sends her mother to the last audit?" And then, without treachery, speaking bare truth, this prophet of woe might have added—"Thou also, thyself, Charles Lamb, thou in thy proper person, shalt enter the skirts of this dreadful hail-storm: even thou shalt taste the secrets of lunacy, and enter as a captive its house of bondage; whilst over thy sister the accursed scorpion shall hang suspended through life, like Death hanging over the beds of hospitals, striking at times, but more often threatening to strike; or withdrawing its instant menaces only to lay bare her mind more bitterly to the persecutions of a haunted memory!" Considering the nature of the calamity, in the first place; considering, in the second place, its life-long duration; and, in the last place, considering the quality of the resistance by which it was met, and under what circumstances of humble re-

sources in money or friends—we have come to the deliberate judgment, that the whole range of history scarcely presents a more affecting spectacle of perpetual sorrow, humiliation, or conflict, and that was supported to the end (that is, through forty years) with more resignation, or with more absolute victory.

Charles Lamb was born in February of the year 1775. His immediate descent was humble; for his father, though on one particular occasion civilly described as a "scrivener," was in reality a domestic servant to Mr. Salt—a benchman (and therefore a barrister of some standing) in the Inner Temple. John Lamb the father belonged by birth to Lincoln; from which city, being transferred to London whilst yet a boy, he entered the service of Mr. Salt without delay; and apparently from this period throughout his life continued in this good man's household to support the honorable relation of a Roman client to his *patronus*, much more than that of a mercenary servant to a transient and capricious master. The terms on which he seems to have lived with the family of the Lambs, argue a kindness and a liberality of nature on both sides. John Lamb recommended himself as an attendant by the versatility of his accomplishments; and Mr. Salt, being a widower without children, which means in effect an old bachelor, naturally valued that encyclopædic range of dexterity which made his house independent of external aid for every mode of service. To kill one's own mutton is but an operose way of arriving at a dinner, and often a more costly way; whereas to combine one's own carpenter, locksmith, hair-dresser, groom, &c., all in one man's person—to have a Robinson Crusoe, up to all emergencies of life, always in waiting, is a luxury of the highest class for one who values his ease.

A consultation is held more freely with a man familiar to one's eye, and more profitably with a man aware of one's peculiar habits. And another advantage from such an arrangement is, that one gets any little alteration or repair executed on the spot. To hear is to obey, and by an inversion of Pope's rule,—

One always *is*, and never *to be*, blest.

People of one sole accomplishment, like the *homo unius libri*, are usually within that narrow circle disagreeably perfect, and therefore apt to be arrogant. People who can do all things, usually do every one of them ill; and living in a constant effort to deny this

too palpable fact, they become irritably vain. But Mr. Lamb the elder seems to have been bent on perfection. He did all things; he did them all well; and yet was neither gloomily arrogant, nor testily vain. And being conscious apparently that all mechanic excellencies tend to illiberal results, unless counteracted by perpetual sacrifices to the Muses—he went so far as to cultivate poetry: he even printed his poems, and were we possessed of a copy, (which we are *not*, nor probably is the Vatican,) it would give us pleasure at this point to digress for a moment, and to cut them up, purely on considerations of respect to the author's memory. It is hardly to be supposed that they did not really merit castigation; and we should best show the sincerity of our respect for Mr. Lamb, senior, in all those cases where we *could* conscientiously profess respect by an unlimited application of the knout in the cases where we could *not*.

The whole family of the Lambs seem to have won from Mr. Salt the consideration which is granted to humble friends; and from acquaintances nearer to their own standing, to have won a tenderness of esteem such as is granted to decaying gentry. Yet, naturally, the social rank of the parents, as people still living, must have operated disadvantageously for the children. It is hard, even for the practised philosopher, to distinguish aristocratic graces of manner, and capacities of delicate feeling, in people whose very hearth and dress bear witness to the servile humility of their station. Yet such distinctions, as wild gifts of nature, timidly and half-unconsciously asserted themselves in the unpretending Lambs. Already in *their* favor there existed a silent privilege analogous to the famous one of Lord Kinsale. He, by special grant from the Crown, is allowed, when standing before the King, to forget that he is not himself a king: the bearer of that Peerage, through all generations, has the privilege of wearing his hat in the Royal presence. By a general though tacit concession of the same nature, the rising generation of the Lambs, John and Charles, the two sons, and Mary Lamb, the only daughter, were permitted to forget that their grandmother had been a housekeeper for sixty years, and that their father had worn a livery. Charles Lamb, individually, was so entirely humble, and so careless of social distinctions, that he has taken pleasure in recurring to these very facts in the family records amongst the most genial of his Elia recollections. He only continued to remember, without shame, and with

a peculiar tenderness, these badges of plebeian rank, when everybody else, amongst the few survivors that could have known of their existence, had long dismissed them from their thoughts.

Probably through Mr. Salt's interest, Charles Lamb, in the autumn of 1782, when he wanted something more than four months of completing his eighth year, received a presentation to the magnificent school of Christ's Hospital. The late Dr. Arnold, when contrasting the school of his own boyish experience, Winchester, with Rugby, the school confided to his management, found nothing so much to regret in the circumstances of the latter as its forlorn condition with respect to historical traditions. Wherever these were wanting, and supposing the school of sufficient magnitude, it occurred to Dr. Arnold that something of a compensatory effect for impressing the imagination might be obtained by connecting the school with the nation through the link of annual prizes issuing from the Exchequer. An official basis of national patronage might prove a substitute for an antiquarian or ancestral basis. Happily for the great educational foundations of London, none of them is in the naked condition of Rugby. Westminster, St. Paul's, Merchant Tailors', the Charter-House, &c., are all crowned with historical recollections; and Christ's Hospital, besides the original honors of its foundation, so fitted to a consecrated place in a youthful imagination—an asylum for boy-students, provided by a boy-king—innocent, religious, prematurely wise, and prematurely called away from earth—has also a mode of perpetual connection with the State. It enjoys, therefore, *both* of Dr. Arnold's advantages. Indeed, all the great foundation-schools of London, bearing in their very codes of organization the impress of a double function—viz., the conservation of sound learning and of pure religion—wear something of a monastic or cloisteral character in their aspect and usages which is peculiarly impressive, and even pathetic, amidst the uproars of a capital the most colossal and tumultuous upon earth.

Here Lamb remained until his fifteenth year, which year threw him on the world, and brought him alongside the golden dawn of the French Revolution. Here he learned a little elementary Greek, and of Latin more than a little; for the Latin notes to Mr. Cary, (of Dante celebrity,) though brief, are sufficient to reveal a true sense of what is graceful and idiomatic in Latinity. *We* say this, who have studied that subject more than

most men. It is not that Lamb would have found it an easy task to compose a long paper in Latin—nobody *can* find it easy to do what he has no motive for habitually practising; but a single sentence of Latin, wearing the secret countersign of the "sweet Roman hand," may show sufficiently that, in reading Latin classics, a man feels and comprehends their peculiar force or beauty. That is enough. It is requisite to a man's expansion of mind that he should make acquaintance with a literature so radically different from all modern literatures as is the Latin. It is *not* requisite that he should practise Latin composition. Here, therefore, Lamb obtained in sufficient perfection one priceless accomplishment, which even singly throws a graceful air of liberality over all the rest of a man's attainments: having rarely any pecuniary value, it challenges the more attention to its intellectual value. Here also Lamb commenced the friendships of his life; and, of all which he formed, he lost none. Here it was, as the consummation and crown of his advantages from the time-honored Hospital, that he came to know "Poor S. T. C."* *τον θαυμασιωτάτον.*

Until 1796, it is probable that he lost sight of Coleridge, who was then occupied with Cambridge—having been transferred thither as a "Grecian" from the house of Christ Church. That year, 1796, was a year of change and fearful calamity for Charles Lamb. On that year revolved the wheels of his after-life. During the three years succeeding to his school-days, he had held a clerkship in the South Sea House. In 1795, he was transferred to the India House. As a junior clerk he could not receive more than a slender salary; but even this was important to the support of his parents and sister. They lived together in lodgings near Holborn; and in the spring of 1796, Miss Lamb, (having previously shown signs of lunacy at intervals,) in a sudden paroxysm of her disease, seized a knife from the dinner table, and stabbed her mother, who died upon the spot. A coroner's inquest easily ascertained the nature of a case which was transparent in all its circumstances, and never for a moment indecisive as regarded the medical symptoms. The poor young lady was transferred to the establishment for lunatics at Hoxton: she soon recovered, we believe; but her relapses

* The affecting expression by which Coleridge indicates himself in the few lines written during his last illness for an inscription upon his grave; lines ill constructed in point of diction and compression, but otherwise speaking from the depths of his heart.

were as sudden as her recoveries, and she continued through life to revisit, for periods of uncertain seclusion, this house of wo. This calamity of his fireside, followed soon after by the death of his father, who had for some time been in a state of imbecility, determined the future destiny of Lamb. Apprehending, with the perfect grief of perfect love, that his sister's fate was sealed for life—viewing her as his own greatest benefactress, which she really *had* been through her advantage by ten years in age—yielding with impassioned readiness to the depth of his fraternal affection, what at any rate he would have yielded to the sanctities of duty as interpreted by his own conscience—he resolved for ever to resign all thoughts of marriage with a young lady whom he loved, for ever to abandon all ambitious prospects that might have tempted him into uncertainties, humbly to content himself with the *certainties* of his Indian clerkship, to dedicate himself for the future to the care of his desolate and prostrate sister, and to leave the rest to God. These sacrifices he made in no hurry or tumult, but deliberately, and in religious tranquillity. These sacrifices were accepted in heaven—and even on this earth they *had* their reward. She for whom he gave up all, in turn gave up all for *him*. She devoted herself to his comfort. Many times she returned to the lunatic establishment, but many times she was restored to illuminate the household hearth for *him*; and of the happiness which for forty years more he had, no hour seemed true that was not derived from *her*. Henceforward, therefore, until he was emancipated by the noble generosity of the East India Directors, Lamb's time, for nine and twenty years, was given to the India House.

"*O fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint,*" is applicable to more people than "*agricolæ*." Clerks of the India House are as blind to their own advantages as the blindest of ploughmen. Lamb was summoned, it is true, through the larger and more genial section of his life, to the drudgery of a copying clerk—making confidential entries into mighty folios, on the subject of calicoes and muslins. By this means, whether he would or not, he became gradually the author of a great "serial" work, in a frightful number of volumes, on as dry a department of literature as the children of the great desert could have suggested. Nobody, he must have felt, was ever likely to study this great work of his, not even Dr. Dryasdust. He had written in vain, which is not pleasant to

know. There would be no second edition called for by a discerning public in Leadenhall street: not a chance of *that*. And consequently the *opera omnia* of Lamb, drawn up in a hideous battalion, at the cost of labor so enormous, would be known only to certain families of spiders in one generation, and of rats in the next. Such a labor of Sisyphus—the rolling up a ponderous stone to the summit of a hill only that it might roll back again by the gravitation of its own dullness, seems a bad employment for a man of genius in his meridian energies. And yet, perhaps not. Perhaps the collective wisdom of Europe could not have devised for Lamb a more favorable condition of toil than this very India House clerkship. His works (his Leadenhall street works) were certainly not read; popular they *could* not be, for they were not read by anybody; but then, to balance *that*, they were not reviewed. His folios were of that order, which (in Cowper's words) "not even critics criticise." *Is that* nothing? Is it no happiness to escape the hands of scoundrel reviewers? Many of us escape being *read*; the worshipful reviewer does not find time to read a line of us; but we do not for that reason escape being criticised, "shown up," and martyred. The list of *errata* again, committed by Lamb, was probably of a magnitude to alarm any possible compositor; and yet these *errata* will never be known to mankind. They are dead and buried. They have been cut off prematurely; and for any effect upon their generation, might as well never have existed. Then the returns, in a pecuniary sense, from these folios—how important were *they*! It is not common, certainly, to write folios; but neither is it common to draw a steady income of from £300 to £400 per annum from volumes of any size. This will be admitted; but would it not have been better to draw the income without the toil? Doubtless it would always be more agreeable to have the rose without the thorn. But in the case before us, taken with all its circumstances, we deny that the toil is truly typified as a thorn;—so far from being a thorn in Lamb's daily life, on the contrary, it was a second rose engrafted upon the original rose of the income, that he had to earn it by a moderate but continued exertion. Let us consider what this exertion really amounted to. Holidays, in a national establishment so great as the India House, and in our too fervid period, naturally could not be frequent; yet all great English corporations are gracious masters, and indulgences of this nature could be obtained on a special appli-

cation. Not to count upon these accidents of favor, we find that the regular toil of those in Lamb's situation began at ten in the morning and ended as the clock struck four in the afternoon. Six hours composed the daily contribution of labor, that is precisely one-fourth part of the total day. Only that, as Sunday was exempted, the rigorous expression of the quota was one-fourth of six-sevenths, which makes six-twenty-eighths and not six twenty-fourths of the total time. Less toil than this would hardly have availed to deepen the sense of value in that large part of the time still remaining disposable. Had there been any resumption whatever of labor in the evening, though but for half an hour, that one encroachment upon the broad continuous area of the eighteen free hours would have killed the tranquillity of the whole day, by *sowing* it (so to speak) with intermitting anxieties—anxieties that, like tides, would still be rising and falling. Whereas now, at the early hour of four, when day-light is yet lingering in the air, even at the dead of winter, in the latitude of London, and when the *enjoying* section of the day is barely commencing—everything is left which a man would care to retain. A mere *dilettante* or amateur student, having no mercenary interest concerned, would, upon a refinement of luxury—would, upon choice, give up so much time to study, were it only to sharpen the value of what remained for pleasure. And thus the only difference between the scheme of the India House distributing his time for Lamb, and the scheme of a wise voluptuary distributing his time for himself, lay, not in the *amount* of time deducted from enjoyment, but in the particular mode of appropriating that deduction. An *intellectual* appropriation of the time, though casually fatiguing, must have pleasures of its own; pleasures denied to a task so mechanic and so monotonous as that of reiterating endless records of sales or consignments not *essentially* varying from each other. True, it is pleasanter to pursue an intellectual study than to make entries in a ledger. But even an intellectual toil is toil: few people can support it for more than six hours in a day. And the only question, therefore, after all, is, at what period of the day a man would prefer taking this pleasure of study. Now, upon that point, as regards the case of Lamb, there is no opening for doubt. He, amongst his *Popular Fallacies*, admirably illustrates the necessity of evening and artificial lights to the prosperity of studies. After exposing, with the perfection of fun, the savage unsociality of

those elder ancestors who lived (if life it was) before lamp-light was invented, showing that "jokes came in with candles," since "what repartees *could* have passed" when people were "grumbling at one another in the dark," and "when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbor's cheek to be sure that he understood it?" he goes on to say, "this accounts for the seriousness of the elder poetry," viz., because they had no candle-light. Even eating he objects to as a very imperfect thing in the dark; you are not convinced that a dish tastes as it should do by the promise of its name, if you dine in the twilight without candles. Seeing is believing. "The senses absolutely give and take reciprocally." The sight guarantees the taste. For instance, "Can you tell pork from veal in the dark, or distinguish Sherries from pure Malaga?" To all enjoyments whatsoever candles are indispensable as an adjunct: but, as to *reading*, "there is," says Lamb, "absolutely no such thing but by a candle. We have tried the affectation of a book at noon-day in gardens, but it was labor thrown away. It is a mockery, all that is reported of the influential Phœbus. No true poem ever owed its birth to the sun's light. The mild internal light, that reveals the fine shapings of poetry, like fires on the domestic hearth, goes out in the sunshine. Milton's morning hymn in Paradise, we would hold a good wager, was penned at midnight; and Taylor's rich description of a sunrise smells decidedly of the taper." This view of evening and candle-light as involved in literature may seem no more than a pleasant extravaganza, and no doubt it is in the nature of such gaieties to travel a little into exaggeration; but substantially it is certain that Lamb's feelings pointed habitually in the direction here indicated. His literary studies, whether taking the color of tasks or diversions, courted the aid of evening, which, by means of physical weariness, produces a more luxurious state of repose than belongs to the labor-hours of day, and courted the aid of lamp-light, which, as Lord Bacon remarked, gives a gorgeousness to human pomps and pleasures, such as would be vainly sought from the homeliness of day-light. The hours, therefore, which were withdrawn from his own control by the India House, happened to be exactly that part of the day which Lamb least valued and could least have turned to account.

The account given of Lamb's friends, of those whom he endeavored to love, because

he admired them, or to esteem intellectually because he loved them personally, is too much colored for general acquiescence by Sergeant Talfourd's own early prepossessions. It is natural that an intellectual man like the Sergeant, personally made known in youth to people whom from childhood he had regarded as powers in the ideal world, and in some instances as representing the eternities of human speculation, since their names had perhaps dawned upon his mind in concurrence with the very earliest suggestion of topics which they had treated, should overrate their intrinsic grandeur. Hazlitt accordingly is styled "the great thinker." But had he been such potentially, there was an absolute bar to his achievement of that station in act and consummation. No man *can* be a great thinker in our days upon large and elaborate questions without being also a great student. To think profoundly, it is indispensable that a man should have read down to his own starting-point, and have read as a collating student to the particular stage at which he himself takes up the subject. At this moment, for instance, how could geology be treated otherwise than childishly by one who should rely upon the encyclopædias of 1800? or comparative Physiology by the most ingenious of men unacquainted with Marshall Hall, and with the apocalyptic glimpses of secrets unfolding under the hands of Professor Owen? In such a condition of undisciplined thinking, the ablest man thinks to no purpose. He lingers upon parts of the inquiry that have lost the importance which once they had, under imperfect charts of the subject; he wastes his strength upon problems that have become obsolete; he loses his way in paths that are not in the line of direction upon which the improved speculation is moving; or he gives narrow conjectural solutions of difficulties that have long since received sure and comprehensive ones. It is as if a man should in these days attempt to colonize, and yet through inertia or through ignorance, should leave behind him all modern resources of chemistry, of chemical agriculture, or of steam-power. Hazlitt had read nothing. Unacquainted with Grecian philosophy, with Scholastic philosophy, and with the recombination of these philosophies in the looms of Germany, during the last sixty and odd years, trusting merely to the untrained instincts of keen mother-wit,—whence should Hazlitt have had the materials for great thinking? It is through the collation of many abortive voyages to Polar regions that

a man gains his first chance of entering the Polar basin, or of running ahead on the true line of approach to it. The very reason for Hazlitt's defect in eloquence as a lecturer, is sufficient also as a reason why he could not have been a comprehensive thinker. "He was not eloquent," says the Sergeant, "in the true sense of the term." But why? Because it seems "his thoughts were too weighty to be moved along by the shallow stream of feeling which an evening's excitement can rouse;"—an explanation which leaves us in doubt whether Hazlitt forfeited his chance of eloquence by accommodating himself to this evening's excitement, or by gloomily resisting it. Our own explanation is different. Hazlitt was not eloquent, because he was discontinuous. No man can be eloquent whose thoughts are abrupt, insulated, capricious, and (to borrow an impressive word from Coleridge) non-sequacious. Eloquence resides not in separate or fractional ideas, but in the relations of manifold ideas, and in the mode of their evolution from each other. It is not indeed enough that the ideas should be many, and their relations coherent: the main condition lies in the *key* of the evolution, in the *law* of the succession. The elements are nothing without the atmosphere that moulds, and the dynamic forces that combine. Now Hazlitt's brilliancy is seen chiefly in separate splinterings of phrase or image, which throw upon the eye a vitreous scintillation for a moment, but spread no deep suffusions of color, and distribute no masses of mighty shadow. A flash, a solitary flash, and all is gone. Rhetoric, according to its quality, stands in many degrees of relation to the permanencies of truth; and all rhetoric, like all flesh, is partly unreal, and the glory of both is fleeting. Even the mighty rhetoric of Sir Thomas Brown, or Jeremy Taylor, to whom only it has been granted to open the trumpet-stop on that great organ of passion, oftentimes leaves behind it the sense of sadness which belongs to beautiful apparitions starting out of darkness upon the morbid eye only to be reclaimed by darkness in the instant of their birth, or which belongs to pageantries in the clouds. But if all rhetoric is a mode of pyrotechny, and all pyrotechnics are by necessity fugacious, yet even in these frail pomps there are many degrees of frailty. Some fire-works require an hour's duration for the expansion of their glory; others, as if formed from fulminating powder, expire in the very act of birth. Precisely on that scale of duration and of power stand the glitterings of rhet-

ric that are not worked into the texture, but washed on from the outside. Hazlitt's thoughts were of the same fractured and discontinuous order as his illustrative images—seldom or never self-diffusive; and *that* is a sufficient argument that he had never cultivated philosophic thinking.

Not however to conceal any part of the truth, we are bound to acknowledge that Lamb thought otherwise on this point, manifesting what seemed to us an extravagant admiration of Hazlitt, and perhaps even in part for that very glitter which we are denouncing—at least he did so in a conversation with ourselves. But, on the other hand, as this conversation travelled a little into the tone of a disputation, and *our* frost on this point might seem to justify some undue fervor by way of balance, it is very possible that Lamb did not speak his absolute and most dispassionate judgment. And yet again, if he *did*, may we, with all reverence for Lamb's exquisite genius, have permission to say, that his own constitution of intellect sinned by this very habit of discontinuity. It was a habit of mind not unlikely to be cherished by his habits of life. Amongst these habits was the excess of his social kindness. He scorned so much to deny his company and his redundant hospitality to any man who manifested a wish for either by calling upon him, that he almost seemed to think it a criminality in himself if, by accident, he really *was* from home on your visit, rather than by possibility a negligence in you, that had not forewarned him of your intention. All his life, from this and other causes, he must have read in the spirit of one liable to sudden interruption; like a dragoon, in fact, reading with one foot in the stirrup, when expecting momentarily a summons to mount for action. In such situations, reading by snatches, and by intervals of precarious leisure, people form the habit of seeking and unduly valuing condensations of the meaning, where in reality the truth suffers by this short-hand exhibition, or else they demand too vivid illustrations of the meaning. Lord Chesterfield himself, so brilliant a man by nature, already therefore making a morbid estimate of brilliancy, and so hurried throughout his life as a public man, read under this double coercion for craving instantaneous effects. At one period, his only time for reading was in the morning, whilst under the hands of his hair-dresser: compelled to take the hastiest of flying shots at his author, naturally he demanded a very conspicuous mark to fire at. But the author

could not, in so brief a space, be always sure to crowd any very prominent objects on the eye, unless by being audaciously oracular and peremptory as regarded the sentiment, or flashy in excess as regarded its expression. "Come now, my friend," was Lord Chesterfield's morning adjuration to his author; "come now, cut it short—don't prose—don't hum and haw." The author had doubtless no ambition to enter his name on the honorable and ancient roll of gentlemen prosers: probably he conceived himself not at all tainted with the asthmatic infirmity of humming and hawing: but, as to "cutting it short," how could he be sure of meeting his Lordship's expectations in that point, unless by dismissing the limitations that might be requisite to fit the idea for use, or the adjuncts that might be requisite to integrate its truth, or the final consequences that might involve some deep *arrière pensée*, which, coming last in the succession, might oftentimes be calculated to lie deepest on the mind? To be lawfully and usefully brilliant after this rapid fashion, a man must come forward as a refresher of old truths, where *his* suppressions are supplied by the reader's memory; not as an expounder of new truths, where oftentimes a dislocated fraction of the true is more dangerous than the false itself.

To read therefore habitually, by hurried instalments, has this bad tendency—that it is likely to found a taste for modes of composition too artificially irritating, and to disturb the equilibrium of the judgment in relation to the colorings of style. Lamb, however, whose constitution of mind was even ideally sound in reference to the natural, the simple, the genuine, might seem of all men least liable to a taint in this direction. And undoubtedly he *was* so as regarded those modes of beauty which nature had specially qualified him for apprehending. Else, and in relation to other modes of beauty, where his sense of the true, and of its distinction from the spurious, had been an acquired sense, it is impossible for us to hide from ourselves, that not through habits only, not through stress of injurious accidents only, but by original structure and temperament of mind, Lamb had a bias towards those very defects on which rested the startling characteristics of style which we have been noticing. He himself, we fear, not bribed by indulgent feelings to another, not moved by friendship, but by native tendency, shrank from the continuous, from the sustained, from the elaborate.

The elaborate, indeed, without which much truth and beauty must perish in germ, was by

name the object of his invectives. The instances are many in his own beautiful essays where he literally collapses, literally sinks away from openings suddenly offering themselves to flights of pathos or solemnity in direct prosecution of his own theme. On any such summons, where an ascending impulse, and an untired pinion were required, he *refuses* himself (to use military language) invariably. The least observing reader of *Elia* cannot have failed to notice that the most felicitous passages always accomplish their circuit in a few sentences. The gyration within which his sentiment wheels, no matter of what kind it may be, is always the shortest possible. It does not prolong itself, and it does not repeat itself. But in fact, other features in Lamb's mind would have argued this feature by analogy, had we by accident been left unaware of it directly. It is not by chance, or without a deep ground in his nature *common* to all his qualities, both affirmative and negative, that Lamb had an insensibility to music more absolute than can have been often shared by any human creature, or perhaps than was ever before acknowledged so candidly. The sense of music, as a pleasurable sense, or any sense at all other than of certain unmeaning and impertinent differences in respect to high and low—sharp or flat—was utterly obliterated as with a sponge by nature herself from Lamb's organization. It was a corollary from the same large *substratum* in his nature, that Lamb had no sense of the rhythmical in prose composition. Rhythmus, or pomp of cadence, or sonorous ascent of clauses, in the structure of sentences, were effects of art as much thrown away upon *him* as the voice of the charmer upon the deaf adder. We ourselves, occupying the very station of polar opposition to that of Lamb, being as morbidly, perhaps, in the one excess as he in the other, naturally detected this omission in Lamb's nature at an early stage of our acquaintance. Not the fabled Regulus, with his eye-lids torn away, and his uncurtained eye-balls exposed to the noon-tide glare of a Carthaginian sun, could have shrieked with more anguish of recoil from torture than we from certain sentences and periods in which Lamb perceived no fault at all. *Pomp*, in our apprehension, was an idea of two categories; the *pompous* might be spurious, but it might also be genuine. It is well to love the simple: *we* love it; nor is there any opposition at all between *that* and the very glory of pomp. But, as we once put the case to Lamb, if as a musician, as the leader of a mighty orchestra, you had this

theme offered to you—"Belshazzar the king gave a great feast to a thousand of his lords"—or this, "And on a certain day, Marcus Cicero stood up, and in a set speech rendered solemn thanks to Caius Cæsar for Quintus Ligarius pardoned, and for Marcus Marcellus restored,"—Surely no man would deny that, in such a case, simplicity, though in a passive sense not lawfully absent, must stand aside as totally insufficient for the *positive* part. Simplicity might guide, even here, but could not furnish the power; a rudder it might be, but not an oar or a sail. This, Lamb was ready to allow; as an intellectual *quiddity*, he recognized pomp in the character of a privileged thing; he was obliged to do so; for take away from great ceremonial festivals, such as the solemn rendering of thanks, the celebration of national anniversaries, the commemoration of public benefactors, &c., the element of pomp, and you take away their very meaning and life; but, whilst allowing a place for it in the rubric of the logician, it is certain that, *sensuously*, Lamb would not have sympathized with it, nor have *felt* its justification in any concrete instance. We find a difficulty in pursuing this subject, without greatly exceeding our limits. We pause, therefore, and add only this one suggestion as partly explanatory of the case. Lamb had the dramatic intellect and taste, perhaps in perfection; of the Epic, he had none at all. Here, as happens sometimes to men of genius preternaturally endowed in one direction, he might be considered as almost starved. A favorite of nature, so eminent in some directions, by what right could he complain that her bounties were not indiscriminate? From this defect in his nature it arose, that except by culture and by reflection, Lamb had no genial appreciation of Milton. The solemn planetary wheelings of the *Paradise Lost* were not to his taste. What he *did* comprehend, were the motions like those of lightning, the fierce angular coruscations of that wild agency which comes forward so vividly in the sudden *περιπέτεια*, in the revolutionary catastrophe, and in the tumultuous conflicts, through persons or through situations, of the tragic drama.

There is another vice in Mr. Hazlitt's mode of composition, viz., the habit of trite quotation, too common to have challenged much notice, were it not for these reasons:—1st, that Sergeant Talfourd speaks of it in equivocal terms, as a fault perhaps, but as a "felicitous" fault, "trailing after it a line of golden associations;" 2dly, because the practice involves a dishonesty. On occasion of

No. 1, we must profess our belief that a more ample explanation from the Sergeant would have left him in substantial harmony with ourselves. We cannot conceive the author of *Ion*, and the friend of Wordsworth, seriously to countenance that paralytic "mouth-diarrhœa," (to borrow a phrase of Coleridge's)—that *fluxe de bouche* (to borrow an earlier phrase of Archbishop Huet's)—which places the reader at the mercy of a man's tritest remembrances from his most school-boy reading. To have the verbal memory infested with tags of verse and "cues" of rhyme is in itself an infirmity as vulgar and as morbid as the stableboy's habit of whistling slang airs upon the mere mechanical excitement of a bar or two whistled by some other blockhead in some other stable. The very stage has grown weary of ridiculing a folly, that having been long since expelled from decent society has taken refuge amongst the most imbecile of authors. Was Mr. Hazlitt then of that class? No; he was a man of great talents, and of capacity for greater things than he ever attempted, though without any pretensions of the philosophic kind ascribed to him by the Sergeant. Meantime the reason for resisting the example and practice of Hazlitt lies in this—that essentially it is at war with sincerity, the foundation of all good writing, to express one's own thoughts by another man's words. This dilemma arises. The thought is, or it is not, worthy of that emphasis which belongs to a metrical expression of it. If it is *not*, then we shall be guilty of a mere folly in pushing into strong relief that which confessedly cannot support it. If it *is*, then how incredible that a thought strongly conceived, and bearing about it the impress of one's own individuality, should naturally, and without dissimulation or falsehood, bend to another man's expression of it! Simply to back one's own view by a similar view derived from another may be useful; a quotation that repeats one's own sentiment, but in a varied form, has the grace which belongs to the *idem in alio*, the same radical idea expressed with a difference; similarity in dissimilarity; but to throw one's own thoughts, matter, and form, through alien organs so absolutely as to make another man one's interpreter for evil and good, is either to confess a singular laxity of thinking that can so flexibly adapt itself to any casual form of words, or else to confess that sort of carelessness about the expression which draws its real origin from a sense of indifference about the things to be expressed. Utterly at war

this distressing practice is with all simplicity and earnestness of writing; it argues a state of indolent ease inconsistent with the pressure and coercion of strong fermenting thoughts, before we can be at leisure for idle or chance quotations. But lastly, in reference to No. 2, we must add that the practice is signally dishonest. It "trails after it a line of golden associations." Yes, and the burglar, who leaves an army-tailor's after a midnight visit, trails after him perhaps a long roll of gold bullion epaulettes which may look pretty by lamp-light.

But *that*, in the present condition of moral philosophy amongst the police, is accounted robbery. And to benefit too much by quotations is little less. At this moment we have in our eye a work, at one time not without celebrity, which is one continued *cento* of splendid passages from other people. The natural effect from so much fine writing is, that the reader rises with the impression of having been engaged upon a most eloquent work. Meantime the whole is a series of mosaics; a tessellation made up from borrowed fragments; and first, when the reader's attention is expressly directed upon the fact, he becomes aware that the nominal author has contributed nothing more to the book than a few passages of transition or brief clauses of connection.

In the year 1796 the main incident occurring of any importance for English literature was the publication by Southey of an epic poem. This poem, the *Joan of Arc*, was the earliest work of much pretension amongst all that Southey wrote; and by many degrees it was the worst. In the four great narrative poems of his later years, there is a combination of two striking qualities, viz., a peculiar command over the *visually* splendid, connected with a deep-toned grandeur of moral pathos. Especially we find this union in the *Thalaba* and the *Roderick*; but in the *Joan of Arc* we miss it. What splendor there is for the fancy and the eye belongs chiefly to the Vision, contributed by Coleridge, and this was subsequently withdrawn. The fault lay in Southey's political relations at that era; his sympathy with the French Revolution in its earlier stages had been boundless; in all respects it was a noble sympathy, fading only as the gorgeous coloring faded from the emblazonries of that awful event, drooping only when the promises of that golden dawn sickened under stationary eclipse. In 1796 Southey was yet under the tyranny of his own earliest fascination: in *his* eyes the Revolution had suffered a

momentary blight from reflexes of panic; but blight of some kind is incident to every harvest on which human hopes are suspended. Bad auguries were also ascending from the unchaining of martial instincts. But that the Revolution, having ploughed its way through unparalleled storms, was preparing to face other storms, did but quicken the apprehensiveness of his love—did but quicken the duty of giving utterance to this love. Hence came the rapid composition of the poem, which cost less time in writing than in printing. Hence also came the choice of his heroine. What he needed in his central character was—a heart with a capacity for the wrath of Hebrew prophets applied to ancient abuses, and for evangelic pity applied to the sufferings of nations. This heart, with this double capacity—where should he seek it? A French heart it must be, or how should it follow with its sympathies a French movement? *There* lay Southey's reason for adopting the Maid of Orleans as the depositary of hopes and aspirations on behalf of France as fervid as his own. In choosing this heroine, so inadequately known at that time, Southey testified at least his own nobility of feeling;* but in executing his

* It is right to remind the reader of this, for a reason applying forcibly to the present moment. Michelet has taxed Englishmen with yielding to national animosities in the case of Joan, having no plea whatever for that insinuation but the single one drawn from Shakspeare's Henry VI. To this the answer is—first, that Shakspeare's share in that trilogy is not nicely ascertained. Secondly, that M. Michelet forgot (or, which is far worse, *not* forgetting it, he dissembled) the fact, that in undertaking a series of dramas upon the basis avowedly of national chronicles, and for the very purpose of profiting by old traditional recollections connected with ancestral glories, it was mere lunacy to recast the circumstances at the bidding of antiquarian research, so as entirely to disturb these glories. Besides that to Shakspeare's age no such spirit of research had blossomed. Writing for the stage a man would have risked lapidation by uttering a whisper in that direction. And, even if not, what sense could there have been in openly running counter to the very motive that had originally prompted that particular class of chronicle plays? Thirdly, if one Englishman had, in a memorable situation, adopted the popular view of Joan's conduct, (*popular* as much in France as in England;) on the other hand, fifty years before M. Michelet was writing this flagrant injustice, another Englishman (*viz.* Southey) had, in an epic poem, reversed this misjudgment, and invested the shepherd girl with a glory nowhere else accorded to her, unless indeed by Schiller. Fourthly, we are not entitled to view as an *attack* upon Joanna, what, in the worst construction, is but an unexamining adoption of the contemporary historical accounts. A poet or a dramatist is not responsible for the accuracy of chronicles. But what *is* an attack upon Joan, being

choice, he and his friends overlooked two faults fatal to his purpose. One was this: sympathy with the French Revolution meant sympathy with the opening prospects of man—meant sympathy with the Pariah of every clime—with all that suffered social wrong, or saddened in hopeless bondage.

That was the movement at work in the French Revolution. But the movement of Joanne d'Arc took a different direction. In *her* day also, it is true, the human heart had yearned after the same vast enfranchisement for the children of labor as afterwards worked in the great vision of the French Revolution. In *her* days also, and shortly before them, the human hand had sought by bloody acts to realize this dream of the heart. And in her childhood, Joanna had not been insensible to these premature motions upon a path too bloody and too dark to be safe. But this view of human misery had been utterly absorbed to *her* by the special misery then desolating France. The lilies of France had been trampled under foot by the conquering stranger. Within fifty years, in three pitched battles that resounded to the ends of the earth, the chivalry of France had been exterminated. Her oriflamme had been dragged through the dust. The eldest son of Baptism had been prostrated. The daughter of France had been surrendered on coercion as a bride to her English conqueror. The child of that marriage, so ignominious to the land, was king of France by consent of Christendom: that child's uncle domineered as regent of France: and that child's armies were in military possession of the land. But were they undisputed masters? No; and *there* precisely lay the sorrow of the time. Under a perfect conquest there would have been repose; whereas the presence of the English armies did but furnish a plea, masking itself in patriotism, for gatherings everywhere of lawless marauders; of soldiers that had deserted their banners; and of robbers by profession. This was the wo of France more even than the military dishonor. That dishonor had been palliated from the first by the genealogical pretensions of the Eng-

briefly the foulest and obscenest attempt ever made to stifle the grandeur of a great human struggle, *viz.* the French burlesque poem of *La Pucelle*,—what memorable man was it that wrote *that*? Was he a Frenchman, or was he not? That M. Michelet should *pretend* to have forgotten this vilest of pasquinades, is more shocking to the general sense of justice than any special untruth as to Shakspeare can be to the particular nationality of an Englishman.

lish royal family to the French throne, and these pretensions were strengthened in the person of the present claimant. But the military desolation of France, this it was that woke the faith of Joanna in her own heavenly mission of deliverance. It was the attitude of her prostrate country, crying night and day for purification from blood, and not from feudal oppression, that swallowed up the thoughts of the impassioned girl. But *that* was not the cry that uttered itself afterwards in the French Revolution. In Joanna's days, the first step towards rest for France was by expulsion of the foreigner. Independence of a foreign yoke, liberation as between people and people, was the one ransom to be paid for French honor and peace. *That* debt settled, there might come a time of thinking of civil liberties. But this time was not within the prospects of the poor shepherdess. The field—the area of her sympathies never coincided with that of the revolutionary period. It followed, therefore, that Southey *could* not have raised Joanna (with her condition of feeling) by any management, into the interpreter of his own. *That* was the first error in his poem, and it was irremediable. The second was, and strangely enough this also escaped notice, that the heroine of Southey is made to close her career precisely at the point when its grandeur commences. She believed herself to have a mission for the deliverance of France; and the great instrument which she was authorized to use towards this end, was the king, Charles VII. Him she was to crown. With this coronation her triumph, in the plain historical sense, ended.—And *there* ends Southey's poem. But exactly at this point, the grander stage of her mission commences, viz., the ransom which she, a solitary girl, paid in her own person for the national deliverance. The grander half of the story was thus sacrificed, as being irrelevant to Southey's political object; and yet, after all, the half which he retained did not at all symbolize that object. It is singular, indeed, to find a long poem, on an ancient subject, adapting itself hieroglyphically to a modern purpose; 2dly, to find it failing of this purpose; and 3dly, if it had *not* failed, so planned that it could have succeeded only by a sacrifice of all that was grandest in the theme.

To these capital oversights Southey, Coleridge, and Lamb were all joint parties; the two first as concerned in the composition, the last as a frank though friendly reviewer of it in his private correspondence with Cole-

ridge. It is, however, some palliation of these oversights, and a very singular fact in itself, that neither from English authorities nor from French, though the two nations were equally brought into close connection with the career of that extraordinary girl, could any adequate view be obtained of her character and acts. The *official* records of her trial, apart from which nothing can be depended upon, were first in the course of publication from the Paris press during the currency of last year. First in 1847, about four hundred and sixteen years after her ashes had been dispersed to the winds, could it be seen distinctly, through the clouds of fierce partisanship and national prejudices, what had been the frenzy of the persecution against her, and the utter desolation of her position,—what had been the grandeur of her conscientious resistance.

Anxious that our readers should see Lamb from as many angles as possible, we have obtained from an old friend of his a memorial—slight, but such as the circumstances allowed—of an evening spent with Charles and Mary Lamb, in the winter of 1821–2. The record is of the most unambitious character; it pretends to nothing, as the reader will see—not so much as to a pun, which it really required some singularity of luck to have missed from Charles Lamb, who often continued to fire puns, as minute guns, all through the evening. But the more unpretending this record is, the more appropriate it becomes by that very fact to the memory of *him* who, amongst all authors, was the humblest and least pretending. We have often thought that the famous epitaph written for his own grave by Piron, the cynical author of *La Métromanie*, might have come from Lamb, were it not for one objection: Lamb's benign heart would have recoiled from a sarcasm, however effective, inscribed upon a grave-stone; or from a jest, however playful, that tended to a vindictive sneer amongst his own farewell words. We once translated this Piron epitaph into a kind of rambling Drayton couplet; and the only point needing explanation is, that, from the accident of scientific men, Fellows of the Royal Society being usually very solemn men, with an extra chance, therefore, for being dull men in conversation, naturally it arose that some wit amongst our great-grandfathers translated F. R. S. into a short-hand expression for a Fellow Remarkably Stupid; to which version of the three letters our English epitaph alludes. The French original of Piron is this:—

"Ci git Piron; qui ne fut rien;
Pas même académicien."

The bitter arrow of the second line was feathered to hit the French Académie, who had declined to elect him a member. Our translation is this:

Here lies Piron; who was—nothing; or, if *that* could be, was less;
How! nothing? Yes, nothing; not so much as
F. R. S.

But now to our friend's memorandum.

"October 6, 1848.

"MY DEAR X.—You ask me for some memorial, however trivial, of any dinner party, supper party, water party—no matter what—that I can circumstantially recall to recollection, by any features whatever, puns or repartees, wisdom or wit, connecting it with Charles Lamb. I grieve to say that my meetings of *any* sort with Lamb were few, though spread through a score of years. That sounds odd for one that loved Lamb so entirely, and so much venerated his character. But the reason was, that I so seldom visited London, and Lamb so seldom quitted it. Somewhere about 1810 and 1812 I must have met Lamb repeatedly at the *Courier Office* in the Strand; that is, at Coleridge's, to whom, as an intimate friend, Mr. Stuart (a proprietor of the paper) gave up for a time the use of some rooms in the office. Thither, in the London season, (May especially and June,) resorted Lamb, Godwin, Sir H. Davy, and, once or twice, Wordsworth, who visited Sir George Beaumont's Leicestershire residence of Coleorton early in the spring, and then travelled up to Grosvenor Square with Sir George and Lady Beaumont; 'spectatum veniens, veniens spectetur ut ipse.'"

But in these miscellaneous gatherings Lamb said little, except when an opening arose for a pun. And how effectual that sort of small shot was from *him*, I need not say to anybody who remembers his infirmity of stammering, and his dexterous management of it for purposes of light and shade. He was often able to train the roll of stammers into settling upon the words immediately preceding the effective one; by which means the key-note of the jest or sarcasm, benefiting by the sudden liberation of his embargoed voice, was delivered with the force of a pistol-shot. That stammer was worth an annuity to him as an ally of his wit. Firing under cover of that advantage he did triple execution; for, in the first place, the distressing sympathy of the hearers with *his* distress of utterance won for him unavoidably the silence of deep attention; and then, whilst he had us all hoaxed into this attitude of mute suspense by an appear-

ance of distress that he perhaps did not feel, down came a plunging shot into the very thick of us with ten times the effect it would else have had. If his stammering, however, often did him true "yeoman's service," sometimes it led him into scrapes. Coleridge told me of a ludicrous embarrassment which it caused him at Hastings. Lamb had been medically advised to a course of sea-bathing; and accordingly, at the door of his bathing machine, whilst he stood shivering with cold, two stout fellows laid hold of him, one at each shoulder, like heraldic supporters; they waited for the word of command from their principal, who began the following oration to them: "Hear me, men! Take notice of this—I am to be dipped." What more he would have said is unknown to land or sea or bathing-machines; for, having reached the word dipped, he commenced such a rolling fire of Di—di—di—di, that when at length he descended *à plomb* upon the full word *dipped*, the two men, rather tired of the long suspense, became satisfied that they had reached what lawyers call the "operative" clause of the sentence; and both exclaiming at once, "Oh yes, sir, we're quite aware of *that*," down they plunged him into the sea. On emerging, Lamb sobbed so much from the cold, that he found no voice suitable to his indignation. From necessity he seemed tranquil; and again addressing the men, who stood respectfully listening, he began thus: "Men! is it possible to obtain your attention?"—"Oh, surely, sir, by all means."—"Then listen: once more I tell you I am to be di—di—di—"and then, with a burst of indignation, "dipped, I tell you."—"Oh, decidedly, sir," rejoined the men, "decidedly"—and down the stammerer went for the second time. Petrified with cold and wrath, once more Lamb made a feeble attempt at explanation: "Grant me pa—pa—patience; is it mum—um—murder you me—me—mean? Again and a—ga—ga—gain, I tell you, I'm to be di—di—di—dipped," now speaking furiously, with the voice of an injured man. "Oh, yes, sir," the men replied, "we know that—we fully understood it;" and for the third time down went Lamb into the sea. "Oh, limbs of Satan!" he said, on coming up for the third time, "it's now too late; I tell you that I am—no, that I *was*—to be di—di—di—dipped only *once*."

Since the rencontres with Lamb at Coleridge's I had met him once or twice at literary dinner parties. One of these occurred at the house of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, the

publishers. I myself was suffering too much from illness at the time to take any pleasure in what passed, or to notice it with any vigilance of attention. Lamb, I remember, as usual, was full of gaiety; and as usual he rose too rapidly to the zenith of his gaiety; he shot upwards like a rocket, and, as usual, people said he was "tipsy." To me Lamb never seemed intoxicated, but at most aërially elevated. He never talked nonsense, which is a great point gained; nor polemically, which is a greater; for it is a dreadful thing to find a drunken man bent upon converting oneself; nor sentimentally, which is greatest of all. You can stand a man's fraternizing with you; or if he swears an eternal friendship—only once in an hour, you do not think of calling the police; but once in every three minutes is too much. Lamb did none of these things; he was always rational, quiet, and gentlemanly in his habits. Nothing memorable, I am sure, passed upon this occasion, which was in November of 1821; and yet the dinner was memorable by means of one fact not discovered until many years later. Amongst the company, all literary men, sate a murderer, and a murderer of a freezing class; cool, calculating, wholesale in his operations, and moving all along under the advantages of unsuspecting domestic confidence and domestic opportunities. This was Mr. Wainwright, who was subsequently brought to trial, but not for any of his murders, and transported for life. The story has been told both by Sergeant Talfourd, in the second volume of these "Final Memoirs," and previously by Sir Edward B. Lytton. Both have been much blamed for the use made of this extraordinary case; but we know not why. In itself it is a most remarkable case for more reasons than one. It is remarkable for the appalling revelation which it makes of power spread through the hands of people not liable to suspicion, for purposes the most dreadful. It is remarkable also by the contrast which existed in this case between the murderer's appearance and the terrific purposes with which he was always dallying. He was a contributor to a journal in which I also had written several papers. This formed a shadowy link between us; and, ill as I was, I looked more attentively at *him* than at anybody else. Yet there were several men of wit and genius present, amongst whom Lamb (as I have said) and Thomas Hood, Hamilton, Reynolds and Allan Cunningham. But *them* I already knew, whereas Mr. W. I now saw for the first time and the last. What interested me about *him* was this—the papers

which had been pointed out to me as his, (signed *Janus Weathercock, Vinkbooms, &c.*) were written in a spirit of coxcombry that did not so much disgust as amuse. The writer could not conceal the ostentatious pleasure which he took in the luxurious fittings-up of his rooms, in the fancied splendor of his *bijouterie*, &c. Yet it was easy for a man of any experience to read two facts in all this *étalage*—one being, that his finery was but of a second-rate order; the other, that he was a *parvenu*, not at home even amongst his second-rate splendor. So far there was nothing to distinguish Mr. W——'s papers from the papers of other triflers. But in this point there *was*, viz., that in his judgments upon the great Italian masters of painting, Da Vinci, Titian, &c., there seemed a tone of sincerity and of native sensibility, as in one who spoke from himself, and was not merely a copier from books. This it was that interested me; as also his reviews of the chief Italian engravers—Morghe, Volpato, &c.; not for the manner, which overflowed with levities and impertinence, but for the substance of his judgments in those cases where I happened to have had an opportunity of judging for myself. Here arose also a claim upon Lamb's attention: for Lamb and his sister had a deep feeling for what was excellent in painting. Accordingly Lamb paid him a great deal of attention, and continued to speak of him for years with an interest that seemed disproportioned to his pretensions. This might be owing in part to an indirect compliment paid to Miss Lamb in one of W——'s papers; else his appearance would rather have repelled Lamb; it was common-place, and better suited to express the dandyism which overspread the surface of his manner than the unaffected sensibility which apparently lay in his nature. Dandy or not, however, this man on account of the schism in his papers, so much amiable puppyism on one side, so much deep feeling on the other, (feeling, applied to some of the grandest objects that earth has to show,) did really move a trifle of interest in me, on a day when I hated the face of man and woman. Yet again, if I had known this man for the murderer that even then he was, what sudden loss of interest—what sudden growth of another interest, would have changed the face of that party! Trivial creature, that didst carry thy dreadful eye kindling with perpetual treasons! Dreadful creature, that didst carry thy trivial eye, mantling with eternal levity, over the sleeping surfaces of confiding household life—oh, what a revo-

lution for man wouldst thou have accomplished had thy deep wickedness prospered! What *was* that wickedness? In a few words I will say.

At this time (October, 1848) the whole British island is appalled by a new chapter in the history of poisoning. Locusta in ancient Rome, Madame Brinvilliers in Paris, were people of original genius; not in any new artifice of toxicology, not in mere management of poisons, was the audacity of their genius displayed. No; but in profiting by domestic openings for murder, unsuspected through their very atrocity. Such an opening was made some years ago by those who saw the possibility of founding purses for parents upon the murder of their children. This was done upon a larger scale than had been suspected, and upon a plausible pretence. To bury a corpse is costly; but of a hundred children only a few, in the ordinary course of mortality, will die within a given time. Five shillings a-piece will produce £25 annually, and *that* will bury a considerable number. On this principle arose Infant Burial-societies. For a few shillings annually, a parent could secure a funeral for every child. If the child died, a few guineas fell due to the parent, and the funeral was accomplished without cost of *his*. But on this arose the suggestion—Why not execute an insurance of this nature twenty times over? One single insurance pays for the funeral—the other nineteen are so much clear gain, a *lucro ponatur*, for the parents. Yes; but on the supposition that the child died! twenty are no better than one, unless they are gathered into the garner. Now, if the child died naturally, all was right; but how, if the child did *not* die? Why, clearly this:—the child that *can* die, and won't die, may be made to die. There are many ways of doing that; and it is shocking to know, that according to recent discoveries, poison is comparatively a very merciful mode of murder. Six years ago a dreadful communication was made to the public by a medical man, viz., that three thousand children were annually burned to death under circumstances showing too clearly that they had been left by their mothers with the means and the temptations to set themselves on fire in her absence. But more shocking, because more lingering, are the deaths by artificial appliances of wet, cold, hunger, bad diet, and disturbed sleep, to the frail constitutions of children. By that machinery it is, and not by poison, that the majority qualify themselves for claiming the funeral allowances. Here, however, there oc-

cur to any man on reflection, two eventual restraints on the extension of this domestic curse:—1st, as there is no pretext for wanting more than one funeral on account of one child, any insurances beyond one are in themselves a ground of suspicion. Now, if any plan were devised for securing the *publication* of such insurances, the suspicions would travel as fast as the grounds for them. 2dly, it occurs, that eventually the evil checks itself, since a society established on the ordinary rates of mortality would be ruined when a murderous stimulation was applied to that rate too extensively. Still it is certain that, for a season, this atrocity *has* prospered in manufacturing districts for some years, and more recently, as judicial investigations have shown, in one agricultural district of Essex. Now, Mr. W——'s scheme of murder was, in its outline, the very same, but not applied to the narrow purpose of obtaining burials from a public fund. He persuaded, for instance, two beautiful young ladies, visitors in his family, to insure their lives for a short period of two years. This insurance was repeated in several different offices, until a sum of £18,000 had been secured in the event of their deaths within the two years. Mr. W—— took care that they *should* die, and very suddenly, within that period; and then, having previously secured from his victims an assignment to himself of this claim, he endeavored to make this assignment available. But the offices, which had vainly endeavored to extract from the young ladies any satisfactory account of the reasons for this limited insurance, had their suspicions at last strongly roused. One office had recently experienced a case of the same nature, in which also the young lady had been poisoned by the man in whose behalf she had effected the insurance: all the offices declined to pay; actions at law arose; in the course of the investigation which followed, Mr. W——'s character was fully exposed. Finally, in the midst of the embarrassments which ensued, he committed forgery, and was transported.

From this Mr. W——, some few days afterwards, I received an invitation to a dinner party, expressed in terms that were obligingly earnest. He mentioned the names of his principal guests, and amongst them rested most upon those of Lamb and Sir David Wilkie. From an accident I was unable to attend, and I greatly regretted it. Sir David one might rarely happen to see except at a crowded party. But as regarded Lamb, I was sure to see him or to hear of him again in some way or other within a short time. This

opportunity in fact offered itself within a month through the kindness of the Lambs themselves. They had heard of my being in solitary lodgings, and insisted on my coming to dine with them, which more than once I did in the winter of 1821-2.

The mere reception by the Lambs was so full of goodness and hospitable feeling, that it kindled animation in the most cheerless or torpid of invalids. I cannot imagine that any *memorabilia* occurred during the visit; but I will use the time that would else be lost upon the settling of that point, in putting down any triviality that occurs to my recollection. Both Lamb and myself had a furious love for nonsense; headlong nonsense. Excepting Professor Wilson, I have known nobody who had the same passion to the same extent. And things of that nature better illustrate the *realities* of Lamb's social life than the gravities which, weighing so sadly on his solitary hours, he sought to banish from his moments of relaxation.

There were no strangers; Charles Lamb, his sister, and myself made up the party. Even this was done in kindness. They knew that I should have been oppressed by an effort such as must be made in the society of strangers; and they placed me by their own fireside, where I could say as little or as much as I pleased.

We dined about five o'clock, and it was one of the hospitalities inevitable to the Lambs, that any game which they might receive from rural friends in the course of the week, was reserved for the day of a friend's dining with them.

In regard to wine, Lamb and myself had the same habit—perhaps it rose to the dignity of a principle—viz., to take a great deal *during* dinner—none *after* it. Consequently, as Miss Lamb (who drank only water) retired almost with the dinner itself, nothing remained for men of our principles, the rigor of which we had illustrated by taking rather too much of old port before the cloth was drawn, except talking; amœbæan colloquy, or, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, a dialogue of "brisk reciprocation." But this was impossible: over Lamb, at this period of his life, there passed regularly, after taking wine, a brief eclipse of sleep. It descended upon him as softly as a shadow. In a gross person, laden with superfluous flesh, and sleeping heavily, this would have been disagreeable; but in Lamb, thin even to meagerness, spare and wiry as an Arab of the desert, or as Thomas Aquinas, wasted by scholastic vigils, the affection of sleep seemed rather a network of

aerial gossamer than of earthy cobweb—more like a golden haze falling upon him gently from the heavens than a cloud exhaling upwards from the flesh. Motionless in his chair as a bust, breathing so gently as scarcely to seem certainly alive, he presented the image of repose midway between life and death, like the repose of sculpture; and to one who knew his history a repose affectingly contrasting with the calamities and internal storms of his life. I have heard more persons than I can now distinctly recall, observe of Lamb when sleeping, that his countenance in that state assumed an expression almost seraphic, from its intellectual beauty of outline, its childlike simplicity, and its benignity. It could not be called a transfiguration that sleep had worked in his face; for the features wore essentially the same expression when waking; but sleep spiritualized that expression, exalted it, and also harmonized it. Much of the change lay in that last process. The eyes it was that disturbed the unity of effect in Lamb's waking face. They gave a restlessness to the character of his intellect, shifting, like Northern Lights, through every mode of combination with fantastic playfulness, and sometimes by fiery gleams obliterating for the moment that pure light of benignity which was the predominant reading on his features. Some people have supposed that Lamb had Jewish blood in his veins, which seemed to account for his gleaming eyes. It might be so: but this notion found little countenance in Lamb's own way of treating the gloomy mediæval traditions propagated throughout Europe about the Jews, and their secret enmity to Christian races. Lamb, indeed, might not be more serious than Shakspeare is supposed to have been in his Shylock; yet he spoke at times as from a station of wilful bigotry, and seemed (whether laughingly or not) to sympathize with the barbarous Christian superstitions upon the pretended bloody practices of the Jews, and of the early Jewish physicians. Being himself a Lincoln man, he treated Sir Hugh* of Lincoln, the young child that suffered death by secret assassination in the Jewish quarter rather than suppress his daily anthems to the Virgin, as a true historical personage on the rolls of martyrdom; careless that this fable, like that of the apprentice murdered out of jealousy by his master, the architect, had destroyed its own authority by

* The story which furnishes a basis to the fine ballad in Percy's *Reliques*, and to the *Canterbury Tale* of Chaucer's *Lady Abbess*.

ubiquitous diffusion. All over Europe the same legend of the murdered apprentice and the martyred child reappears under different names—so that in effect the verification of the tale is none at all, because it is unanimous; is too narrow because it is too impossibly broad. Lamb, however, though it was often hard to say whether he were not secretly laughing, swore to the truth of all these old fables, and treated the liberalities of the present generation on such points as mere fantastic and effeminate affectations, which, no doubt, they often are as regards the sincerity of those who profess them. The bigotry, which it pleased his fancy to assume, he used like a sword against the Jew, as the official weapon of the Christian, upon the same principle that a Capulet would have drawn upon a Montague, without conceiving it any duty of *his* to rip up the grounds of so ancient a quarrel: it was a feud handed down to him by his ancestors, and it was *their* business to see that originally it had been an honest feud. I cannot yet believe that Lamb, if seriously aware of any family interconnection with Jewish blood, would, even in jest, have held that one-sided language. More probable it is, that the fiery eye recorded not any alliance with Jewish blood, but that disastrous alliance with insanity which tainted his own life, and laid desolate his sister's.

On awaking from his brief slumber, Lamb sat for some time in profound silence, and then, with the most startling rapidity, sang out—"Diddle, diddle, dumpkins;" not looking at me, but as if soliloquizing. For five minutes he relapsed into the same deep silence; from which again he started up into the same abrupt utterance of—"Diddle, diddle, dumpkins." I could not help laughing aloud at the extreme energy of this sudden communication, contrasted with the deep silence that went before and followed. Lamb smilingly begged to know what I was laughing at, and with a look of as much surprise as if it were I that had done something unaccountable, and not himself. I told him (as was the truth) that there had suddenly occurred to me the possibility of my being in some future period or other called on to give an account of this very evening before some literary committee. The committee might say to me—(supposing the case that I outlived him)—"You dined with Mr. Lamb in January, 1822; now, can you remember any remark or memorable observation which that celebrated man made before or after dinner?"

I as *Respondent*. "Oh yes, I can."

Com. "What was it?"

Resp. "Diddle, diddle, dumpkins."

Com. "And was this his only observation? Did Mr. Lamb not strengthen this remark by some other of the same nature?"

Resp. "Yes, he did."

Com. "And what was it?"

Resp. "Diddle, diddle, dumpkins."

Com. "What is your secret opinion of Dumpkins? Do you conceive Dumpkins to have been a thing or a person?"

Resp. "I conceive Dumpkins to have been a person, having the rights of a person."

Com. "Capable for instance of suing and being sued?"

Resp. "Yes, capable of both; though I have reason to think there would have been very little use in suing Dumpkins."

Com. "How so? Are the Committee to understand that you, the Respondent, in your own case have found it a vain speculation countenanced only by visionary lawyers, to sue Dumpkins?"

Resp. "No; I never lost a shilling by Dumpkins, the reason for which may be that Dumpkins never owed me a shilling; but from his *prænomen* of 'diddle' I apprehend that he was too well acquainted with joint-stock companies."

Com. "And your opinion is, that he may have diddled Mr. Lamb?"

Resp. "I conceive it to be not unlikely."

Com. "And, perhaps, from Mr. Lamb's pathetic reiteration of his name, 'Diddle, diddle,' you would be disposed to infer that Dumpkins had practised his diddling talents upon Mr. L. more than once."

Resp. "I think it probable."

Lamb laughed, and brightened up; tea was announced; Miss Lamb returned. The cloud had passed away from Lamb's spirits, and again he realized the pleasure of evening, which, in *his* apprehension, was so essential to the pleasure of literature.

On the table lay a copy of Wordsworth, in two volumes; it was the edition of Longman, printed about the time of Waterloo. Wordsworth was held in little consideration, I believe, amongst the house of Longman; at any rate, *their* editions of his works were got up in the most slovenly manner. In particular, the table of contents was drawn up like a short-hand bill of parcels. By accident the book lay open at a part of this table, where the sonnet beginning—

"Alas! what boots the long laborious quest"—

had been entered with mercantile speed, as—

"Alas! what boots,—"

"Yes," said Lamb, reading this entry in a dolorous tone of voice, "he may well say *that*. I paid Hoby three guineas for a pair that tore like blotting paper, when I was leaping a ditch to escape a farmer that was pursuing me with a pitch-fork for trespassing. But why should W. wear boots in Westmoreland? Pray advise him to patronize shoes."

The mercurialities of Lamb were infinite, and always uttered in a spirit of absolute recklessness for the quality or the prosperity of the sally. It seemed to liberate his spirits from some burthen of blackest melancholy which oppressed it, when he had thrown off a jest: he would not stop one instant to improve it; nor did he care the value of a straw whether it were good enough to be remembered, or so mediocre as to extort high moral indignation from a collector who refused to receive into his collection of jests and puns any that were not felicitously good or revoltingly bad.

After tea, Lamb read to me a number of beautiful compositions which he had himself taken the trouble to copy out into a blank paper folio from unsuccessful authors. Neglected people in every class won the sympathy of Lamb. One of the poems, I remember, was a very beautiful sonnet from a volume recently published by Lord Thurlow—which, and Lamb's just remarks upon it, I could almost repeat *verbatim* at this moment, nearly twenty-seven years later, if your limits would allow me. But these, you tell me, allow of no such thing; at the utmost they allow only twelve lines more. Now all the world knows that the sonnet itself would require fourteen lines; but take fourteen from twelve, and there remains very little, I fear; besides which, I am afraid two of my twelve are already exhausted. This forces me to interrupt my account of Lamb's reading by reporting the very accident that *did* interrupt it in fact; since *that* no less characteristically expressed Lamb's peculiar spirit of kindness, (always quickening itself towards the ill-used or the down-trodden,) than it had previously expressed itself in his choice of obscure readings. Two ladies came in, one of whom at least had sunk in the scale of worldly consideration. They were ladies who would not have found much recreation in literary discussions; elderly, and habitually depressed. On *their* account, Lamb proposed whist—and in that kind effort to amuse *them*, which

naturally drew forth some momentary gaieties from himself, but not of a kind to impress themselves on the recollection, the evening terminated.

We have left ourselves no room for a special examination of Lamb's writings, some of which were failures, and some were so memorably beautiful as to be uniques in their class. The character of Lamb it is, and the life-struggle of Lamb, that must fix the attention of many, even amongst those wanting in sensibility to his intellectual merits. This character and this struggle, as we have already observed, impress many traces of themselves upon Lamb's writings. Even in that view, therefore, they have a ministerial value; but separately, for themselves, they have an independent value of the highest order. Upon this point we gladly adopt the eloquent words of Sergeant Talfourd:—

"The sweetness of Lamb's character, breathed through his writings, was felt even by strangers; but its heroic aspect was unguessed even by many of his friends. Let them now consider it, and ask if the annals of self-sacrifice can show anything in human action and endurance more lovely than its self-devotion exhibits? It was not merely that he saw, through the ensanguined cloud of misfortune which had fallen upon his family, the unstained excellence of his sister, whose madness had caused it; that he was ready to take her to his own home with reverential affection, and cherish her through life; that he gave up, for *her* sake, all meaner and more selfish love, and all the hopes which youth blends with the passion which disturbs and ennobles it; not even that he did all this cheerfully, and without pluming himself upon his brotherly nobleness as a virtue, or seeking to repay himself (as some uneasy martyrs do) by small instalments of long repining;—but that he carried the spirit of the hour in which he first knew and took his course to his last. So far from thinking that his sacrifice of youth and love to his sister gave him a license to follow his own caprice at the expense of her feelings, even in the lightest matters, he always wrote and spoke of her as his wiser self, his generous benefactress, of whose protecting care he was scarcely worthy."

It must be remembered also, which the Sergeant does not overlook, that Lamb's efforts for the becoming support of his sister lasted through a period of forty years. Twelve years before his death, the munificence of the India House, by granting him a liberal retiring allowance, had placed his own support under shelter from accidents of any kind. But this died with himself: and he could not venture to suppose that, in the

event of his own death, the India House would grant to his sister the same allowance as by custom is granted to a wife. This they did; but not venturing to calculate upon such nobility of patronage, Lamb had applied himself through life to the saving of a provision for his sister under any accident to himself. And this he did with a persevering prudence, so little known in the literary class, amongst a continued tenor of generousities, often so princely as to be scarcely known in any class.

Was this man, so memorably good by life-long sacrifice of himself, in any profound sense a Christian? The impression is, that he was *not*. We, from private communications with him, can undertake to say that, according to his knowledge and opportunities for the study of Christianity, he *was*. What has injured Lamb in this point is, that his early opinions (which, however, from the first were united with the deepest piety) are read by the inattentive, as if they had been the opinions of his mature days; secondly, that he had few religious persons amongst his friends, which made him reserved in the expression of his own views; thirdly, that in any case where he altered opinions for the better, the credit of the improvement is assigned to Coleridge. Lamb, for example, beginning life as a Unitarian, in not many years became a Trinitarian. Coleridge passed through the same changes in the same order: and, here at least, Lamb is supposed simply to have obeyed the influence, confessedly great, of Coleridge. This, on our own knowledge of Lamb's views, we pronounce to be an error. And the following extracts from Lamb's letters will show, not only that he was religiously disposed on impulses self-derived, but that, so far from obeying the bias of Coleridge, he ventured, on this one subject, firmly as regarded the matter, though humbly as regarded the manner, affectionately to reprove Coleridge.

In a letter to Coleridge, written in 1797, the year after his first great affliction, he says:—

"Coleridge, I have not one truly elevated character among my acquaintance; not one Christian; not one but undervalues Christianity. Singly, what am I to do? Wesley—[have you read his life?—]—was not he an elevated character? Wesley has said religion is not a solitary thing. Alas! it is necessarily so with me, or next to solitary. 'Tis true you write to me; but correspondence by letter and personal intimacy are widely different. Do, do write to me; and do some good to my mind—already how much 'warped and relaxed' by the world!"

In a letter written about three months previously, he had not scrupled to blame Coleridge at some length for audacities of religious speculation, which seemed to him at war with the simplicities of pure religion. He says:—

"Do continue to write to me. I read your letters with my sister, and they give us both abundance of delight. Especially they please us two when you talk in a religious strain. Not but we are offended occasionally with a certain freedom of expression, a certain air of mysticism, more consonant to the conceits of pagan philosophy than consistent with the humility of genuine piety."

Then, after some instances of what he blames, he says:—

"Be not angry with me, Coleridge. I wish not to cavil: I know I cannot instruct you; I only wish to remind you of that humility which best becometh the Christian character. God in the New Testament, our best guide, is represented to us in the kind, condescending, amiable, familiar light of a parent; and, in my poor mind, 'tis best for us so to consider him as our Heavenly Father, and our best friend, without indulging too bold conceptions of His character."

About a month later, he says:—

"Few but laugh at me for reading my Testament. They talk a language I understand not; I conceal sentiments that would be a puzzle to them."

We see by this last quotation *where* it was that Lamb originally sought for consolation. We personally can vouch that at a maturer period, when he was approaching his fiftieth year, no change had affected his opinions upon that point; and, on the other hand, that no changes had occurred in his needs for consolation, we see, alas! in the records of his life. Whither, indeed, could he fly for comfort, if not to his Bible? And to whom was the Bible an indispensable resource, if not to Lamb? We do not undertake to say, that in his knowledge of Christianity he was everywhere profound or consistent, but he was always earnest in his aspirations after its spiritualities, and had an apprehensive sense of its power.

Charles Lamb is gone: his life was a continued struggle in the service of love the purest, and within a sphere visited by little of contemporary applause. Even his intellectual displays won but a narrow sympathy at any time, and in his earlier period were saluted with positive derision and contumely on the

few occasions when they were not oppressed by entire neglect. But slowly all things right themselves. All merit, which is founded in truth and is strong enough, reaches by sweet exhalations in the end a higher sensory—reaches higher organs of discernment, lodged in a selecter audience. But the original obtuseness or vulgarity of feeling that thwarted Lamb's just estimation in life, will continue to thwart its popular diffusion. There are even some that continue to regard him with the old hostility. And we, therefore, standing by the side of Lamb's grave, seemed to hear, on one side, (but in abated tones,) strains of the ancient malice—"This man, that thought himself to be somebody, is dead—is buried—is forgotten!" and, on the other side, seemed to hear ascending, as with the solemnity of an anthem—"This man, that thought himself to be nobody, is dead—is buried; his life has been searched; and his memory is hallowed for ever!"

CANNING'S ESTIMATE OF CHALMERS.—When Dr. Chalmers first visited London, the hold that he took on the minds of men was unprecedented. It was a time of strong political feeling; but even that was unheeded, and all parties thronged to hear the Scottish preacher. The very best judges were not prepared for the display that they heard. Canning and Wilberforce went together, and got into a pew near the door. The elder in attendance stood alone by the pew. Chalmers began in his usual unpromising way, by stating a few nearly self-evident propositions, neither in the choicest language nor in the most impressive voice. "If this be all," said Canning to his companion, "it will never do." Chalmers went on—the shuffling of the conversation gradually subsided. He got into the mass of his subject; his weakness became strength, his hesitation was turned into energy; and, bringing the whole volume of his mind to bear upon it, he poured forth a torrent of the most close and conclusive argument, brilliant with all the exuberance of an imagination which ranged over all nature for illustrations, and yet managed and applied each of them with the same unerring dexterity, as if that single one had been the study of a whole life. "The tartan beats us," said Mr. Canning; "we have no preaching like that in England."

ORIGIN OF JOHN GILPIN.—Perhaps the name of no place in the vicinity of London is so universally known as that of Edmonton, and this knowledge may be attributed to the famous visit of that "citizen of credit and renown," who once set out to see the "Bell" from "famous London town." The "Bell," which is a popular inn, still hangs out its "wide-sounding" sign, and calls the lovers of fun and poetry to do their devoirs to "porter" and the genius of Cowper. The following occurs in the life of the poet, as the origin of the world-famed ballad of "John Gilpin." "It happened one afternoon, in those years when Cowper's accomplished friend, Lady Austen, made a part of his little evening circle, that she observed him sinking into increased dejection; it was her custom on these occasions, to try all the resources of her sprightly powers for his immediate relief. She told him the story of John Gilpin, (which had been treasured in her memory from her childhood,) to dissipate the gloom of the passing hour. Its effects on the fancy of Cowper had the air of enchantment. He informed her the next morning that convulsions of laughter, brought on by his recollection of her story, had kept him waking during the greatest part of the night, and that he had turned it into a ballad! So arose the pleasant poem of 'John Gilpin.' To Lady Austen's suggestion, also, we are indebted for the poem of the 'Task.'"

A MISERLY MARQUESS.—A few days ago the furniture, &c., of the château of the miserly Marquess d'Aligré, in the village of Chatou, between Paris and St. Germain, was sold by auction. This old Marquess was the richest man in France; he possessed 300 houses in Paris and other towns, fifty estates in different parts of the kingdom, and upwards of 2,000,000*l.* capital placed in the public funds of different countries; and yet the furniture of his favorite château was old, dirty, wretched in the extreme, and would have disgraced a low lodging-house. There was not a decent picture, not a cushion or curtain, or carpet, that was not ragged; not a chair or table that was not rickety; not a piece of crockery that was not cracked.—*Globe.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

VIEWS OF EDINBURGH.

TRAVELLING, like charity, should begin at home. Let no one lament that he is cut off from the delightful foreign tour which "the state of the Continent" has forbidden, if he have still to become acquainted with the beauties and treasures of his own dear land. There is more altogether to be seen in Great Britain, whether of the historical, the romantic, the wonderful, or the picturesque, than in any other country on the surface of the globe. We leave Ireland out of the question, for even tourists have become Repealers now. Let no one especially lament his hard fate who intended this summer to have become acquainted with St. Petersburg, or Constantinople, or Cairo, or Pesth, if he have not seen a city nearer home as singular as any of these, and more beautiful, viz., the fair capital of Scotland. We are not Scotch ourselves, nor, singular to say, could we have been, even had we been born in the very heart of Mid-Lothian. Edinburgh is not "our own romantic town," except in love, gratitude, and adoption, yet we envy every traveller his first impressions of her wondrous beauties; that is, if it be possible to envy another that of which we ourselves with a long and close acquaintance have never lost the freshness. Still it is a pleasure to live these impressions over and over again with any sensible and susceptible companion who will intrust himself to our guidance; and, after a hard day's work, to earn the thanks that are due to a kind and patient cicerone-ship, when all the time we have been trotting our companion about quite as much for our own good pleasure as for his.

How we enjoy, for instance, sallying out with him the first morning into Princes street, that our eyes may wander in admiration and astonishment through the whole length of that unrivalled causeway from west to east. Beginning with that pile of Castle rock, and its towers and *guérites* standing bold against the sky; we pass, in rapid glance, first the classic portico and rich pillared perspective of the Royal Institution, with

our Queen, in graceful robing, enthroned upon it; then that beautiful gothic structure starting up like a tall sprouting plant, or graceful *jet d'eau*, all sparkling still with the freshness of newly-hewn stone, with the thoughtful head of Sir Walter Scott seen beneath; and catch between them as we proceed glimpses of towers, and spires, and old houses, and rich foliage, till our vision rests on the Calton Hill, with its airy Parthenon pillars traced against the early eastern sun. Or again, to place ourselves north and south, looking up on one side at that extraordinary pile of gray Old Town, with its giddy houses, eleven stories high; its ragged outline of wall and chimney, with tower, and spire, and coroneted steeple, seen above; and, nearer and lower, those grand arches of the North Bridge, spanning a very city in their length; and, higher and further, the blue line of Salisbury Craigs, with huge Ben Arthur presiding, like a lion *couchant*, over the scene;—and then down on the other side, on those splendid rows of palatial edifices, terrace below terrace, embosomed in rich gardens, with the blue Forth beyond, and the long sweeping lines of the Fife hills beyond that, till the old song comes into our heads, and we involuntarily exclaim, in a rhapsody of enthusiasm,—

Auld Reekie greet ye well;
And Reekie New beside;
Ye're like a chieftain old and gray,
Wi' a young and bonny bride.

Or how we delight to stand with him at the top of the Lawn Market, looking up at strange old houses with their gables towards the street; their open stairs mounting above our heads; their dark cellars and cavities disappearing beneath our feet; with those dark, dirty, winding passages, like deep rents between the houses, sloping into misty darkness, or giving momentary glimpses of woods, and hills, and turreted mansions, like Paradise, beyond them; and to wonder in

what part of the world we can possibly be, till the dress or physiognomy of the people—not their speech, for that's all Greek to us still—or the names on the many boards,—Kenmore, Grocer; Porteous, Tailor; or Mac-Beth, Flesher; or the buzz of a distant bagpipe, or a whiff of Scotch broth, struggling with less agreeable perfumes, or, most significant of all, a sting of sharp east wind, convince us that we are in no other than the "Land o' Cakes."

Or how we love to loiter with him on the grand road beneath the Calton Hill, looking on the one side at all the crowded forms of both towns, and over and under those bridges and bands of communication which the old chieftain has extended like loving arms to his bride, and on the other at old Holyrood with her massive towers and delicate but ruined chapel; beyond which lies the glorious expanse of land and sea, where the cone of North Berwick Law overtops the coast, and even the Bass on a clear day is distinguishable; and, casting all comparisons to the wind, while it happens just here to blow so hard that we can hardly keep our hats on, to vow before heaven and earth that Edinburgh has not her equal in the whole world.

It were strange if it had, for what other city can boast of such a concurrence of natural advantages? Situated on a *quasi* peninsula, having the sea, with its islands, and the Forth with its hills, as its east and north boundaries; with Salisbury Craigs flanking like a wall of defence the approach to Arthur's Seat on the south-east; and the rugged knolls of the Braed Hills, and the bold lines of the Pentlands stretching round from the south to the west; and, lastly, in the centre of all that splendid mass of rock, inaccessible on three sides, and sloping down on the fourth with a high rocky ridge, inviting a warlike race to perch their nests upon it; Auld Reekie, even when single, must have been the wonder of the world. And then to see that "bonny bride," whom he has taken to his arms rather late in life—for the old chieftain, like a true cautious Scot, did not encumber himself with a better-half till he could afford it—and whom he has not only placed in a position which would alone give grandeur to the meanest building, but also clothed in a splendor of architecture which would make a better St. Petersburg of her, even if, like that much over-praised city, she lay etched out on a swamp. Truly there is no city like Edinburgh.

Twenty cities might be endowed with the superfluity of her beauties. The only draw-

back is, that there is too much in one feast even for the veriest gourmand in scenery to do justice to. One is almost distracted with the variety. You feel that, while you are enjoying some paragon of Art, you are losing some marvel of Nature; that while you are gloating on a Canaletti, you are neglecting a Turner: that you can nowhere place yourself before one grand object without turning your back on another; that, in short, if you are in Edinburgh but a few days, you are gorged with an over-abundance of good things; and that if you live there all your life, you can never be satiated.

We English are especially entitled to a kind of fatherly pride at the sight of the New Town. It was the prosperity resulting to Caledonia by her alliance with England which built this city of palaces. It was the friendly, though at first hated, hand of the Union, which gave away the bride. The same deed, signed, as tradition reports, in a cellar in the High street, which gave Scotland finally to England, gave also some eighty years later the New Town of Edinburgh to Scotland.

One cannot but feel, on looking round, how puzzling it must have been for the first builders to know where to place their houses, for very *embarras de belles sites*. There were mountain, and sea, and river, and hill, and wooded knolls, and verdant slopes, and sunsets and sunrises, such as are seen nowhere else, all spread out to choose from; for front or back view, or both. Not that we should have doubted long. The centre of Princes street would have been our final choice: for mountain and sea, hill and river, verdant slopes and wooded knolls, may be had in other countries: but where else is there to be found an object so strange, so various, so inexhaustibly fascinating, as that wonderful, gray, lofty, jagged thing, conglomerate of innumerable dwellings, and yet apparently all of one piece, spread out before us from east to west, which is known by the name of "the Old Town?" The wonder is how any mode of life, which requires abstraction of thought and closeness of application, could ever be carried on in rooms commanding this view. Lawyers, clergymen, and especially authors, unless so fortunate as to be blind, must have been ruined here. This accounts for the general passing of these houses in Princes street, originally built for gentlemen's families, into the occupation of shopkeepers, who, it may be remarked, borrow a leaf from out of our book, and are more civil than most others in escorting their customers to the door, just for an excuse to get a peep of that exquisite Old

Town, and go back refreshed to their counters. One of the chief haberdashers in Princes street assured us, in true trading language, that he would not sell that view before his door for a thousand pounds; and, in the sympathy of our souls, we believed him. How the tourists who take up their abode at Gibb's Hotel can manage to get dressed of a morning is a perpetual enigma. That Old Town must have made many a poor man too late for the railway.

How grand is the first morning view of it, as it rises from its high pedestal of rich foliage!—one huge gray mass, all jagged in outline, like an enormous granite ruin; till gradually a thousand windows—some scattered up and down, others in level rows eleven times repeated—glimmer murkily in the early light; and a thousand chimneys send forth their slender pennons of smoke in beautifully waving lines at every stage of altitude; some floating into the clouds above, others wending up their way from the very base as if sent forth by subterranean fires; and then, as the sun mounts higher, (if we have any sun at all,) and light and shadow fall upon this maze of monotonous confusion, to see how those eleven-storied patriarchs stand forward, with smaller structures clustering at their roots, throwing deep shadows into endless entanglements of roof, and wall, and gable, and dark hollows, and strange antiquated forms; till more murky windows glimmer, and more smoking pennons wave, and we feel that this is not only the accumulated erection of many past ages, but the present residence of a crowded people.

We have doubted whether the sun would shine upon the traveller, but we are not sure that we even wish it for him. There is a mysterious affinity between the Old Town and the prevailing skies of Scotland which constitutes one of its greatest charms; there is an exquisite harmony of tint which, like a picture painted in the fewest colors, is always acceptable to the eye. Everything partakes of that beautiful *rusty* tone—the green gray rocks, the gray green trees, the blue gray sky; and then that pure gray Old Town, which, like a veritable Rembrandt etching, has a coloring all its own, which nothing else can attain.

And now we should advise our traveller to tear himself from the window, if he can, and bestow his enthusiasm elsewhere for a time. It can come nowhere amiss in Edinburgh. But let him return to his post at the gloaming, or just before it, as the last glitter of the evening sun is dying away, and the

huge mass is returning to its misty monotony, though not for long. For even before the last gold from without has passed away, the first spark from within has begun to shine; and here and there a ray is seen feebly piercing the gloom, irregularly placed, like the sentinel lights upon a huge scattered fortress; while window after window, faint and pink, dawns into view, and little earth-born stars twinkle in the clouds above, and brighter glow-worms emerge in the depths below; and the illumination spreads upward and downward, and brightens as it goes. And now may be discovered, more clearly than by any daylight view, the distinction between the different classes of occupants; how the comfort diminishes as the light spreads upward, “small by degrees and *dimly* less.” Those eleven-storied houses especially are regular gauges of social distinctions. Below, the burners of gas, brilliant and glowing, for two or three stories; then very respectable long-sixes; then the modest poverty of the dip; and, lastly, a little twinkle from garret and lucum which savors miserably of the rushlight. Not that any of the lights are very brilliant now, for a cold mist has shrouded the whole scene, and they glimmer mysteriously and ghostily; and the whole mass looks larger and loftier than ever; for, in the general gloom, the lights in the more modern houses which nestle in the hollow seem to be all one portion of the great façade; while, in the darkness which hides every object between us and it, the huge and dimly-illuminated monster seems to start from a bottomless abyss.

And now this is surely enough of the Old Town front. But no, we have one aspect more to show our companion. He has shut the window and left it, for the night is raw, and who cares to look at the beautiful or the picturesque through spectacles? But he returns for one glance between ten and eleven, throws up the sash in hot haste to be sure that the wondrous object he has just caught sight of is not a phantasmagoria of his senses, and then stands transfixed. The night is dark, the fog has all cleared away, and a dense black curtain hangs from heaven to earth, studded with lights innumerable, like the fullest firmament of stars we have seen in the clearest tropical sky. Like the stars, too, in irregularity,—here a “burning row,” there a Pleiades cluster; some twinkling like planets; others steady and distant as fixed orbs; some moving slowly across a space, others dancing like Jack-o'-lanterns, a few going out as he gazes: and he could stand and gaze all night.

The longer he looks, the more he wonders. It is a transparency on a scale Vauxhall never dreamt of. It is an enormous grim spectre, with lights innumerable in its hollow eyes. It is a robe blacker than night, spangled with orbs brighter than the stars. It is a wall pierced with countless holes, with a world blazing behind it. What should he liken that to, of which he has never seen or imagined the likeness before?

The Old Town is doing his best to turn night into day. Thousands of candles are there, shining forth on a naughty world. Just about the centre may be seen three lights, framed in crimson, telling of a more luxuriant abode than any other behind that black wall, and leading the eye suddenly down to two red fiery balls, shooting horizontally across the base, which betray the railway-line deep in the hollow.

It is worth arriving at night by that railway, the North British, to be taken by surprise by this radiant phenomenon; and taken by surprise the traveller must be, or he won't look at all. For there is no being so perversely indisposed to see what he has purposely come to see as an Englishman just arrived by a train, and that an hour and a half behind time. Curiosity and love of novelty are strong passions in the human breast; but there is one stronger still, at least in an English one, and that is love of luggage! The traveller has thought of nothing else all day but the first impressions of Edinburgh. Anticipations of Auld Reekie and New Reekie have beguiled a day-long journey; but once arrived in the very hollow of their mighty embrace, his thoughts have returned to their grovelling with his luggage. We see him in imagination toiling up that steep road which leads directly to Gibb's Hotel, turning round every moment to see that the porter who is carrying his "three pieces,"—as foreign travel has taught him to designate his portmanteau, hat-case, and carpet-bag,—is not absconding with them behind his back; when turning again, just as he reaches the level of Princes Street, that wondrous transparency suddenly bursts upon him. He stands in perfect amazement; and portmanteau, hat-case, and carpet-bag, may go on to Aberdeen, or back to London, for aught he cares!

But now morning is come again, fresh and blowy, with plenty of that dust which Edinburgh so unnecessarily scatters in her visitors' eyes. The Old Town is once more in its usual rusty suit, with waving smoke and glimmering window. We must break through

that gray crust, and penetrate deeper into its mysteries. Let us ascend one of those eleven-storied piles we have been admiring under such diversity of aspect. Take that massive front, with its high-peaked lucums to the right, near that exquisite green slope from the Castle Esplanade. It was here Johnson visited Boswell; and here also David Hume resided many years, till he removed into the oldest square of the New Town. We cross the Earthen Mound, or rather climb it, for it is a steep ascent, and enter an open doorway, looking like a burrowing-hole at the base of the great pile above it. A broad stone staircase is before us, regularly zig-zagging up, nine steps at a time. At every alternate flight are two sashless windows looking out into the world, or a door leading into the warren. Other walkers are following us,—women, and children, and bakers' boys, meet us,—for this stair is a regular thoroughfare into Milne Court, and so through to the High street, which sets on to it behind at about the fifth story. So far it is not only "a common stair," as the Scotch significantly call it, but a positive street; conducting between rows of houses which lift themselves one above another, each having its own private door, with their brass plates and iron scrapers, as if in the open air, instead of being side by side. One of these doors is open; we peep into a long, dark vestibule, leading right and left, with more doors and more brass plates leading off that;—houses within houses, each having its parlor, bedrooms, kitchen, garret, and cellar, all on one floor. The warren is full, indeed! But we mount higher and higher—Heaven pity those who live at top; half way is treadmill sufficient!—and the brass knockers and plates of gentility vanish as we ascend, and the doors look poorer, and the wind whistles about us through the open windows, and our companion feels very much as if he were mounting a church steeple, or climbing the winding branches of a lofty silver fir to steal the nest that lies at top. At length we are at the last flight; and toiling slowly up, with a pail of water in her hand, is a poor old woman, who goes groaning and grumbling, and looks as if she would have been much more comfortable on a broomstick. We take the pail off her hands, beg in return to see her domicile, and are, in a few minutes, comfortably resting ourselves in a little cottage in the clouds. The room is lined with old smoke-dried panelling. A little fire is smouldering on an open hearth; a few odds and ends of primitive-colored prints are hung

around; there is a bedplace in the wall, with a rug for the covering. In short, her little abode might have been a biggin nestled in some nook of the Highlands, instead of a garret perched on the top of brass plates and cast-iron scrapers; at all events, it would not have seemed further removed from the rest of the world. But the view is one which the Highlands themselves could not have offered. The only window is in the recess of one of those lucums we had seen from below. This recess is evidently the old lady's scullery, wash-house, and back-kitchen. Here she has been washing out rags and gutting herrings, with a view of heaven and earth before her one would have thought she could not have turned her eyes from. New Edinburgh, with all her magnificence of square, street, monument, garden, and public building, lies spread out beneath us,—with field and homestead, and green slope beyond, and smoking Leith, and smiling Granton; and villages and country-houses, and the broad Forth speckled with vessels, and the grand Fife hills, which have risen higher and higher with us, and a sky above the whole which is alone worth climbing eleven stories to see.

From this window the birth and progress of that glorious city had been watched. Hence, if any one remained at home on such a day, the great festivity of laying the first stone was overlooked. From this garret conjectures had been formed how the great undertaking would end, and how far the building mania would extend. From this little lucum recess a whole history of the gradual progress and development of Scottish civilization might have been read; unless, as is most probable, the predecessors of our old lady had been, like herself, mere drawers of water and gutters of herrings, and had never thought of progress or civilization at all. For her ideas move very properly in her own small sphere; and when we compliment her on the beauty of the view, she complains that it is a hard thing to bring up "every drap o' water" that height: and so it is. Then our traveller, in his best English, respectfully inquires whether she can tell him in which story David Hume lodged. "Dawvid Hume! Dawvid Hume!" says the old woman; "I hae been here this echteen year, and never mind sic a name. Dawvid Hume is no on this stair." To which he gently replies, in Toots' phraseology, that it is "of no consequence," and we beat a retreat.

But this is hardly a fair specimen of an Old Town abode; or rather, too fair an one. That old lady is of a different order of beings

to those we are going to see, although she knows nothing of David Hume. We emerge five stories higher than we entered, into a gloomy court, with high, blackened, grim houses round it, and, following a dirty alley to the right, are soon upon the broad expanse of the Castle Esplanade. Here, where the statue of the Duke of York now looks down on a few loitering soldiers, or an occasional passenger, all the beauty and fashion of the old city used to promenade. But the view is unaltered. On the one side that never-tiring Forth, with the Ochills lying in a different inclination to any other hills in Scotland, as if purposely to fill up the circular boundary to the eye; on the other the Braed Range, with the Blackford Hill, renowned in *Marmion*, and wood and villa beneath; and in the centre, standing apparently on the very tops of the houses in the Grass Market, that exquisite specimen of the architecture of the seventeenth century, Heriot's Hospital. But, as usual, there is too much to admire at once; for that stupendous Castle rock, of which you only perceive the real height now that you are yourself on an eminence, is alone all-sufficient to engross the eye. With its ancient fortifications, too, on this side; archways, portcullis, half-moon battery, and clean-cut sentinel-boxes, the very ideal of a stronghold of the middle ages. And that high-barred window towards the south-east, on that giddy continuation of the perpendicular outline, where Mary Stuart was confined of James VI., in a room not so big as any modern butler's pantry in any of those modern palaces beneath. That room is well worth seeing, with the royal cipher on the six feet square ceiling. And that dungeon, too, where the graceful regalia of Scotland lay hidden for a hundred and twelve years beneath an accumulation of dust, and is now shown sparkling with its jewels by the light of a lamp. But we must leave all those sights for the present, and Mons Meg, too, who waylays us cunningly on our passage, and plunge our traveller at once into all the noise, the dirt, the squalor, and the grandeur of the High street.

It does not matter if it be the first or the fiftieth time that this locality opens its picturesque perspective before your eyes, the same sense of strangeness, wonder, and doubt, as to time and place, is sure at first to beset us. Those lofty houses, with their gables towards the street, with their rows of double lucums, surmounted here and there with that of which no time or climate can obliterate the elegance—the fleurs-de-lis—with their tablets

of old dates, and old coats-of-arms, and old Latin and French inscriptions—might represent France or Flanders at the present day, only rougher, ruder, and grander; or Paris, or London, three centuries ago. That stalwart-looking female, with basket on back, and short, striped, woollen petticoat, may be Norman; that decrepit old crone with close-folding cap, through which her wrinkled features and gray locks peep as through a crevice, may be Flemish; that girl, with full-bordered cap, flopping back from her face with the wind, if it were but clean, might be Dutch. But these are only passing impressions; those houses were built by a ruder and hardier race than any we have mentioned; those crowds above and below, on every side, are Scotch, and nothing but Scotch, and their squalor that of the nineteenth century.

It is a strange scene, however often viewed. We are treading a mighty causeway where kings and princes have passed in triumph, and might still pass with gorgeous consistency of effect, and nothing but the lowest misery meets our eyes. We are standing in what is evidently the great thoroughfare of a great capital, and it is the capital only of the poor. Poverty in every form, of dirt, and care, and carelessness, has taken possession of the great city. It lolls impudently out of mullioned windows; it swarms merrily beneath arched doorways; it drags itself wearily up picturesque open stone staircases, and disappears in mysterious dimness; it dives recklessly into deep cellars, and is lost in utter darkness; it emerges from beneath doorways surmounted with ducal coronets; it totters down filthy alleys, into which you would as soon follow it as into a coal-pit; it lounges and sprawls in every attitude upon a noble breadth of granite pavement, elevated two steps above the street, which Regent street might envy; it fights, and gossips, and scolds, and screams in the centre of a causeway where six carriages might drive abreast. If you look upwards, clothes are fluttering to dry out of wretched garrets, where one would hardly think they could be worn. "Lodgings to let" stick out of eight-story-high pigeon-holes, where one would hardly think it possible a fellow-creature could exist. Human heads are protruded at a giddy height, whence one would imagine it impossible for them to descend. On all sides, up and down, population is swarming in those numbers which poverty and wretchedness alone venture to rear, till your heart sinks within you as you contemplate it all,

and think of government, and societies, and district visitors, or any other form in which the charity of the day seeks to do battle with the misery of the day, and feel how fruitless must be all such efforts against an impregnable stronghold of squalor like this.

But we did not transport our traveller here to moralize. The character-studying and picturesque-seeking parts of his mind are all he must bring into Auld Reekie with him. Doubtless a tribute of feeling may be paid at the sight of fellow-creatures, poor, idle, and wretched; but we must remind him that it is not all misery in Scotland that looks miserable; and meanwhile the spell of excessive picturesqueness, which ever presides over dirt and disorder, especially in such a framework as the High street of Edinburgh, begins to operate. He is now fairly in the vortex of its vast world, and something exciting or characteristic, for eye or fancy, meets him at every step. Here is a great termagant woman, bony and powerful, who lunges against him, and then looks up, with all the soul of Jenny Geddes in her face, as if she would hurl her cuttie-stool or anything else at his head, for having intercepted her path. There are a couple of fellows standing insolently in his very way, with a regular Burkeing scowl on their faces; but they are figures fit for a Scotch *garde mobile*, and pictures fit for the *Illustrated News*. Here are those subterranean depths burrowing deep under the houses, in which whole families live interred, with no other communication with air and light than the hole by which they enter, and our traveller lingers involuntarily over the abyss, for the only specimen of a bonny lassie he has yet seen has just plunged down the ragged steps, and turned and looked at him as she went. There are those flights of stairs open up to the first story, which go winding into the house, and disappear suddenly behind a time-worn stone shaft, and which, in spite of the noise and bustle around, seem to lead to the very mysteries of Udolfo; or there are steps projecting into the street from the upper story, so common in Scotland, with picturesque wretchedness of every sort gathered together upon them—ragged cherubs with shock heads, clustering about the rude stone balustrades; and hideous old crones, nose and knees together, gossiping upon the steps. Then there are gatherings around the pump, like Mulready; and chafferings over herring-barrels, like Wilkie; and drunken quarrels, like Hogarth; and dirty-soled, laughingurchins, with their mouths full, stretched on

the pavement, like Murillo; and among them all, the Newhaven fishwoman, pursuing her steady way, with basket on back, and head bent low, coarse in costume, but clean and whole, the very model of strength, industry, and lowly content; or a couple of English soldiers tripping it jauntily from the Castle, with their scarlet jackets, trim waists, and smart caps, who flourish their sticks with a kind of contemptuous coquetry as some bold-faced lassie bawls to them as they pass, "Bonny feathers make bonny birds."

Nor is it the sights alone which make up the picture to the mind. Even the sounds have their merit, for through all the din of voices the buzz of a distant bagpipe falls with a kind of appropriate harmony on the ear; nay, the very smells have a picturesque association, for they remind him of Coleridge's "two-and-seventy" at Cologne, which they in every way equal, with a whiff of whisky over and above.

In the ugliness of the people, too—and they are the ugliest set we ever saw—there is a kind of spell of character which takes strong hold of the mind. There is plenty of the dark eye, small head, and wild sluttishness of the sister across the water; and a few specimens of the clean complexion, set off with the rusty, would-be-fine black cap, of the sister across the border; but the majority of that squalid crowd bear the indubitable marks of the national physiognomy. There are those gaunt, misshapen features, with deep lines and small eyes, which are known as Scotch; there are those knotty faces, flat and coarse, like lumps of granite, which are perfectly Scotch; there are those features which, with speech or smile, seem suddenly to open and flop back, like the borders of the cap, which are nothing but Scotch; there is the sandy hair, sandy skin, and even sandy eye, which is historically Scotch; there are the red coarse faces, and pale thin ones, both alike fetched from the whisky shops, which are sadly Scotch; and then there are the very facsimiles of the witches in *Macbeth*, who, as everybody knows, were Scotch too. Not but what there are faces shrewd, intelligent, and honest, nowhere more frequent than among the Scotch; but there are no clean faces, for that would not be Scotch at all; at least not in the Old Town of Edinburgh.

Nor is beauty quite failing here, to eyes which are quicksighted to discover it. A full, gentle eyelid may be seen, raised with an expression of modesty, which even such an atmosphere cannot contaminate: or a face

plain, perhaps, but beautified by a sorrow which has hallowed and not hardened it; and then that loveliest of all expressions, never utterly absent, it is to be hoped, where mother and child abound—that picture oft-est repeated, yet always fresh to eye and heart—the sweet Madonna head, gazing at the babe in her lap. We observed but one in that vast nursery of population, and she was sitting apart beneath the shadow of an ancient doorway.

As for the children of the High street, the harvest is too thick to be computed. They cover the ground, like the brushwood beneath a race of taller growth. They swarm like a plague of locusts in Egypt, only the west wind does not carry them off. They lie in shoals on the pavement; they gather in clusters in the street; they sit in rows on the kerbstone; they pour in legions up the wynds; crowds of them are playing upon every heap of coals or dirt; whole battalions of them are lying at ease in the gutter. Down every stair a couple of little naked feet are seen pattering; up every cellar a little dirty head is peeping. They run and riot without hindrance; they tumble and roar without pity; they thump, and get thumped, without mercy; they are too dirty to be touched, and too ugly, one would think, to be loved,—yet, even in this infant pandemonium there are little imps who fasten on your sympathies. Here lies a ragged, filthy, innocent little thing, stretched out asleep on the pavement, whom you can't help looking down upon with tenderness; and then a little curly-headed, limpid-eyed monkey, lifts its face trustingly up to you, whom you could almost run away with; and it would not be missed, for it is five years old, and the mother has, doubtless, at least half-a-dozen others to bring up under it.

Next to children, herrings are the most plentiful things in the High street; and there seems to be a kind of natural bond between them. Every slut of a woman carries a baby on one arm, and a bundle of herrings on the other. Babies are sucking raw herrings to keep them quiet; children are playing with putrid ones; while the most popular toy going seems to be these same delectable herrings' *viscera*, (to call them by a polite name,) which we first made acquaintance with in our old woman's recess on the eleventh story, and which we have since met with in such profusion at every step, that they have become quite a familiar object.

But now our traveller must turn his eye away from that fascinating throng, and give

a little attention to the equally characteristic features which the buildings above and around him present. There is a kind of analogy between the national scenery and character, and the aspect and build of this old town. The houses are rough, and rugged, and wretched, but never tumble down. The giddiest garrets stand rude and misshapen against the sky, but as steady in their places as the highest boss of granite on the top of Arthur's Seat. Below, the houses have undergone some kind of civilization. In many of them the old tough walls have been smoothed and painted, and the small, deep-seated windows enlarged into the likeness of a modern shop; but the tillage seldom extends above the first story; the higher you lift your eye, the bleaker does the scene appear, till their tops look as if they had been vitrified by some process of fire, or hewn out of the solid rock.

There is also a strength of character, a determination to get over difficulties, in the very positions the houses occupy. Auld Reekie is built on, and between, and up that succession of rocky ridges, which makes it the most wonderful town in the world to look upon, but the most difficult to erect. The houses, almost all, stand with their limbs gathered underneath them on one side, and hanging down over a precipice on the other. They are like giraffes, with short hind legs, and long front ones, or *vice versa*. There is hardly one which is privileged to stand comfortably on level ground. Modern improvements enable the spectator to take in the construction of the town at a glance. We step with our traveller on to that grand George the Fourth's Bridge, which now conveys all the traffic of this side of the capital, at one leap, from one ridge to another. A wilderness of ragged roofs, and garret windows, and smoking chimneys, all tumbling and battered in irregular rows, like a jaw of broken teeth, are level with our feet. The gilt weathercock of a venerable church tower seems within arm's length. The grand pile of the Castle rock towers in the distance above, while deep below us runs that other muddy current of life, the Cowgate, with a repetition of the same scenes we have just related going on,—coal-heaps, dirt-heaps, children, herrings, and all. From this depth, up to the level of the High street, the houses go climbing, like trees up a mountain side; the foundations of some level with the tops of others, like trees, too, on uneven ground, throwing out deep roots of masonry in search of support. A wild and rugged scene of artificial growth, with those alleys or wynds deep be-

tween the houses, looking like gorges and gullies worn by the action of mountain torrents.

These wynds are the most wretched features of all. The traveller's greatest enthusiasm cannot gild the misery that too obviously dwells there. There is a species of dirt and wretchedness which goes beyond the spell of the picturesque. Some of them are wider and less squalid, and still tenanted, here and there, by the brass plates and iron scrapers of such few respectable householders as still linger on in the Old Town; but the greater number are such as it seems purgatory to dwell in, and not always safety to pass through. Nature does all she can to cleanse the filthy pavement and purify the mouldering walls; blasts of wind whistle through them, and deluges of rain pour down them; but not all the rivers of Damascus, nor the breezes from Arabia, could sweeten these wretched ravines. The traveller feels, as overcoming his strong disgust he stoops under the dark, cavern-like entrance, and plunges into the murky twilight of the wynd, that he has entered that atmosphere of poverty which brings fever and pestilence, and every ill, moral and physical, to which flesh is heir, in its train. Here are none of the light and sunshine of the High street, which made all look free, if they did not look happy. The blackened, broken windows, stuffed up with clouts of rags, look directly on a blank wall, or down on to the opposite dwellers' misery. Neighbors can shake hands out of the second story, or break heads, which they are more likely to do, out of the third; for the houses project at each story till they almost meet, and you look up at a sepulchral light at top, as through a dark chimney. As for sunshine, it would be melancholy to see it here, and moonshine to expect it.

But while your head is up, like the astrologer in the fable, you must take care what becomes of your feet. The ground is steep, and worn slippery with the perpetual passage of this barefooted race. The traveller has much ado to keep from slipping himself, while a dirty little vagabond child, who has nearly tripped him up in its headlong descent, tumbles prostrate before us, with its heels higher than its head, and lies roaring with its mouth directly in a collection of our old friends—the herrings' viscera. Upon which, a beldame, with red face and dishevelled hair, rushes out of a coroneted door, clutches the unfortunate youngster by the shoulder, and finding it is not hurt, immediately gives it something to cry for.

We have mentioned a coroneted door. But the house that owns it, and all above and below, are as wretched in their scale of original construction as they can be in their aspect of present misery. Story is piled above story, seeking the space which was denied below; but each story is so low that our companion's head is almost on a level with the second tier. And men and women with tangled locks, hardly to be distinguished the one from the other in the general gloom, are looking upon us from upper windows, with the ceiling evidently so close upon them that it is a wonder how they draw their heads back without striking them; while below, at the foundation, are shapeless holes leading into dark rocky cavities, which one would take for the dens of animals only, were it not for the glare of fire which is seen deep within.

At this moment, a woman, toiling slowly up from the opposite end of the wynd, calls out in the strong, harsh, drawling voice of the Edinburgh people,—“Can ye tell me how Mistress M'Culloch is the day?” And a voice from above as harshly answers,—“She deed last Sotherday was a week, and was buried yesterday.” On which the woman ejaculates,—“Puir bodie! Ah, weel!” and goes slowly toiling on as before. But the words have struck with a ghastly sound upon our traveller's ear. He has been picking his way, and turning up his nose, and holding himself drawn up together, as one who fears contamination with all around, and wondering with an idle wonder how any fellow-creatures could exist in such loathsome living graves; but that note of death has stirred a deeper chord, and as he hastens back out of the narrow way, in which the coffin of the dead woman could hardly have turned, the memory of poor Mrs. M'Culloch has found a mourner she little thought of. “Puir body!” indeed, to have lived and to have died *there*!

Domestic architecture is an incontrovertible tell-tale. As we look at the very construction of these miserable abodes of humanity, we are led to conclude, either that these closes and wynds are far more appropriately tenanted by their present race of possessors, or, that their original ones were not so superior to them as coronets, shields, and other insignia of rank and consequence, which are scattered about, would lead one to suppose: wretched as the scene may be now, it is one which, from the very nature of the dwellings, could never have been otherwise than barbarous.

But now our traveller must return to the High street. Here, at least, that prestige

of grandeur ever lingers which is extinguished in the deep, dirty defile of the wynd. How noble it looks, even with all its present apparel of poverty! an old aristocrat, though sunk now in the lowest misery. In one respect, it still triumphs over that young *parvenu* below: that can boast of no such churches, old or new, as here arrest the eye in the fine perspective of the Lawn Market and the High street. The Tron Church is no ornament, and the fire of 1824 has destroyed its prestige of antiquity; but that old St Giles', or High Church, in which royalty and vice-royalty have worshipped, with its picturesque coroneted tower seen from afar, has still that certain cathedral *something* about it which no Presbyterian renovations or innovations have been quite able to remove! And then that other grand edifice, which, with its exquisitely formed and finished tower and steeple, one can hardly believe to be the work of the last ten years; far surpassing any other modern sacred building we know in beauty and courage of detail, and combining so marvellously with the peculiar character of the great and strange Past around it, that, in spite of the freshness and sharpness of the stone, it carries with it a look of antiquity; yet modern enough, in one sense, when we see that the tower is put at the wrong end of the building, and an out-and-out Presbyterian modern in another sense, as the name first sounds incredibly, and then astoundingly, and then, to say the least, discordantly, on the ear—*Victoria Hall*! With the deepest loyalty for our earthly sovereign, one can hardly bring one's self to pronounce these words in connection with a building, not only erected for the purpose of divine worship, but which is expressly stamped with every association of reverence and devotion towards the Lord of lords and King of kings that architecture can express. How strange that the holiness of purpose which has been so carefully uttered in stone should be denied in name! *Victoria Hall*! Why, Minerva Temple would hardly have a more heathenish twang! Pugin might place this building, with its name underneath it, as frontispiece to his volume of anomalies and contrasts.

But let this pass; they must not throw stones who live in glass houses. Altogether, Catholic names, as may be supposed, are as little adopted as they are retained here in this stronghold of Knoxianity. There are St. Mary's Wynd, and Lady Wynd, and Blackfriars' Wynd still; and Abby Hill fur-

ther on ; and another venerable precinct to which we are now approaching, whose significance of denomination is forgotten in the familiarity of custom. For we follow the gradual descent of the High street into a lower and narrower part, also redolent of old Catholic sound—the Canongate,—where signs of past importance crowd thicker around us ; balconies, bas-reliefs, arches ; high gates, with isolated houses within them ; the ancient town-house, with its projecting clock-tower, and the old cross half-buried in the wall ; not to omit a cluster of more fragile tenements, with John Knox's pulpit, looking, like the Church he has instituted, as if it would fumble two ways ; and crossing the imaginary line of Sanctuary, find ourselves before the ancient towers of the old palace of *Holy Rood*.

The left-hand side attracts our chief attention, with its more time-worn aspect, and smaller-sashed, deep-set windows ; for this was the Holyrood of that sovereign of Scotland whose beauty and misfortunes are matters of certainty, and whose errors (at least the worst of them) it seems impossible to prove. We cannot refuse to let our traveller enter in here, for not all the sentiment-disturbing companionship of sight-showers and fee-takers can dispel the excessive interest that invests these ancient apartments. The bed, the chairs, the relics of old furniture, may have belonged, as antiquarians aver, to the unfortunate and scarcely less beautiful Mary of Modena, for whom the additional quadrangle was built ; but the miserable rooms themselves are sufficient memorial of the life and history of her who was Mary Stuart, queen of France and Scotland. There is that first state-room and the one bed-room through it, not half so big as any of the usual two drawing-rooms of a modern Edinburgh lady ; and then that scanty, wretched closet, which an average-sized woman must stoop her head to enter, where Mary—if not wickedly, yet not wisely,—and if not wisely, yet most naturally—threw off the restraints of royalty, and enjoyed the society of those more congenial with herself in habits and education than the highest peers and peeresses in Scotland. And if the apartment be not memorial sufficient, there is that other witness which calls aloud to Heaven, and has told the tale from generation to generation of the ruthless barbarity which environed the unfortunate queen. Who can look at those thick, dim stains, sunk deep into the old oak floor,—who can examine the antiquity of that partition which shuts out this portion of

the apartment from the queen's sight, or remark the local evidence of the vicinity to the door to which the victim was dragged, without acknowledging that this is, indeed, the blood which flowed from the fifty-six wounds of the hapless Rizzio ? There is something in the silent solemnity of such a stain which the archest skepticism or the silliest levity cannot withstand. We have seen them both hushed over the heart's blood of poor Mary's murdered musician, though they might be renewed on the other side of the door.

And though we have thrown out a sneer at the tribe of sight-showers who infest such places, and though we believe Mr. Hume has established the right of the public to a free entry into Holyrood Palace, yet we must make an exception for that worthy individual who, if she be not the very original of the Mrs. Policy of Holyrood memory mentioned in the inimitable preface to the *Chronicles of the Canongate*, is her undoubted descendant ; for she would defend the blood of Rizzio, or any other relic intrusted to her care, at the expense of her own. It is edifying to hear the reverence with which she articulates the name of "Queen Mary's Apartments !" as she ushers you solemnly in ; to see the faith with which she shows a glove of Darnley's, which may have belonged to one of Cromwell's soldiers ; a picture of Rizzio, in the school of Sir Peter Lely ; and a miniature of Mary herself, executed, to all appearance, by a living artist : and then the equanimity with which, observing the doubting expression on our companion's countenance, she remarks to us, in Mrs. Malaprop language, "That gentleman appears to be *sceptible* of everything." But she has her triumphs, for the blood of Rizzio converts him at last.

The rest of the palace is uninteresting, unless we could show our companion that night vision of it we have seen, when the short-lived regality of the Lord High Commissioner revives something of its ancient barbaric splendor, and the Lady High Commissioner summons all loyal lieges to attend her court on the queen's birthnight ; when the great deserted court-yard swarms with guards and attendants, and the crimson of the vice-royal liveries ; and beneath every arch of the arcade are seen groups of youthful pages and uncouth "body-men," now vanishing in the deep shadow of the moonlight, now emerging into the glimmer of the widely-scattered lamps ; and figures uncouth still, half-soldier and half-savage, stand like mutes on the great stairs, and point the way upward ;

and ladies, with their long dresses, go sweeping along the Throne Room through rows of statue-like halberdiers, and are received with dignity by a queen-like, diamond-decked woman; and the echoes of a whole suite of desolate royal apartments are disturbed with the feet of a thousand guests; and tapestries brighten beneath the unusual light; and fires blaze in the vast chimneys; and thoughts of Charles Edward in his short-lived glory, and Charles X. in his exile, accompany us wherever we turn; till, throwing open a window to escape from the heat of a crowd, that ruined chapel, with its east-end cross and tracery, outlined clear against the moonlight, rises before us, and from that moment the ghost of Mary Stuart seems alone to preside over the scene.

But if we cannot show our traveller this night picture, we must introduce him to another of more frequent occurrence. The reader must forgive us if we return once more, and for the last time, into the High street of our affections, and that between the hours of nine and eleven at night. The general effect of the scene is grander and more peculiar than ever. The houses have that ghostly appearance which a glare from below always imparts, for the chief light proceeds from the gas in the shop windows. Like grim giants are they arrayed on each side, their uncouth feet illuminated, and their lofty tops lost in the darkness; for no lights burn in those upper stories and garrets, or something so faint that it gives the idea of double the distance. The tower, too, of Victoria Hall looms above us like a huge, dim being, and the steeple elongates itself into immeasurable infinitude, while just where the tip should be a bright planet is gleaming, like the star over the tomb of the Three Kings at Cologne. The upper part of the Lawn Market is silent and dreary, like a deserted city; those deep dens look more unfathomable, and those open stairs more mysterious; no loiterers are upon them, and if a figure descends them it glides quickly past, as if it had an errand to fulfil. As for the wynds, it is rather a comfort that they are hidden from sight by that veil of night which can hardly increase their horror, though their black, cavern-like abysses yawn upon us as we pass, like the descent into Avernus.

As we descend, however, into the High street, signs of that dense population which swarmed around us in the morning begin to appear, and thicken as we proceed, till, at length, we can hardly make our way for the press and numbers. But the noise and din are hushed,

and the chief sound that meets the ear is the scraping of those that have shoes along the pavement, or the dull stroke of the far greater number of feet that have none. The truth is, it is Saturday night. The men, such as have work, have brought home their wages; and the beldames and vixens of the morning are transformed into careful housekeepers, purchasing provisions for the Sabbath, which, even in this Old Town, is so far outwardly respected. But a spell seems to have come over the people; all quarrelling and gossiping seems forgotten; a quieter and more decorous crowd was never collected. They move about with a thoughtful, careful demeanor, as if they were thinking what they could contrive to do without, and weighing how far a shilling could be made to go; and if we catch sight of their Scotch physiognomies by that uncertain light, we find them looking more Scotch than ever.

Meanwhile, the shops they frequent are all in the open street. Stalls innumerable have sprung up along the sides of the causeway, laden with pears, and apples, and potatoes, and even flour and meal, with a paper lantern tied to a pole, or a flickering light of which you only see the upward glare, set deep among the vendibles. Or we stumble upon donkey-carts from the country, and cabbages and turnips are being examined by the light of a streaming tallow-candle stuck on to the bars of the vehicle; and a strong vegetable perfume is superadded to the other two-and-seventy, which, unlike the sounds, the night has not diminished in potency. And herrings, the staple commodity, of course are there, in heaps and barrowfulls, glimmering with phosphoric light in the darkness around them; and squalid children are crouching over the barrow, rubbing off the scales with their little hands, and wearing that same expression of care and caution on their little faces which everybody seems to have assumed just now in the High street.

But it is not only provisions that the people are buying. The broad pavements are spread out like a counter with various articles, and passers-by pick their way between collections of crockery or tin ware. And sharp, anxious-looking women are examining tea-cups and tin pots, and turning and twisting them round with one hand, for the other is invariably imprisoned beneath the tattered shawl with the sleeping baby; or they are applying the same scrutiny to some broad-frilled muslin cap, for one of the most ingenious inventions here by way of a shop is the great cotton umbrella reversed, with

a cap stuck on the top of the handle by way of a sign, and caps lying one over the other in each compartment, and a light flaring in the midst, which it is a wonder does not set fire to them all.

Altogether, the scene possesses the double attraction of a market and a fair, for pleasures and luxuries are not forgotten. Peep-shows are there, and fascinating transparencies of horrible murders; and a man raised on a tub selling old books: "Scott's *Elocution*, as good as new, for one shilling! The *Geography of the World, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America*, complete for elevenpence! Scott's *Elocution* for tenpence! Scott's *Elocution*, hardly soiled, for eightpence—for sixpence! not to be slighted because going so cheap! Scott's *Elocution* for fourpence—for threepence! an ornament to any gentleman's library!" And at last, with a desperate flap of the leaves, "Scott's *Elocution* for one penny—for one penny! Scott's *Elocution* for one penny! and, if I once pass it out of my hand, I won't take a pound for it." While the people stand in a dense, mute crowd, around, and the auctioneer trims his smoking torch, and lets a shower of sparks fall into a quantity of old paper at his feet, and sets to work with "*Europe, Asia, Africa, and America*, complete, for sixpence!"

These lights are the most wonderful things of all; a peculiar spell of forbearance seems to preside over them. They flicker, and flare, and tumble, among all sorts of combustible articles, but nothing takes fire. A candle falls directly against an old, dry wicker-basket, but does not seem to singe it; a great resinous torch is flaming close to bunches of dry straw, which if at sea, in a crowded emigrant ship, would soon have wrapped the vessel in flames, but here not a spark is communicated. Meanwhile, they are an endless source of the picturesque. The Wilkies, and Hogarths, and Mulreadys of the morning, have vanished; but, at every step, some other artist of strong light-and-shadow effect is presented to our view,—some Schalken-like picture of a broad, ruddy cheek, and yellow hair, illuminated by an unseen lamp,—some uncouth Teniers' figure and face, strengthened in all its lines of ugliness, as it stoops over tub or barrow, by the upward glare of the light deep within it,—or some genuine Rembrandt arrangement, with intense shadows and transparent *chiaro oscuros*, and only one-eighth of light admitted, as Burnet has calculated, and that falling upon some trivial object.

But now these self-same lights burn low,

indeed; and the stalls are folding up; and the illuminated clock of the Tron Church, which has presided, like a great, low, yellow harvest moon, over the scene, points to an hour when travellers should be in bed; and we wend our way back to more civilized haunts with tired limbs, but with eyes before which the fitful pictures of that evening are for ever passing. And ruminations, moral, philanthropic, and artistic, occupy our minds as we go. But, to our shame be it spoken, the artistic prevail; and we confess to ourselves and to our companion, that though that Old Town may be the haunt of vice and the hot-bed of fever, we would not willingly have one stone of it removed from its place.

AUTHORSHIP OF TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.—We can easily understand upon what principle Junius sought to conceal his identity, but for what reason, save personal vanity and private *éclat*, the author of a work not involving personal responsibility or danger remains incognito, we cannot discover. The following relates to the writer of that splendid rescript of the sea and sea-faring men, "Tom Cringle's Log:" "The author of this very successful work, (originally published in 'Blackwood's Magazine,') was a Mr. Mick Scott, born in Edinburgh in 1789, and educated at the High School. Several years of his life were spent in the West Indies. He ultimately married, returned to his native country, and there embarked in commercial speculations, in the leisure between which he wrote the 'Log.' Notwithstanding its popularity in Europe and America, the author preserved his incognito to the last. He survived his publisher for some years, and it was not till Mr. Scott's death that the sons of Mr. Blackwood were aware of his name."

SAFETY OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING.—The queen, in her late journey from Scotland, travelled over 500 miles by railway, and when it is known that over this distance her majesty was conveyed without any previous notice, at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, including stoppages, at a rate amounting to, but not exceeding, at any time, 50 miles an hour, over a country rising twice to an elevation of 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, and descending at intermediate stations nearly to the level of the sea, so conveyed, without the slightest cause of alarm, we may be permitted to say that the railways of Britain have reached an amount of perfection, regularity, and security, unsurpassable and almost unhopd for.

From Fraser's Magazine.

GENERAL CAVAIGNAC AND HIS FATHER.

THERE is no country in the world where the manufacture of talent is so necessary as in France, because there is none which flings aside its instruments with such facility, or is so continually craving for new ones. Every popular favorite is twice judged, and each time meets an unjust sentence. He is received, at first, with a favor which partakes of doting, and is perched on a pedestal too rapidly built, only to be cast down again, and every good quality denied him. The fault of this rests, to a certain extent, as well with the choosers as the chosen. The latter, however, is perhaps most to blame, because he promises, it may be in the sincerity of a sanguine heart, arrangements which cannot be accomplished; while the former, laying out of view the difficulties of his position, forthwith denounce him as a deceiver. The men who flung down all and erected nothing, did not *all* know that a few months, such as they provided for their country, may suffice to demoralize a people and ruin its resources. The one who followed found the wreck of finance and national character advancing to its accomplishment amid the horrors of civil war actually in the capital, and anticipated in the provinces. Whether or not General Cavaignac be the fit man to govern France in its present state, remains to be proved. But one thing is certain, that his ungovernable countrymen, who received him a few months ago as a god, are already turning towards him looks of suspicion which grow continually darker. It is not our business to say how far the change may be called for or justifiable. We have to deal only with the fact, and the fact itself appears to be established by the bearing of the man. Why are his recent speeches imbued with an affectation of Republicanism which is considerably beyond nature? His speech of the 3d of September, for example, seemed made with intent to brave rather than to conciliate opinion. Why else, having ascended the tribune to affirm that which many others believe as well as he, that there would be danger to the un-

born constitution, and to the country, in ceasing the *état de siège*, did he add, gratuitously, that "he had not forgotten he was himself the son of a man who sat in the National Convention, and was proud of *having such a father?*"

Was it General Cavaignac's deliberate intention to adopt, by approving *all* the proceedings of his father? Is it possible that he who, after the bloody days of June, exclaimed, "Hitherto I have seen conquerors and conquered—may God punish me if I now consent to see a victim!"—is it possible that the man who could thus express himself was yet conversant with the career of Jean Baptiste Cavaignac, advocate at the parliament of Toulouse, deputy to the National Convention in 1792, and one of nine members who, on the king's trial, voted for death *sans appel et sans sursis*? We are by no means prepared to say that he was not, because the human mind is marvellously open to self-deception; and it is so much the fashion to excuse *murder*, provided the good man put to death were born a king, that General Cavaignac may have reasoned himself into a persuasion that his father's cruel vote deserved praise. But why, at such a moment, recall men's minds to past atrocities? Was he afraid of an attack from the Mountain, and desirous of strengthening himself in other quarters by a display of hostility to its sentiments? Surely not. The Mountain can accept only as an act of conciliation, any expression laudatory of the men and measures of 1793 and 1794. Or, having put an incendiary press under wise restraint, was it necessary, in order to guard against any mistake in regard to his motives, that he should celebrate the praises of times when freedom ran into licentiousness, and the grossest tyranny was exercised in the name of liberty? We really cannot tell; but there are rumors afloat which go far beyond even this, and seem, at least, to attribute to less worthy impulses an act of which all right-thinking Frenchmen are ashamed. It may not be

amiss if we notice the more prominent of these.

The two generals who shared with General Cavaignac the glory of restoring order in Paris have become, it is said, objects of suspicion to the provisional head of the Government, and to his party. They are both regarded as Royalists, or, at all events, as reactionists; and to one of them, Lamoricière, the command of the army of the Alps was refused, because it was feared that he might use it otherwise than in the deliverance of Italy. Indeed so strong is this feeling, that, unless we be entirely misinformed, the propriety of arresting both was seriously debated in the cabinet, and the project postponed only because it was feared that proof sufficient to convict them of treasonable purposes could not be got up. Again, it is well known that with the army Lamoricière is as popular as General Cavaignac is the reverse. Let the former find himself fairly at the head of the troops, and he will carry them whithersoever he pleases, and do with them what he likes. Meanwhile the National Guard is understood to be at least lukewarm in the cause of Republicanism. Suppose a revolt to occur among them, could Cavaignac employ the soldiers of the line to put it down? They would not fire a shot at his bidding. But this is not all. The Republic is in extreme disfavor with the great body of the people everywhere, except in Paris and in a few great manufacturing towns. The proprietors and peasantry of rural districts have determined not to pay one centime of the additional tax which the National Assembly has voted, and are becoming almost to a man partisans of Henry V. No wonder that General Cavaignac should be forced, under such circumstances, to adopt measures and give utterance to sentiments which seem to be alike alien to his natural temper and to his political position. The avowed enemy of Communism, he yet, in his zeal for the Republic, attacks the respectable classes, whom he threatens as if they were conspiring for its overthrow; and, parading his father to the National Assembly, he falls upon measures out of doors which give to his words a darker import than we, at least, believe that he intends them to bear. Think of his plan, founded on a belief in a blind reaction against the Republican principle having shown itself, for sending out emissaries who should inquire into the tendency of men's opinions, in certain departments, and use measures for correcting them whenever they appeared to need correction! Nay, read the confidential

circular which was addressed, not long ago, by the Minister of the Interior to the préfets of departments, and compare it with the resolution of the Committee of Public Safety in 1793. General Cavaignac's document runs thus:—

A confidential circular Letter from the Minister de l'Intérieur.

M. Senard prescribes to all préfets of departments to forward, with the briefest possible delay, a list indicating the number and opinions of all citizens having taken part in the last municipal elections. The report to be furnished by the préfets will be divided into four categories, as thus:—

Républicains ardents.	Conservateurs.
Républicains modérés.	Légitimistes.

With the aid of these general tables, it will be possible to form an idea (approximatively, at least) of the political opinions which are shared throughout France.—*Constitutionnel*, September 16, 1848.

We place in juxtaposition with this the earlier document, and we ask our reader to say how the one differs from the other:—

Le Comité de Salut public de la Convention nationale, aux Sociétés populaires de la République une et indivisible.

Paris, 23d Brumaire, year 2.
(13th November, 1793.)

(Extract.)

The public functionaries at the head of the Revolutionary Government cannot know all the virtuous men, all the enlightened patriots, all the well-informed citizens, scattered over the territories of the Republic, &c. It is time that merit should be recognized, real talent discerned, pure and disinterested patriotism employed, &c.

We desire to have a list of the citizens fittest to fill public offices of every kind. The following is the model of the form which may be used in order to arrive at this list of useful Republicans, and destined to justify the hopes of their country:—

Tableau of the citizens who, in the district of —, can worthily exercise public functions:

Names, surnames, age, residence; profession before the Revolution, since the Revolution; civic actions; moral character; physical constitution; works written by; capable of what services; observations.

The Committee hopes you will concur in its own views by procuring, within the most brief delay, the list by name of such citizens in your arrondissement as appear most capable of usefully serving their country.

Signed by the members of the

Comité de Salut public,

BILLAUD, VARENNES, CARNOT, R. LINDET, BARRERE, ROBESPIERRE, A. PRIEUR.

Believing, as we do, that the old Revolu-

tion has none now to admire it in all France—that every reference to the terrible scenes which marked its progress is hateful to men's ears—that Ledru Rollin and George Sand have become objects of loathing everywhere except in the polluted coteries for which they write—that the first attempt to act upon the principles which they inculcate will bring up the National Guard of the provinces in hostile array to Paris,—believing all this, we are positively confounded when we find a man of General Cavaignac's sagacity speaking and acting as if, under any combination of circumstances, he contemplated the maintenance of the existing order of things by means of terrorism. Let him take but one step more in so false a direction, and he will fall from his place of honor as speedily as he attained it; and then, whatever the final result may be, France and Europe will become witnesses anew to scenes which cannot but shake the faith of the most trusting in all human professions. But it is time that we turn to the proper subject of this article.

General Cavaignac makes it his boast that he is the son of one who played no mean part in the events of the last century. Let us endeavor to trace in brief the public career of the man whom the chief of the new French Republic holds up to the admiration of the world. And here, *in limine*, we put out of sight the horrid story of Mademoiselle Labarrère. General Cavaignac has denied it altogether; and though there are those who seem to think that the weight of testimony is against him, we willingly believe the assertions of a son while vindicating his father's memory from so foul a stain. But other marks of the father's services to the Republic are recorded where they cannot be effaced: his speeches in the Convention, and his Reports when employed by it in drawing up cases, still remain; and these shall be his judges.

Jean Baptiste Cavaignac spoke for the first time before the National Convention, when, being member for the department of the Haute Garonne, he was instructed to draw up a report on the conduct of the inhabitants of Verdun, proscribed *en masse* by the Convention on receiving news of its surrender. Those who read his own words must judge whether, whilst deprecating a wholesale murder, he is himself either just or merciful.*

In the sitting of Monday, 11th February, 1793, year 2 of the Republic. The Report made in the name of the Comité de Santé générale et de Surveillance, on the Surrender of Verdun.

Cavaignac, Rapporteur.

(Extract.)

The King of Prussia took possession in the name of the King of France and Navarre. The aristocrats of Verdun exhibited their joy in the most scandalous manner. They went out to meet the enemy's troops and see them defile. They believed the taking of Verdun and Longwy to be infallible forerunners of counter-revolution throughout France. They received the Prussians with open arms. They mounted the white cockade. Monsieur Gremoard, an old soldier, existing on the charity of the nation, bound a white scarf round his waist; and the very night of the surrender, a ball, it is said, was given at the Camp du Regret, at which several women from Verdun were present. The next day they went in a body to the Camp of Bar, the Dame Bouville at their head, delivered an address to the King of Prussia, and presented him with a basket of *bonbons* in token of respect.

Your Committee, citizen colleagues, distinguishes as belonging to two classes other guilty individuals, whom a detail of facts will make known to you.

Those who, directly or *indirectly*, contributed to counter-revolution in Verdun; those who, previously to the surrender of Verdun, excited the people to form seditious meetings; and those who, after it, manifested exultation at the Prussian success, by any blameable action.

The Committee considers, that the first-named should be treated as for treason against the nation; and the last cited before the common courts.

Among the latter are the women who offered sugar-plums to the King of Prussia. Up to the present time this sex has generally and openly insulted the cause of freedom. The capture of Longwy was celebrated by a scandalous ball. The flames which devoured Lille, also illuminated games and dancing. Hitherto, women principally have provoked to emigration; in concert with the priesthood, they encourage a fanatical spirit throughout the Republic; they summon counter-revolution. Yet, citizens, it is to their mothers that by nature and custom devolves the care of our citizens' childhood, of that age when the heart should be formed to all civic virtues. If you leave the incivism of their mothers unpunished, they will inspire their offspring, and teach them by their own example hatred of liberty and love of bondage. The law then must cease to spare; severe examples must warn women that the eye of the magistrate watches, and that the sword of the law will strike, if they should be guilty.

The National Convention then decrees—

* Extract from the volume of the *Moniteur Universel*, containing numbers from the 1st January,

1793, to the 30th June, 1793, year 2 of the République une et indivisible.

That the result of inquiries instituted by the provisional municipal commissaries, together with the proofs annexed, shall be without delay forwarded to all competent tribunals, so that the persons denounced therein be brought to immediate trial. Above all, respecting the persons who collected before the Hôtel de la Commune, pressed the authorities to capitulate, and the women who went to the Camp of Bar to harangue and offer presents to the King of Prussia.

The unfortunate women of Verdun, the subjects of the poet Delille's affecting elegy, butchered in consequence of this Report, must have risen before the mind's eye of Cavaignac while he lay on a seemingly tranquil death-bed. Fourteen young girls, whose only crime it was that they had danced at a Prussian ball, went to the guillotine singing psalms with pure, sweet voices, and continued their chant even till the axe fell; yet not one in the cowardly crowd gave an example of resistance, which might, perhaps, have been followed. In twelve months more than four thousand victims suffered, and of these nine hundred were women. And General Cavaignac has said he was proud of his father!

We are not willing to lay more stress than is necessary on the king's death *without appeal or respite*; but how are we to accept the declaration that this terrible vote produced on the mind of him who gave it no other bitterness than that which a *feeling man* must experience when laid under the cruel necessity of pronouncing for a fellow-creature's death? Concerning the fate of the remaining Bourbons he seems never to have expressed a wish, except that his country might soon be rid of all which could overshadow her liberty.

Jean Baptiste Cavaignac was present at the breaking out of the Vendean war, and showed a courage and energy while attempting to rally the Republicans which had nearly caused his capture. He acted also, at Auch, in concert with Dartigoite; and here again his own words must describe his mission:—

(Extract from the *Moniteur*.)

Read in the sitting of the 25th Brumaire, year 2, (15th November, 1793, old style.)

Dartigoite and Cavaignac write, that Fanaticism is in its last agonies. In the departments they visit, priests renounce their trade; the ci-devant Abbess of Croulland has laid down her abbatial cross, and made her profession of faith; the people's choice has been heard, and it declared that it recognized no worship but that of liberty.

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Continuation of the sitting of the 10th Frimaire, year 2, (30th November, 1793, old style.)

The Representative of the People, Cavaignac, writes from Auch, the 3d Frimaire, (23d November)—

The extraordinary levy of horses goes actively on in the twelfth division, confided by you to my surveillance. I assemble them at Auch, where they would be definitively in dépôt did the localities allow it. I have mangers built in the churches. The Republic will have superb stables.

Our colleague, Dartigoite, by his civic predica-tions, had electrified all minds, carried all hearts along with him. I had seconded him with all my might in this philosophical apostolate—all was prepared, the people ripe. The last day of the third decade was fixed for celebrating at Auch the festival of Reason, the total abolition of Fanaticism. The solemn day came; the people in crowds assembled on a shady boulevard, and there, in a fraternal banquet, gave vent to the first transports of its joy. After this Lacedemonian repast its guests made the tour of the town, dragging down and treading under foot all the fanatical images they met with. Returned to the place consecrated to Liberty, they assembled round a pile covered with the title-deeds of feudal-ity. There were conveyed to them in a cart two figures of the Virgin, noted for performing miracles, the chief crosses and crucifixes of the town, and the saints which, till then, received the incense of superstition. The civic enthusiasm then finding vent, the pile was lighted, and the ridiculous idols cast upon it, amid the acclamations of a countless multitude. The Carmagnole lasted all night around this philosophic pile, consuming in one conflagration so many errors.

It was shortly after this that a brickbat, flung, it is said, at Dartigoite, served as a pretext for guillotining ten persons.

Sent on a mission of surveillance to the department of the Landes, in company with Pinet, he acted with a degree of ferocity which was hideous even for those times.

14 *Germinal, an 2 de la République Française, (3d April, 1794, old style.)*

(Extract from the *Moniteur*.)

A secretary read the following extracts:—

Pinet and Cavaignac, Representatives of the People to the Army of the Western Pyrennees, to the National Convention, dated Mont Adour, ci-devant St. Sever, 6 Germinal, (26 Mars, 1794, old style.)

Citizen Colleagues—We have already advised the Comité de Salut public, by our letter of the 27th Ventose, of a plan for civil war intended to break out in the department of the Landes, and of which, by a lucky chance, the written proof fell into our hands. Now that we have seized the chiefs of the conspiracy, we will give you all the details known of this infamous plot. For a long time a number of evil-intentioned citizens,

who had failed to bring supplies, joined also by some deserters from the *levée en masse*, after refusing their arms to their country, or abandoning their standard like cowards, had taken refuge in the woods of the district of St. Sever, inhabiting by day these almost inaccessible retreats, received at night in aristocratic houses, where they found their food ready. The greater part were armed; they robbed, pillaged, and assassinated.

In the month Vendémiaire, the National Guards of the department of the Landes, Gers, and Upper Pyrenees, met together in numbers to hunt them out. This measure had a certain success; but there still remained many of the brigands, and their numbers swelled daily in an alarming manner. We addressed the most severe orders to the municipalities. We ordered the arrest of all the *relatives of those* who, subject to the requisition, had either failed to obey or abandoned their posts. But during this same time, the evil-intentioned, the *ci-devant* nobles, the *ci-devant seigneurs*, (*sic*), the priests, and all the Royalists, prepared in secret for another Vendée. The conspiracy extended all along the frontiers, and enveloped the entire department of the Landes. In the first instance it was merely manifested partially. A considerable immigration of inhabitants of the Basque country first announced its existence. We arrested several guilty persons; we formed an extraordinary commission to try them; and we surrounded the district, which, sold to the Spaniard, had sent to Caro a deputation, offering to surrender to his master. At the same time we were informed that Royalism was loudly proclaimed at Dax. One of us went thither; and, in consequence of measures of vigor taken by him, repressed the audacity of the numerous aristocrats of that part of the country. We could not, consequently, doubt the existence of an important conspiracy; and we were on its traces when, visiting the divisions of the army, an officer of the fourth battalion of the Landes presented us with the following letters.

The letters, which we do not transcribe, are signed "Prouères Dumartin;" a few lines addressed to an ensign of grenadiers, in the fourth battalion of the Landes, incloses a long epistle to Abbé Juncarot at the emigrant camp, on the mountain of the Rune, in Spain. It mentions the hopes of the party from the co-operation of Spain, and speaks of several persons by name, and is thus commented on by the Report, of which we copy only a portion. It is signed by Pinet and Cavaignac, the general's father:—

We assured ourselves of the patriotism of the officer who placed these letters in our hands, and which, we presume, came into his possession in consequence of some analogy between his name and that of the person to whom they are addressed. We issued orders for the arrest of the latter.

As soon as we had read their contents we sent forward a company of *gendarmérie*, to secure the

four chiefs designated, *as well as all their families*. The next morning we left for St. Sever, at the head of a squadron of dragoons. We had also at St. Sever and Tarras, the *dépôt* of the 18th Regiment of dragoons, eight hundred men had we needed them; and two squadrons of the 12th Regiment of huzzars could have come up with us in the course of a morning. Terror had forestalled our arrival. The conspirators were taken prisoners. Our first act was to command the disarming of the entire department of the Landes. The next day, we ourselves, along with the whole cavalry force, visited the various communes inhabited by the known leaders of the conspiracy. We employed three days in this military expedition, and during them we secured nearly eighty *ci-devant* nobles and seigneurs. We shall continue our arrests until the last of these irreconcilable enemies of liberty be secured. We believe that the extending the measure to the entire Republic would be a means of stifling the germ of the civil war with which we are unceasingly menaced. The extraordinary commission which we created at Bayonne followed us closely. A guillotine had been brought and set up by it on the Place St. Sever. Eight of the leaders have already given their heads in expiation. The zeal and patriotism of this tribunal, so formidable to the guilty, give the assurance, that those of all who are implicated will fall in succession beneath the sword of the nation.

* * * * *

Several cartridges ready prepared, others in part, were found at the house of Dumartin, author of the two letters.

In two communes of this district, and just when the rising was imminent, some villains cut down the tree of Liberty. They have been arrested, as have *all the municipal officers* of the communes.

The black outrage offered to Liberty will thus be avenged.

* * * * *

Vendée is destroyed—they seek to raise up another. Conquerors ourselves along our frontiers, they strive to vanquish us in the interior, and by fanaticizing the people, to urge again one faction of it against another. The throne is overturned; they gather up its ruins, and call proscribed royalty from its ashes. Fanaticism is expiring; *priests are held in horror*; they would restore its altars, and sacrifice more human victims.

All known to be aristocrats are pursued, arrested, and their property confiscated; their accomplices conceal themselves to escape the consequences of this measure, commanded by the public safety, and, above all, to serve more efficaciously the system of counter-revolution now so long pursued by factions, succeeding and crossing one another by turns, affect more ardor, more energy, than the real supporters of the Revolution, while they deprive her of the public confidence by usurping it themselves.

But the projects of these will fail, as did those of the factions who preceded them. Every day sees some one of their guilty heads roll on the scaffold; and the brave citizens, armed for the

defence of their country, while they charge the enemy arriving on them from beyond their territory, will form also a second line facing our adversaries within, and ready at their first movement to come down on and exterminate them.

Have no anxiety, citizen colleagues, on the score of this new conspiracy, which can have fatal consequences only for its authors—another failure for aristocrats!

We repeat to you, citizen colleagues, it is high time to command the arrest of all ci-devant nobles, all ci-devant seigneurs, all fanatical priests; they are the Republic's natural enemies; and whilst there remains on the land of Liberty one of these, he will plot against her. You see them heading every conspiracy; these are the villains who caused the unhappy war of La Vendée; these are they who would now revive her disasters here. Republicans and royalist conspirators are in presence; to strike and crush these last are they to wait for the first blow? Citizen colleagues, we submit to you these reflections, dictated by experience of our first misfortunes, and by our desire of seeing Liberty at length delivered from all her foes.

Salut et Fraternité.

CAVAINAC et PINET, aîné.

In the same number of the *Moniteur* whence we extract the above, we find two condemnations to death reported by the revolutionary criminal tribunal; one of a ci-devant monk, aged sixty-four, convicted of having been the *author or accomplice* of manoeuvres tending to shake the fidelity to the nation of various volunteers about to join the French armies; the other, a ci-devant chevalier of St. Louis, an old officer of dragoons in the French service. This man, a general and count in the palatinate, proprietor in the district of Nogent sur Seine, where he quietly farmed his own land at the time of his trial, was condemned to die for speaking words *derogatory to the dignity of the National Convention, and others tending to the re-establishment of Royalty.*

It is as if nothing should be wanting to complete the atrocity of this page, the 783d of the *Moniteur*, of the second year of the Republic, that the lines immediately following the above, contain a critique on such a piece given at the theatre of Frydeau as might have been represented in the golden age. Here we have introduced to us an inexperienced shepherdess, seduced just before the Revolution by a young noble, but whom the progress of the Revolution happily restores to peace. Her lover had found her under the disguise of a *commissionaire* at the corner of a street in Chambéry, where she blackens his boots and sings a ditty, making herself known. He marries her, of course, and the

whole is told with a silly sentimentality, which makes the Report and condemnations above it still more horrible from the contrast.

The next extract completes this recital. Prouères Dumartin was an obscure individual, and on the strength of a few words written by him, Pinet and Cavaignac imagine an important conspiracy; the best, the most irreproachable inhabitants of the country, are seized in their harmless occupations, dragged to Bayonne, and forced on the scaffold. Even the *Biographie des Contemporains*, written to defend Cavaignac, and men like Cavaignac, acknowledges that he deserved blame here, yielding as he did too long to the influence of his furious colleague.

The Representatives of the People at the army of the western Pyrenees, and the Departments adjacent, to the National Convention.

Bayonne, 28 Germinal,

Second year of the Republic.

Citizen Colleagues,—We are just returned to Bayonne with the heartfelt satisfaction of having completely quelled the conspiracy about to break out in the department of the Landes. Our letter, dated the 6th of this month, gave you every detail of the frightful plot hatching by villains in order to give birth to a second Vendée, and yield our frontier to the Spaniard. Since our letter we have visited the *whole department*, and found everywhere the happiest effect from our presence; everywhere the sight of the representatives of the people revives the public spirits, gives energy to the friends of the Republic; everywhere it annihilated and crushed aristocracy and royalism, daring to lift their guilty heads for a moment. The severe measures adopted by us have saved this unhappy department, and spared to the Republic the precious blood of very many patriots. The priest and noble were, as you have seen, souls and guides of this horrible plot; the guiltiest heads have rolled upon the scaffold, the less culpable are in irons; the earth of freedom was here, even more than elsewhere, sullied by the presence of a refractory clergy; those men, who brave the law and fear the scaffold in order to light the flames of civil war, to carry death and devastation among us, sullied, we say, several cantons of this department. Seven or eight such wretches have answered for their infamous intentions with their lives; and we have the satisfaction of announcing to you that the inhabitants of the department, enlightened by the danger they have just incurred, hunt them out themselves; deprive in all haste of their ornaments the *temples of imposture, hypocrisy, and lies*, in order to transform them into temples of reason; that the church plate is accumulating in all the districts,—the single district of Dax contributing already to an amount of eight hundred marks; and that, to conclude, there remains in the entire department of the Landes *not a single priest* in the performance of his functions; and, better still, they are not regretted.

The extraordinary commission, by which we were powerfully seconded, has performed severe acts of justice and national vengeance; but, citizen colleagues, there are yet great criminals to be punished, and chiefly within the walls of the town of Bayonne. You must have noticed in the letter of the villain Dumartin that the conspirators, doubtless keeping up correspondence with this commune, appeared sure of its sympathy, and seemed merely to desire that Spaniards and emigrants should arrive under the walls of Bayonne, of which the gates would have been opened to them by their accomplices. We will make it our business to track these criminal intelligences, and you may rest assured that the blood of all the traitors shall flow on the scaffold. Speaking of the guilty, we must not forget those whose civic conduct has never failed. If in the department of the Landes there existed a focus of counter-revolution; if several communes, chiefly those of the district of St. Sever, have merited the anger, the indignation, the hatred of the friends of liberty; there are many worthy your esteem and friendship.

In the first place, the feeling of the country-people is good throughout the greater part of the department; they detest *priests, fanatics*, and nobles; love the Republic; cherish the defenders of their country, for which they make, and with joy, the greatest sacrifices. The towns of J. J. Rousseau (the Saint Esprit, old style,) and of Mont de Marson, must be particularly designated; the best principles reign there,—love of country, Republicanism, warm all hearts; and the first-named of these two towns has so much the more merit in its opinions, that it forms in a manner one and the same city with Bayonne; where there reigns, and will long reign, with the exception of the few patriots belonging to popular societies, the most inveterate aristocracy, the love of kings and Spaniards, the hatred of liberty and equality. The town of Dax also seems, since our salutary visit made there some time since, anxious to atone for its delinquencies. Patriotism has regained its vigor; the evil-intentioned are struck dumb and impotent, or are fettered; and the Sans-culottes develop an energy of which the commune did not seem, a short time since, susceptible.

Salut et Fraternité.

(Signed) CAVAINAC and PINET the elder
Séance du 6 Floréal.

*Pinet et Cavaignac à la Convention Nationale.
Bayonne, le 30 Germinal, l'an 2 de la République
une et indivisible, (19 April, 1794, old style.)*

Citizen Colleagues,—Our last to you is of the 28th of this same month, wherein we informed you of the happy success of our measures taken in the department of the Landes to stifle, outwit, and crush a plot formed there by our everlasting enemies, the priests and nobles. Everything around us, citizen colleagues, takes the happiest aspect; all is being organized, difficulties and obstacles are smoothed, and we dare to assure you that the *machine will roll on* to the army of the western Pyrenees.

You have been informed of the horrid attempt made against our brave and worthy friend Dartigoite, at the tribune of the popular society of Auch; you know that a guilty hand had almost robbed the Republic of one of its worthiest champions at the moment when, addressing the people, he thundered against the evil-intentioned. Filled with horror and indignation, and anxious to avenge the national representation thus outraged, we issued at once a decree, commanding the extraordinary commission to transport itself thither instantly. Ten villains have laid their heads on the scaffold; and the principal author of Dartigoite's attempted assassination, with his last breath, repeated the infamous name of Louis XVII. ! The monsters! they shall perish, every one, and the land of liberty shall soon be purged of the slaves who long for kings. We have discovered in our army a brother of that Hébert the impostor who sold stoves and impudently blew counter-revolution through their pipes. We have secured him, and will keep him here till your will respecting his person be made known to us.

P.S. As proofs against Hébert's brother may exist at the Revolutionary Tribunal, we determine on sending him to Paris.

Salut et Fraternité.

PINET and CAVAINAC.

Read at the sitting of the 9th Floréal, year 2,
(28th of April, 1783.)

In September, 1794, after an absence of a year, Jean Baptiste Cavaignac was restored to his legislative labors in the National Convention. According to the note in Michaud's *Biographie Universelle*, if Boissy d'Anglas defended him when he was denounced by the inhabitants of Bayonne after the fall of Robespierre, it is not to be supposed that he was, therefore, necessarily innocent; but he had contributed to the overthrow of Robespierre, and belonging thus to the strongest party at the time, the Convention was willing to absolve him of many crimes.

There exists a strange coincidence between the functions of Jean Baptiste Cavaignac and his son the general, during two days of insurrection under two French Republics, separated by fifty-five years. On the 13th of Vendémiaire, year 4, when the sections of Paris rose against the Convention, Barras, who commanded the troops, had Cavaignac for his adjutant; while Napoleon Bonaparte, at that time général de brigade, was intrusted with all military dispositions which might become necessary. Having borne an active part in the repression of the popular movement, Jean Baptiste, like his son in June, came to announce to the Assembly the success obtained by his comrades and himself, and the restoration of order. It was aptly remarked in the National Assembly a few days since, that "Our Republics have

leaned as yet on a musket or a paving-stone." At least a sure road to military distinction under a Republican form of government appears to be over the bodies of the sovereign people. If the 13th Vendémiaire caused Napoleon's promotion to the rank of general of division, now, in June, 1848, Generals Lamoricière and Cavaignac have won a fame, the acquisition of which would have cost a price far heavier had the foe continued to be merely the wild Arab. If Louis Philippe was monarch of the barricades, are not these their marshals?

On the 13th Vendémiaire the sections of Paris, displeased with the article of the new constitution which prohibited their naming afresh two thirds of the former members to the new *corps législatif*, rose in arms, avowedly to restore the constitution of 1793. On the other hand, detachments of regular troops and artillery occupied various quarters of Paris, and surrounded the Convention. At five o'clock in the afternoon the first shot was fired, and the battle lasted till night.

We give a closing extract from the *Moniteur* :—

Tridi, 13 Vendémiaire, an 4 de la République une et indivisible, (5 Oct., 1795, old style.)

(Extract from the *Moniteur*.)

Suite de la séance permanente du 13 au soir.

A moment after Merlin de Douai ascended the tribune.

The President. Citizen colleagues, I think it right to remind you that, whatever be the report you are about to hear, it will be your duty to forbear applause.

Merlin de Douai commenced speaking, but the extreme fatigue of his voice prevented our hearing his first words. We give below all we could gather :—

Merlin de Douai. I come to announce to you the success of the defenders of the Republic against the rebels. It is not without sorrow that I speak of it, since it has cost French blood; but at least the friends of their country cannot reproach themselves with commencing the battle. The general-in-chief, Barras, had received, on the part of your committees, the positive order to forbear attack; to hold himself on the defensive, even, as far as possible, to avoid provocation. The combat began by a piece of infamous treason. Several rebels, one bearer of a flag, advanced towards the committee for general safety [section of police?]; arrived there, some among them laying aside their arms and quitting their *drapeau*, embraced a captain of grenadiers of the National Convention, shouting *Vive la République! Vive la Convention!* At the very same moment several shots were fired by the rebels who had remained behind these, and several of the military were wounded. It was thus the attack

commenced. The general-in-chief has just informed the committees that everywhere the rebels are repulsed, everywhere the Republic triumphs.

At a quarter after six.

Some citizens, placed in the tribunes, began to applaud Merlin's report. 'Hold your tongues!' exclaimed all the members; 'hold your tongues!' and silence was restored.

Legendre. I see in the tribunes, by the side of several unarmed citizens, a defender of the country. I invite him to return to his post.

The Soldier. If I am here it is because my horse has been taken from me.

A Citizen. Representatives, the citizens you see are devoted to the Republic, but they have not arms for her defence.

N—. I observe to these citizens that they will find arms.

Murmurs interrupt him. This explanation is carried no further, and silence being restored, a single report of cannon is heard in the distance.

The President. The National Convention will hear, no doubt with interest, that the assistance the most immediately necessary has been carried to the wounded by our colleagues themselves.

The Baron de Staël, the Swedish ambassador, takes his accustomed place at this moment. He is armed, wearing a sabre, as do the representatives themselves, and the greater part of the citizens. Another person accompanies him. At seven o'clock the firing has altogether ceased. Cavaignac, one of the representatives who marched along with the Republicans, enters at this moment and ascends the tribune.

Cavaignac. Citizens, I think it my duty to inform the National Convention of the advantage obtained by the soldiers, defending the Republic in one of the most important posts. It is at the corner of the Rue de la Convention, ci-devant Dauphin, and which, as you are aware, faces the Church of St. Roch, that the combat commenced by a Royalist aggression. The Republican soldiers, attacked there by a considerable mass of the rebels, returned the fire steadily, and with energy. Supported by two pieces of cannon admirably served, we drove back the enemy even into the church, where they shut themselves in. We had then the greatest trouble in repressing the ardor of our soldiers, anxious to force them in their last refuge; but as we did not know the strength of the force opposed to ours, and might have fallen into some ambushade, we arrested the march of our men here.

Throughout this action, citizens, the Republicans have signalized their valor once more. General Berruyer had a horse killed under him; four other general officers, of whom I recognized Vachot and the Adjutant-general Mutel, behaved with remarkable gallantry. The names of the others will be made known to you. At this present moment our men are still in pursuit of the rebels, and a cannon-shot is now and then fired merely to give them chase. Nothing stirs, nothing will stir. I answer to you for your safety.

We have no motive for lingering over the

varied fortunes of Cavaignac, after this date of the 13th Vendémiaire. He belonged to the Conseil des Cinq Cents, but not later than 1797; he filled afterwards an humble post at the barrier, and another equally so in the administration of the lottery. Neglected and forgotten upon the fall of Barras, he got himself, after the peace of Amiens, named commissary for commercial affairs to Maskate in Arabia, where arriving when the war had broken out once more with England, her influence prevented his reception. Employed by Joseph Bonaparte at Naples; by his successor Murat; recalled by Napoleon in common with all French subjects abroad when the brothers-in-law quarrelled; he spent his time in obscurity, and sometimes in distress. His fortunes seemed to rise a little when Napoleon returned from Elba, for he was nominated to the post of préfet of the Somme: but his adherence to Napoleon's cause being proved, it is said by more than words, he was unable to profit by it. Louis XVIII.'s return prevented his taking possession of his préfecture. The law which exiled the Regicides obliged him to quit France in 1816, and he retired to Brussels, where he died in 1829. His son, Godefroy Cavaignac, when accused of joining in the conspiracy of 1831, in the course of his defence spoke of his father's banishment as a harsh measure; but he did not express himself proud of being the banished man's son. We would not be thought to cavil at the head of the executive without just cause; we are not of the temper nor belong to the country which finds theme for opposition in the one salutary word, "authority;" but we see reason for alarm should the chief of the Government temporize with men more dangerous as friends than as adversaries. We, in common with all persons to whom the three words Law, Order, Honesty, sound to the full as well as Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, hailed his coming in June. It startles us to hear even a whisper that the project, too unpopular for performance, of sending representatives into the departments as spies on the words and thoughts of their inhabitants, was entertained in order to satisfy him, above all things, of his own chance of being elected President of the Republic. He distrusts, it is said, the feeling of the south, and reposes no steady confidence in any one. Had he not taken, a few days since, a step in the way of law and order, by the appointment of Dufaure, and other moderate men, to seats in the Cabinet, we would not have

given much for either his own chance of safety or for that of the Republic.

General Cavaignac's career, with a good deal to admire and approve in it, has yet been full of inconsistencies. His conduct in regard to M. Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc and Caussidière, is not to be accounted for. His reception of the first as a guest at his own table, after all that had occurred at the Home Department and in the provinces, excited as much painful surprise among the best of his own friends as congratulating the accused on a defence which did not exculpate him. In like manner, his policy was false and pusillanimous, which, after the arrest of the two last had been determined upon, suffered them to profit by the pretended ignorance of the sharpest police-agents in Europe, although the delinquency of both was fully proved. They departed, the latter with menace on his lips such as suited well the coarse, untaught conspirator, who convoked market-porters to be his body-guard. Let General Cavaignac remember that the support of the Mountain can be secured only by the ascendancy of principles which he has himself denounced, and the triumph of the very faction which he crushed behind the barricades. Hence the extreme peril of France; for while moderate men repose on the sense of their numbers—of little importance while they remain passive—the clubs of Paris, and Rouen, and Lyons, outdo their former violence; and the Socialists, voting as one man, elect their leader, Raspail, to the National Assembly, while he is yet prisoner at Vincennes on the charge of having aided to do it violence. Nor will it do to be led away from a contemplation of these things by the boasts of designing or deceived men in regard to the revival of trade. There is no revival of trade, except in the case of articles which the people cannot exist without; while the amount of misery is everywhere on the increase. Six millions of francs have been voted for relief in the last three months, and the necessitous of the department of the Seine alone amount to two hundred and sixty-nine thousand souls. Men talk of the *vaisseau de l'état*, and the wisest mode of manning her; we wish her an experienced commander, and a pilot who knows the shoals: for, at the present moment, having thrown charts and compass overboard as things out of date and beneath their sagacity, all the crew are helping to steer, while they quarrel as to which shall be captain, and the wreckers on the shore rub their hands and value the cargo.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

MEMOIR OF CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R.N., C.B.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD

THE subject of the following brief memoir, Frederick, was the second son of the late Mr. Marryat, the eminent West India merchant, and was born July 10, 1792. Having acquired the rudiments of education at an academy in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis, he was sent to a classical school at Ponder's End, kept by a Mr. Freeman. It is to be hoped that the discipline of the school, described by the hero in his earliest novel, is no true picture of the treatment he experienced at Ponder's End; but the following anecdote suggests that, of whatever punishments were in course of infliction at that seat of learning, he was likely to have come in for his due share. The master, coming into the school one day, saw young Marryat standing upon his head. Surprised at this reversal of the ordinary practice of mortals, he inquired the reason of it, when the lad with audacious readiness replied, "I had been trying for three hours to learn my lesson on my feet, but I couldn't; so I thought I'd try whether I couldn't learn it on my head." There is no reason to doubt him when he says, "Superior in capacity to most of my schoolfellows, I seldom took the pains to learn my lessons previous to going up with my class. I was too proud not to keep pace with my equals, and too idle to do more." But he acknowledges that besides "a little Latin and less Greek," he made some proficiency in mathematics and algebra.

Withdrawn from this school, he was placed with a teacher of mathematics in London, under whose tuition he remained a year, and on the 23d of September, 1806, he entered the navy as a first-class boy, on board the *Impérieuse*, forty-four guns, commanded by the illustrious Lord Cochrane. During his service under this gallant officer, which lasted till the 18th October, 1809, he took part in more than fifty engagements, in which many ships of war and merchantmen were

cut out, off the coast of France and in the Mediterranean.

Having chased a ship into the Bay of Arcupon, which sought safety under a battery, Lord Cochrane resolved to cut her out, and young Marryat was one of the boarding party. He followed closely the first lieutenant who headed the expedition, and who at length, after his party had sustained a severe loss, succeeded in gaining the deck of the enemy. He had scarcely done so when, struck by thirteen musket balls, he fell back a corpse, knocking down his follower in his fall, who was trampled on and almost suffocated by his shipmates, who, burning to revenge their leader, rushed forward with impetuous bravery.

The vessel captured, an examination took place of the bodies of the killed and wounded. Marryat was numbered among the former, and being in a state of stupor was unable to deny the doom assigned to him. But soon arrived the surgeon and his assistants, and with them came a midshipman who bore no good-will to Marryat. This worthy youth, seeing the supposed lifeless body of his comrade, gave it a slight kick, saying, "Here is a young cock that has done crowing! Well, for a wonder, this chap has cheated the gallows!" This salutation, with its comment, revived the almost expiring energies of the other, who faintly exclaimed, "You are a liar!" a retort which, notwithstanding the melancholy scene around, produced a roar of laughter.

Shortly after this he was engaged in a rather "untoward" enterprise. His ship fell in with a vessel of a suspicious appearance. It was under French colors, which it soon hauled down, showing no others, and threatening to fire into the English ship if it attempted to board her. Upon this, she was boarded and taken, with a loss of twenty-six killed and wounded on her side, and of

sixteen on ours ; and not till then was it discovered that she was a Maltese privateer, and a friend, who had made a like mistake in supposing her opponent to be French. After this unfortunate mistake, the *Impérieuse* proceeded to Malta.

It was while lying in this harbor that one night, a midshipman—a son of the celebrated William Cobbett—fell overboard. Young Marryat jumped in after him, and held him up till a boat was lowered to their assistance. For this daring and humane act he received a certificate from Lord Cochrane.

The road from Barcelona to Gerona, which latter place was besieged by the French, had been completely commanded by them, for they had possession of the castle of Mongat. On the 31st July, 1808, Marryat had a hand in the reduction and levelling of that fortress. This proceeding greatly delayed the transmission of the enemy's stores and provisions which were designed for their operations in Catalonia ; so much so, indeed, that on one occasion the French general was under the necessity of abandoning the whole of his artillery and field ammunition. During these operations he was twice wounded, and he a third time sustained injury in the defence of the castle of Rosas, under Lord Cochrane. On the arrival of the *Impérieuse* in the bay, she perceived that the castle of Trinidad—the maintaining of which was essential to the preservation of the main fortress—had been so hotly bombarded by the enemy, that the British portion of the garrison had withdrawn from it. Lord Cochrane, therefore, taking with him a party of officers and seamen, amongst whom was Mr. Marryat, went on shore, and defended the fortress for some days—indeed, until the main fortress was taken, notwithstanding that the castle, by this time a complete ruin, was attacked, sword in hand, by 1200 chosen men of the enemy.

When Lord Cochrane proceeded against the boom constructed by the enemy, before he sent in the fireship to attack the French fleet in the Basque Roads, Mr. Marryat was in one of the explosion vessels, commanded by Captain Ury Johnson, which his lordship led for that purpose. For his gallantry on that occasion, he received a certificate from Captain Johnson, who brought his services under the notice of the Admiralty, and for his whole conduct in the Mediterranean he was recommended in Lord Cochrane's despatches.

The log of the *Centaur*, 74, flag-ship of Sir S. Hood, attests, that in September,

1810, he jumped overboard and saved the life of a seaman named John Mowbray, who had fallen from the main-top ; and in 1811, when on his passage to join the *Æolus*, on the American station, he leaped overboard, and endeavored to save a seaman named John Walker, but did not succeed in doing so. But we must give this incident in his own words : “ One of the fore-topmen, drawing water in the chains, fell overboard ; the alarm was instantly given, and the ship hove to. I ran upon the poop, and, seeing that the man could not swim, jumped overboard to save him. The height from which I descended made me go very deep in the water, and when I arose, I could perceive one of the man's hands. I swam towards him ; but, O God ! what was my horror, when I found myself in the midst of his blood. I comprehended in a moment that a shark had taken him, and expected that every instant my own fate would be like his. I wonder I had not sunk with fear ; I was nearly paralyzed. The ship, which had been going six or seven miles an hour, was at some distance, and I gave myself up for gone. I had scarcely the power of reflection, and was overwhelmed with the sudden, awful, and, as I thought, certain approach of death, in its most horrible shape. In a moment I recollected myself ; and I believe the actions of five years crowded into my mind in as many minutes. I prayed most fervently, and vowed amendment, if it should please God to spare me. I was nearly a mile from the ship before I was picked up ; and when the boat came alongside with me, three large sharks were under the stern. These had devoured the poor sailor, and, fortunately for me, had followed the ship for more prey, and thus left me to myself.”

Whilst in the *Æolus*, he jumped overboard and saved the life of a boy, for which he received a certificate from Captain Lord James Townshend ; nor was this the sole testimonial of approbation accorded to him by that gallant officer. He had previously been mainly instrumental in saving the frigate from shipwreck during a tremendous hurricane. The ship was on her beam-ends, and her top-masts and mizen-masts had been blown over the side, when the question arose, who would be found daring enough to venture aloft, and cut away the wreck of the main-topmast and the main-yard, “ which was hanging up and down, with the weight of the topmast and topsail-yard resting upon it.” We must let the captain tell how he conducted himself in this case of awful sus-

pense and dismay: "Seizing a sharp tomahawk, I made signs to the captain that I would attempt to cut away the wreck, follow me who dared. I mounted the weather-rigging; five or six hardy seamen followed me; sailors will rarely refuse to follow when they find an officer to lead the way. The jerks of the rigging had nearly thrown us overboard, or jammed us with the wreck. We were forced to embrace the shrouds with arms and legs; and anxiously, and with breathless apprehension for our lives, did the captain, officers, and crew, gaze on us as we mounted, and cheered us at every stroke of the tomahawk. The danger seemed passed when we reached the catheads, where we had foot-room. We divided our work, some took the lanyards of the topmast rigging, I, the slings of the main-yard. The lusty blows we dealt were answered by corresponding crashes, and at length, down fell the tremendous wreck over the larboard gunwale. The ship felt instant relief; she righted, and we descended amidst the cheers and the congratulations of most of our shipmates." For this heroic deed, Lord James Townshend gave him a certificate, and reported him to have "conducted himself with so much courage, intrepidity, and firmness, as to merit his warmest approbation."

When he belonged to the *Spartan*, he was put in command of a boat, and cut out the *Morning Star* and *Polly*, privateers, from Haycock's Harbor, and likewise a revenue cutter and two privateers in Little River.

Mr. Marryat obtained his promotion as lieutenant in 1812, and in the following year was appointed to *l'Espegle*, Captain J. Taylor, in the West Indies. Whilst on service in this vessel, he once more risked his life, in an unsuccessful attempt to save the life of a sailor who had fallen overboard in a heavy sea. Lieutenant Marryat was picked up, utterly exhausted, more than a mile and a half from *l'Espegle*. Having burst a blood-vessel, he was left behind in the West Indies, in sick-quarters, and after a time was sent home invalided.

In January, 1814, he joined the *Newcastle*, 58, Captain Lord George Stuart, and led an expedition which was dispatched to cut out four vessels off New Orleans. This he did with a loss of one officer and twelve men. He acquired his commander's rank in 1815, and in 1820, commanded the *Beacon*, sloop, at St. Helena, from which he exchanged into the *Roserio*, 18, in which vessel he brought home duplicate despatches, announcing the death of Napoleon. He was

now actively engaged in the Preventive Service, in which he effected thirteen seizures. Appointed to the *Larne*, 18, in March, 1823, he sailed to the East Indies, where, until the Burmese war in 1825, he was fully employed as senior officer of the naval forces, the order of Commodore Grant being, that none should interfere with or supersede him. Sir Archibald Campbell, the commander-in-chief, was received on board the *Larne* at Calcutta, and Commander Marryat led the attack at Rangoon. When Captain Chads, of the *Arachne*, relieved him in September, 1824, he had lost nearly the whole of his ship's company. He now proceeded to Penang and Calcutta, returning to Rangoon in December, 1824, and in the following February sailed with the late Sir Robert Sale, of glorious memory, on an expedition to reduce the territory of Bassein. On his return in April, having successfully performed his perilous duty, he was promoted to a death vacancy, and commanded the *Tees*, which, on her arrival in England, he paid off.

Captain Marryat commanded the *Ariadne* in the Channel and Western Islands, from November, 1828, to November, 1830. Twice thanked for his services in the Burmese war by the Governor-general of India, he received three letters of thanks from Sir Archibald Campbell, commander-in-chief of the forces, and was five times recommended by him. He was likewise thanked for his expedition with Sir Robert Sale, and was three times recommended and thanked by Commodore Coe. In June, 1825, he received the decoration of C. B., and—an honor, a record of which must not be omitted—he was presented with a medal by that admirable institution, the Humane Society, for his daring and humane exertions to save the lives of so many men. That Society has not on its list a name so worthy of honor as that of Marryat.

In 1837 the captain published "A Code of Signals for the Use of Vessels employed in the Merchant Service." That admirable invention is now in use in the royal and mercantile service, not only of this country but of foreign nations. He twice received the thanks of the Ship Owners' Society for it, and the publication having been translated into French in 1840, was brought under the notice of Louis Philippe, from whom he received the gold cross of the Legion of Honor.

In connection with this last distinction, we have a story to relate which we are sorry to feel ourselves constrained to tell, because it presents our late king in a light in which

it is not pleasant, and has not been customary, to regard him. William IV. had read and had been delighted with "Peter Simple." It was likely that so true and striking a picture of naval life and manners would have captivated a sailor. He expressed a wish to see the author. The captain, standing in an ante-room, in his favorite attitude, the king came forth, and observing him, asked a gentleman in waiting who he was. The captain overheard the question, and said, addressing the gentleman, "Tell his majesty I am Peter Simple." Upon this, the king came forward and received him graciously. Some time after this his majesty was waited upon by a distinguished member of the government, to request permission for the captain to wear the order conferred upon him by the King of the French, and to obtain, if not some further promotion, some higher distinction for one who had so long and ably served his country. The former request was granted as a matter of course; and as to the latter, the king said: "You best know his services; give him what you please." The minister was about to retire, when his majesty called him back. "Marryat! Marryat! by-the-bye, is not that the man who wrote a book against the impressment of seamen?" "The same, your majesty." "Then he shan't wear the order, and he shall have nothing," said his majesty.

Every reader will make his own comment upon this. The work in question had been written by a man who had the best interests and the honor of his profession at heart, who had done much to maintain them, and whom the Earl of Dundonald—best known as Lord Cochrane, the hero of Basque Road—in a letter recently written, has thus characterized: "He was brave, zealous, intelligent, and even thoughtful, yet active in the performance of his duties." It is painful to expose one act of injustice on the part of a sovereign whose nature, in the main, was manly, upright, and generous.

In 1829, Captain Marryat turned his attention to authorship, and having published "The Naval Officer; or, Frank Mildmay," the reception of which gave him encouragement, he set to work with an earnestness and a zeal which he brought to all his undertakings. "The King's Own," "Peter Simple," and "Jacob Faithful," followed each other in rapid succession. To these he added, in the course of a few years, "Japhet in search of a Father," "Newton Forster," "Midshipman Easy," "The Pacha of Many Tales," "The Poacher," "The Phantom

Ship," "Snarley Yow; or, the Dog-Fiend," "Percival Keene," "Masterman Ready," "Poor Jack," "The Settlers," "Olla Podrida," "Diary in America," in Two Parts; "Monsieur Violet's Adventures," &c. All these works obtained a considerable popularity, and even gained the author a reputation which very few modern writers of fiction have succeeded in acquiring.

It would be unprofitable to dwell upon the genius of Marryat as a novelist. His merits lie upon the surface, and are obvious to every man, woman and child, who take up one of his works and find themselves unable to lay it down again. He tells plainly and straightforwardly a story, tolerably well constructed, of diversified incidents, alive with uncommon characters, and, as his experience was large and had been acquired over a wide expanse, he had always something to tell which would excite curiosity or rivet attention. He had one quality in common with great men, and in which men of finer genius than himself have been deficient,—a thorough manliness of heart and soul, which, by clearly showing him what he was able to accomplish, preserved him against the perpetration of that sublime nonsense and drivelling cant which now-a-days often pass for fine writing and fine sentiment. "Peter Simple" has been pronounced his best novel; but we confess we like "Jacob Faithful" at least as well; although we think it would have been better if the Dominie had been mitigated, who is rather an extravagance than an original, and if that passage had been discarded in which the parish-boy tells us he read Tacitus and Horace at a charity-school.

His "Diary in America" gave great offence on the other side of the Atlantic. We do not know whether the captain ever regretted it, but it was an ill-advised publication, and was certain, from its tone as well as its matter, to wound deeply a gallant and sensitive people, who, say what some few of them may to the contrary, are anxious to stand well in the estimation of the mother-country. But that this work was written with malice prepense against the Americans we cannot believe, for the author's venerable mother is a native of the United States; and it may be pleasing to our brother Jonathan to know, what we are pretty certain is the fact, that from that lady he inherited the energy of will and the vigor of mind which he displayed in all the occurrences of his life.

Captain Marryat had been seriously ill for more than a year, from the bursting of a succession of blood-vessels, which forbade all

hope of his recovery, and on the 9th of August, 1848, his sufferings were brought to a termination.

This gallant officer and distinguished man had two sons in the navy. The elder was a lieutenant, and bade fair to have proved himself a worthy son of his father. He jumped overboard and saved the life of a seaman in

the Tagus, and his exertions at the wreck of the Syphax were of the most heroic kind. He perished with nearly the whole of his crew in the wreck of the Avenger. The younger son is still a midshipman, and has, we are told, displayed great talents as an hydrographer.

From the Metropolitan.

MY EARLY FRIEND.

WHERE is the sunny brow, the soft and sportive glee,
The step of fairy lightness, the laugh of melody?
My early friend! we parted in the spring-time of thy years;
I prayed that peace might be thy lot through this sad vale of tears;
Some traces of time's work, of earth's woes, I looked to see,
But not this silent stamp, alas! of hopeless misery.

My early friend! thy guileless heart was tender as the dove,
With clinging trust and faith in those who sought thy youthful love:
Harsh words and cold reproving looks were never known by thee,
And thy sweet tears were shed alone in purest sympathy:
Not loss of children, friends, or kin, not poverty's sharp care,
Hath stamped thy snowy brow with that look of mute despair.

'Twas the slow but dread awakening to a strange and lingering doom,
The apathetic blight of mind, which cast its chilling gloom;
Amid the world of strangers, uncherished and unknown,
Ah! easy 'twas to crush thee, my loving, gentle one!
The flowers of a hardy kind can bear the nipping frost,
But delicate and fragile things soon by neglect are lost.

Too well, too late thou knowest, I would have died to save thee
From every pang that must await our earthly destiny;
Thy life should'st have been poetry, and music, and delight,
And thou, the fairy spirit, the brightest of the bright.
But angels now await thee, thy home is with the blest,
My early friend! my gentle friend! betake thee to thy rest!

From the People's Journal.

A VISIT TO THE RUINS OF SANDAL CASTLE.

"And yon rude remnants stand alone.
Sandal! thy wreck might well inspire,
In glowing breasts, a poet's fire;
And cold the heart, and strange the eye,
That could unheeded pass thee by.

How still!

I fear to climb thy turf-clad hill,
Or wander o'er thy hidden graves;
Where'er I gaze, the green sward heaves
In hillocks, and the dark bough waves
Its funeral plume of dusky leaves,
So gently o'er the sleepers here,
I would not trample on their bier!"

LEATHAM.

How rich in moral lessons are the ancient feudal strongholds of our ancestors? From ruined tower and ivied pillar, how strongly the lesson comes home to the heart, that the ancient brute-force dominion and mind-enslaving monuments of our forefathers are but the types of an epoch long since extinct. We see the decaying walls, built as if to defy Time, silently sinking beneath the hand of the spoiler, and almost outliving the recollections of the ancient times of which they are the memorials; and the moral of this finds its place in our hearts, and sanctifies the spot.

A few months since, accompanied by a friend, I visited Sandal Castle, which is situate about two miles from Wakefield. We started one afternoon in autumn, when the leaves were just beginning to fall. It was one of those sunny days, when the transition from autumn to winter is scarcely perceptible. We crossed the noble bridge of eight arches, which here spans the Calder, crowned by an ancient chapel, or chantry, erected most probably on the occasion of the battle of Wakefield, and proceeded onwards towards Sandal. There are two ways by which the traveller may reach the hill; the field way, which skirts the Pugneys, and the highway, up the Cock and Bottle Lane. We preferred the field way on this occasion; it proceeds through a long field, divided by the carriage-road, which leads to Mr. Shaw's mansion, Belle Isle—a very pleasant walk, by the way, until we reach the house, when

we diverge from the Calder, and proceed through the Pugneys, a large tract of valley ground, part of which was formerly the river's bed, which has recently been turned into another channel; the ground, therefore, is still damp, from defective drainage. Here a ditch, of great depth, a remnant of the original channel of the Calder, still remains, near the side of the foot-path, and is noted principally for being the spot where a young gentleman, the son of a Wakefield banker, was drowned one afternoon, whilst stoning frogs with his brothers. He fell into the water, and his brothers, terrified in the highest degree, started for aid to the neighboring town. Of course, on their return, life was extinct. Here, again, we diverge from the foot-path which skirts the Pugneys, and proceed in a north-easterly direction, through some meadows, until we get into a lane, which branches out into the Cock and Bottle Lane. In this lane is a good house, beautifully situated, but woefully desolate, which has a legend connected with it. The tale runs thus: A lady who resided in this house was very much addicted to card-playing; and in defiance of the admonitions and reproofs of her friends, would even play on the Sabbath-day. One Sunday, whilst engaged in dealing the cards with a young gentleman, a casual visitor at the house, she was struck dead, or died in a fit in her chair. Her partner was so shocked, that he shut himself up in a monastery for the remainder of his life, to endeavor to atone, by a life of penitence, for the thoughtless part he had played in this drama. Since then—so the surrounding cotters say—the evil spirit of this lady walks the house. No one lives long in it, they are all so disturbed by this apparition; and it now presents a desolate spectacle, all the windows being broken, and an unearthly stillness reigning in and about it:

"A residence for woman, child, and man,
A dwelling-place, and yet no habitation:
A house; but under some prodigious ban
Of excommunication.

* * * * Not one domestic feature,
 There was no sign of home
 From parapet to basement.
 With shattered panes, the grassy court was starr'd.
 * * * * *
 On every side the aspect was the same—
 All ruined, desolate, forlorn, and savage;
 No hand or foot within that precinct came
 To rectify or ravage.
 For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
 A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
 And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
 The place is haunted!" . Hood.

At the end of this bye lane we arrive at the conjunction of the two roads; and proceeding up the main road a few yards, brings us to the stile which incloses the castle domain. We climb over the stile, formed of the roots of an old tree, which overhangs the road, and are at once by the ruins of the castle. The castle appears to have been built on a series of hills, and the whole building inclosed by a moat, which still remains, though nearly dry. Crossing the moat, we leave the ruins of the castle on our left, and proceed up the side of the steep hill, which must have almost sheltered the castle. Indeed, a tradition says, that this hill was thrown up in one night, by ten thousand soldiers, when the castle was attacked by the Parliamentary army, to shield it from the constant fire which was kept up from a battery placed on Lowe Hill, about two miles off. At the top, a noble expanse of country presents itself. We see the Calder meandering along in a half-circle below us, and lit up like burnished gold by the last rays of the departing sun. For miles around, a beautiful prospect is obtained. In the far-off distance is perceptible the spire of Wakefield steeple, and a few of the houses of the outskirts, and all around, wood and vale in beautiful succession, reward the traveller for his trouble in ascending it. The moat which formerly encompassed the castle winds round the bottom of the hill, and noble trees crown its declivity and its surrounding heights. Leaving this hill we turn to the ruins. Only a portion of the walls, but that portion of massive thickness, is now perceptible. The rest has fallen beneath the stern hand of Time. The historical recollections which cling to this castle are very interesting. Here took place the battle of Wakefield, described by Shakspeare in his King Henry VIth. Also in the time of the Protectorate, this castle bore some part in the struggle. Every one recollects the wars of the Roses. The Duke of York, after making a treaty with Henry VI. allowing

him the privilege of wearing his crown until his death, but after that, to descend to the Duke of York and his heirs, went into the north, and arrived at his castle of Sandal on the 21st December, 1460. In the mean time the Queen Margaret, having discovered from King Henry the concessions his timidity had allowed him to make, was naturally indignant at the disclosure, and collecting a large army followed the Duke of York, and overtook him at Sandal. Here, on the 30th December, 1460, the battle of Wakefield was fought. The Duke of York's army amounted only to about 5,000 or 6,000 soldiers, while the queen's numbered 20,000. The duke was taken prisoner, and all his soldiers cut in pieces. Even in this fight, the issue might have been different, had the Duke of York waited within the walls for reinforcements. But his *courage*, which had borne away the palm in the continental tournaments, would not allow him thus to be bearded in his stronghold by a woman-general. He drew out his troops, and a defeat was, of course, the result. York was taken prisoner, and his youngest son, the Duke of Rutland, was slain by Lord Clifford, as he was endeavoring to escape from the field with his priest tutor. He had even gained Wakefield bridge, when the vengeful Clifford overtook and slew him. Some historians affirm that this chapel on the bridge was erected by King Edward, who took part in the battle of Sandal, in memory of his unfortunate brother of Rutland. Certain it is, that in Domesday Book mention is made of the revenue depending from certain lands, appertaining to two priests, for constant prayers for the souls of the slain in this battle; and this fact gives additional probability to the statement. The chapel has, however, undergone curious metamorphoses since that period, having been employed successively as an exchange, a warehouse, an old clothes shop, a flax-dresser's shop, a news room, a cheese-cake house, a dwelling-house, a corn-factor's office, and a tailor's shop. More recently, however, within the last few years, subscriptions for an entire re-building of the edifice, with a view to its being re-opened as a place of worship, were collected, and with so much success, that in 1846 the treasurers appointed to receive the subscriptions thought themselves justified in beginning the work, and at this date, 1848, it is now completed, and forms perhaps one of the most complete specimens of the modern Gothic style of architecture within a considerable distance. Divine service is now performed in it every

Sunday. But this is a digression. We left the Duke of York a prisoner in the hands of Margaret's forces; they sat him on a little hillock, placed a paper crown on his head, and bowed the knee in mock reverence before him; and when he wept for shame at such insults, Clifford gave him a scarf dipped in the blood of young Rutland, wherewithal to wipe his eyes; adding outrage to insult. They slew him there, and placed his head on the tower of York, so that "York might overlook York." Sandal Castle was then dismantled, and has no important history for a long time, until the period of the Protectorate, when King Charles held possession of it. Colonel Overton, at the head of the parliamentary army, advanced to lay siege to the place, which was defended on the part of Charles, by Bonnivant, and right stoutly did he hold his trust. Colonel Overton stationed a battery on Lowe Hill for the purpose of beating down the walls, though with little result. The stout old pile did its duty bravely:

"In vain! ye shake, but cannot raze
Yon massive pile of bygone days!
Onset by day—assault by night,
Disclose no yawning breach to sight;
War's iron tempest vainly falls
On Sandal's adamantine walls."

LEATHAM.

But within the castle gaunt famine was stalking abroad in its most horrible shapes, and the garrison were obliged, having no prospect of speedy relief, to come to a compromise with the besiegers. They were allowed to march out unmolested, with all the honors of war, and Cromwell's troops speedily razed its towers to the ground, and since that time its political history is a blank. It is destined to play no further part in the history of our country. A small fragment of solitary wall still remains; and within one of the windows is carved in the stone the names of all the great little visitors, the Joneses and the Smiths, whose desire to grave their names on one of Time's pedestals has led them to that elevation.

Sandal Castle's history may be divided into four eras; the first, of its erection, we cannot speak, but no doubt it is of great antiquity. The second era embraces its history, under the Earl of Warren, who owned Sandal as one part of his vast domains. It was destroyed in his time by the Earl of Lancaster, in revenge for the harboring of his adul-

terous wife, who had fled to Warren's castle as to a place of safety. Lancaster came upon them whilst engaged in consummating their honeymoon, and burnt Sandal Castle to the ground, and with it most of its brave defenders. Earl Warren himself, and Joan of Lancaster, however, escaped from the castle by a subterraneous passage; such, at least, is the common tradition. At all events, Earl Warren escaped, and he rebuilt the castle in great splendor. The third era embraces the period of the wars of the Roses, and the subsequent dismantling of the castle in its occupancy by the royalist troops. The fourth era relates to the destruction of the castle by Cromwell's general, and ends its history.

After going over the ground, and peopling it with the spirits of departed heroes, we left the scene, and returned towards Wakefield, this time taking the high road. A couple of hundred yards down Cock and Bottle lane brings us to a triangular piece of ground on the right hand side, still pointed out as the death place of the Duke of York. It is nearly adjacent to the high road, and is now entirely overgrown with trees. Historical reminiscences now strike us at every step. We can fancy York bravely retiring from the fight, pursued perhaps by a knot of soldiers; here taken prisoner, and here beheaded. A spring of water from a solid rock faces the place.

It is a most remarkable fact, that nowhere does the pale primrose grow with such profusion as on this thrice-dyed battle scene. Little rosy children and country maidens flock to gather the earliest blossoms of the season at Sandal Castle. Is it because the soil is so rich from the mere wantonness of the spirit of death which was here displayed? Who knows? the same has been observed at Towton, where a great battle took place between the Yorkists and Lancasterians, and where "roses of a peculiar kind still grow; some in distinct circles in the centre of the ground. Many of the inhabitants of the village believe that these roses spring from the pits in which the slain were buried after the battle." [Leatham.] At Waterloo, too, if I mistake not, the produce of the field of battle is tinged with a peculiarity not to be found elsewhere.

Leaving the death place of York, we proceeded homewards, and the shades of evening were beginning to encircle the world of nature, when we again crossed the Calder on our entrance into Wakefield.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Mirabeau: a Life-History. In Four Books. 2 vols. 12mo. Smith and Elder. London, 1848.

The author of this work states, that before the memorable 23d of February, a considerable portion of it was ready for the press; but that in the second volume, recent events have disposed him in the choice of "such passages as were still sound, practicable advice to Frenchmen, and, in fact, to every lover of order and of peace." The style and tone of the publication is somewhat too much of the Carlyle school for our taste, but it furnishes much better material from which to form a judgment concerning the history and character of Mirabeau than the English reader will find elsewhere. The tendency of the writer to look as favorably as may consist with candor on his much disfavored hero, does not lead him to suppress facts; and as to his own reasoning upon those facts, the reader will be competent to judge of the degree of value that should be attached to it.

Under the best possible education, the passionate, impulsive nature of Mirabeau would have been a faulty nature; under the influence of an education as neglected and faulty as it could well be, the natural consequences followed. Up to a certain point in his history, the bad was comparatively forgotten in the good; from that point the good has been as much forgotten in the bad. But the unfortunate incident for his memory has been, that after awhile he ceased to be a man of mere party; and thus, by degrees, brought upon him the evil tongues of all parties. He found it easier to raise the demon of revolution than to control it when raised. This last work, however, his gigantic soul saw must be done, or all would be lost. But the thing could not be done, and what he foresaw ensued. In this respect, his career bears some resemblance to that of Cromwell. Had he given himself up to mere partisanship, his party would have been an heir-loom for his reputation. All sorts of party passions would have rushed to his defence, had he only been content to echo its watchwords. But his nature, with all its faults, could not be brought to worship the narrow egotism of party as the wisdom of humanity. His aim, accordingly, was in the direction of a broader and more humane form of settlement than mere partisanship could tolerate. In holding to this course he was wise, however much he may have been execrated and calumniated for his wisdom. Men of sense look back upon him as the one man who saw where it would be good to stop, and their estimate of the mobs, or the managers of mobs, who were proof against his counsel, is not now very flattering. In his private life, he was a vicious man in a vicious age, but there were some forms of degradation to which the sovereignty of his intellectual nature could never be brought to submit.—*British Quarterly Review*.

Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities. Edited by William Smith, LL. D. Second edition improved and enlarged.

In some points of view this new edition of Dr. Smith's very valuable *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities* is almost a new work. Various articles have been entirely rewritten, especially in the earlier part, where the idea of a smaller book than was eventually found advantageous induced a somewhat curtailed treatment, during its first serial appearance. A good many new articles have been added, the subjects of which were altogether omitted in the first edition; a considerable addition has been made to the number of illustrative wood-cuts; and those articles in which no fundamental change has been made have been carefully revised. In short, the new matter extends to upwards of three hundred pages, besides the illustrations; and the old has been carefully considered and corrected.—*Spectator*.

Life of Lord Clive. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig.

This book, forming Nos. 5, 6, and 7 of "Murray's Home and Colonial Library," is a carefully compiled history of the public career of the founder of our Indian Empire—and does not pretend to be anything more. It is chiefly founded on the "Life," by Sir John Malcolm: no new materials are added, nor is any novelty in the way of estimating the mixed, but brilliant, character of the conqueror attempted. Mr. Gleig seems to have had no purpose in writing beyond making a book; but this he has done with the careful mediocrity of manner which marks all his productions; and perhaps many will be disposed to read the narrative of Clive's life in this form who are unable to procure the larger work of Sir John Malcolm. Neither is, however, very satisfactory. Macaulay's essay on Clive is incomparably the best and truest account of him which we possess. But it is only an essay; the history of the Hero of Plassey still remains to be written.—*Athenæum*.

The Authorship of the Letters of Junius elucidated; including a Biographical Memoir of Lieutenant Colonel Isaac Barré, M.P. By John Britton, F. S. A. London: J. R. Smith. 1848.

We cannot say that we think Mr. Britton's "Elucidation," creditable as it is to his ingenuity and research, will throw much light upon the vexed question of the authorship of the famous Letters of Junius. Mr. Britton is of opinion that the real author of these letters was Col. Barré, and that he was assisted in their composition by the Earl of Shelburne, and Dun-

ning, Lord Ashburton. To the same trio the authorship has been before attributed, with this difference, however, that the first place has been assigned to Lord Shelburne, Barré and Dunning being spoken of as his assistants; and Col. Barré has been named as the probable author, though his individual claims seem not to have been publicly investigated.

Mr. Britton's opinion that the letters emanated from the parties above named, seems to have been formed nearly half a century ago, while collecting materials for his "Beauties of Wiltshire." He at that time became acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Popham, of Chilton, who, in early life, held the vicarage of Lacock for more than twenty years. During this time Dr. Popham was in the habit of visiting at Bowood, the seat of the Earl of Shelburne; where, among other distinguished men of the day, Counselor Dunning and Col. Barré were the most regular and constant visitors. Certain peculiarities in the daily intercourse of the Earl and his *protégés* excited Dr. Popham's attention, and finally his belief became confirmed that the trio were either the actual authors of the letters, or that they knew the writer. On one particular occasion, when the clergyman and the three friends were the only persons present at the dinner-table, an attack on the writings of Junius, then exciting attention, was discussed, and one of the party made the remark, "that it would be shown up and confuted by Junius in the next day's *Advertiser*." Instead of the confutation, however, there was a note by the printer, stating that the letter would appear in the ensuing number. "Thenceforward," said Dr. Popham, "I was convinced that one of my three friends was Junius;" but this circumstance, in our opinion, tells rather against than for the hypothesis, though Mr. Britton seems to consider it as one of the conclusive facts in favor of his view of the case.—*Westminster Review*.

Life in Russia, or the Discipline of Despotism. By Edward P. Thompson, Esq., Author of "The Notebook of a Naturalist." London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1848.

A delightful and impartial narrative of the events incident to a residence in a part of the world of which we really know next to nothing. As Mr. Thompson truly says, "In the middle of the nineteenth century, there is less known of Russia than of any other country, most certainly than of any other country in Europe, and yet more is said of it, more obloquy is heaped upon it, and more unjust statements made concerning it than it deserves, with all its faults." This is clearly attributable to our ignorance of the great empire. We know that, in Russia, despotism and serfdom mutually support and sustain each other; that bribery and espionage go hand in hand; and that the two extremes of barbaric pomp and the most abject misery, co-exist among the people to a greater degree, perhaps, than is to be found in any other nation; but of the real sentiments of the Russians in reference to their condition, and indeed of the true social position of the mass of the people, we are comparatively ignorant. We are unable to realize a state of things so opposed to all we are in the habit of considering the most desirable condition for a people, forgetting that at no very remote period our own island in many respects presented an approximation to the existing state of the Russian empire. And we have been further sub-

jected to the misfortune of receiving most of the information we possess in relation to Russia and its institutions, through channels more or less prejudiced either for or against the existing order of things.

Mr. Thompson seems to be an "honest chronicler," and to describe Russian affairs as they presented themselves to his eye, undistracted by either favor or affection.—*Westminster Review*.

Scholia Hellenistica in Novum Testamentum, Philone et Josepho Patribus Apostolicis aliisque Ecclesie antiquae Scriptoribus necnon Libris Apocryphis maxime deprompta. Londini: Pickering.

The title of the volumes before us sufficiently explains their general object. They consist of a series of short extracts, in the original Greek, from Philo-Judæus, Josephus, the Apostolic Fathers, and occasionally from Chrysostom and other early writers, and from the Apocryphal books of the New Testament, interspersed with remarks of Grotius, Carpzov, Valckenaer, and other modern writers on Sacred Criticism. The extracts are arranged in connection with each verse of the New Testament, and are accompanied by Scripture references. Mr. Grinfield must have bestowed a vast amount of labor in bringing together such a mass of erudition, bearing on the subject of the illustration of the New Testament; and we feel assured that his labors on so great a subject will be justly appreciated by the Church. His work is the fruit of a ripe scholarship, and we rarely meet now with such elegant Latinity as in his Preface, which it is a positive pleasure to peruse.—*English Review*.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- The Castlereagh Memoirs and Correspondence, 2 vols. 8vo.
- Mrs. Trollope's New Novel, the Young Countess.
- Memoirs of Chateaubriand, written by himself.
- Completion of the Lives of the Queens of England.
- Mr. Ross' Yacht Voyage to Norway, Denmark and Sweden.
- Zoological Recreations, by W. J. Broderick.
- Secret History of the French Revolution of 1848; or Memoirs of Citizen Caussidière. 2 vols. 8vo.
- Travels in Sardinia, by J. W. Wane Tyndale. 3 vols. post 8vo.
- Secrets of the Confessional, by Count C. P. de Las-teyrie. 2 vols.
- Clara Fane, by Louisa Stuart Costello.
- Life and Remains of Theodore Hook, by Rev. R. D. Barham. 2 vols.
- Rollo and his Race, by Acton Warburton. 2 vols.
- El Buscapie, the long-lost work of Cervantes, translated by Miss Ross.
- Mr. Street's Poem, Frontenac.
- An Essay on English Poetry, with Short Lives of the Poets, by Thomas Campbell.
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- Poetry of Science, by Robert Hunt.
- Sacred and Legendary Art, by Mrs. Jameson.





